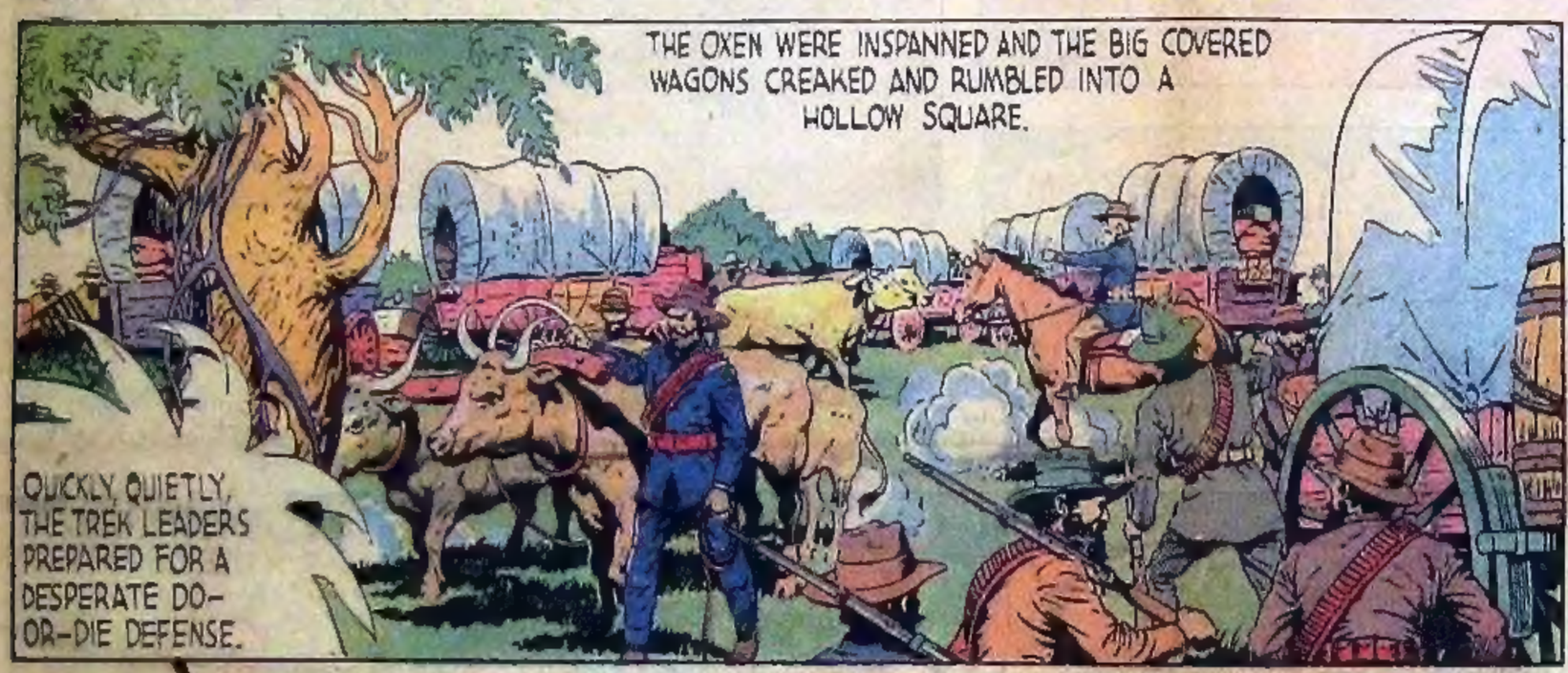
356-1-2-38

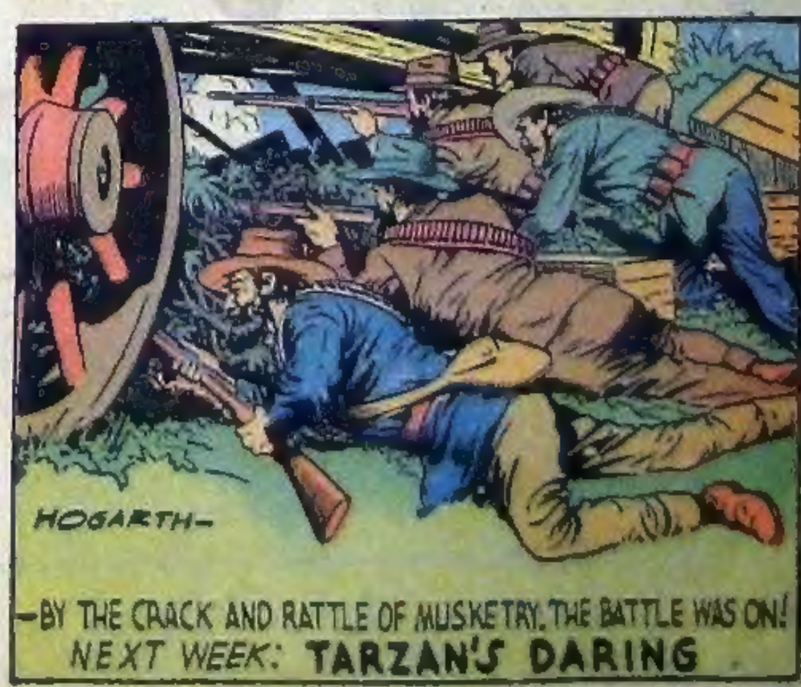
# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

## ATTACK!





397-1-9-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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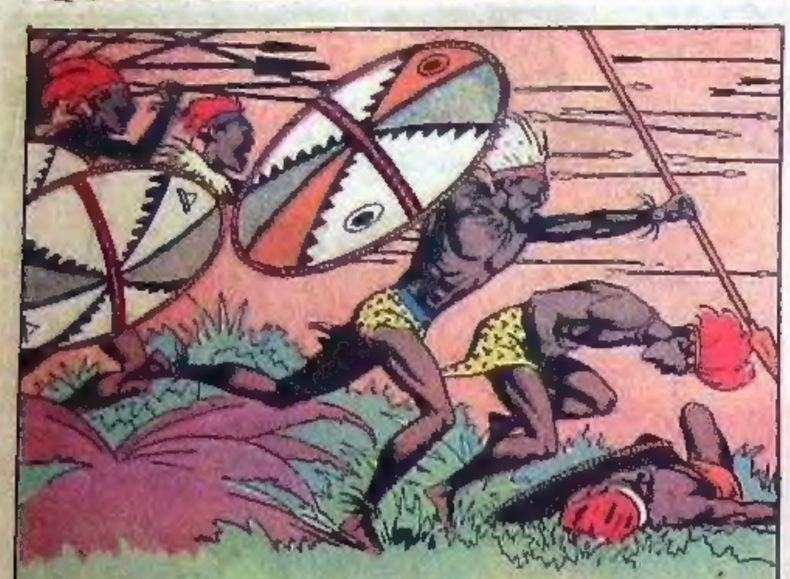
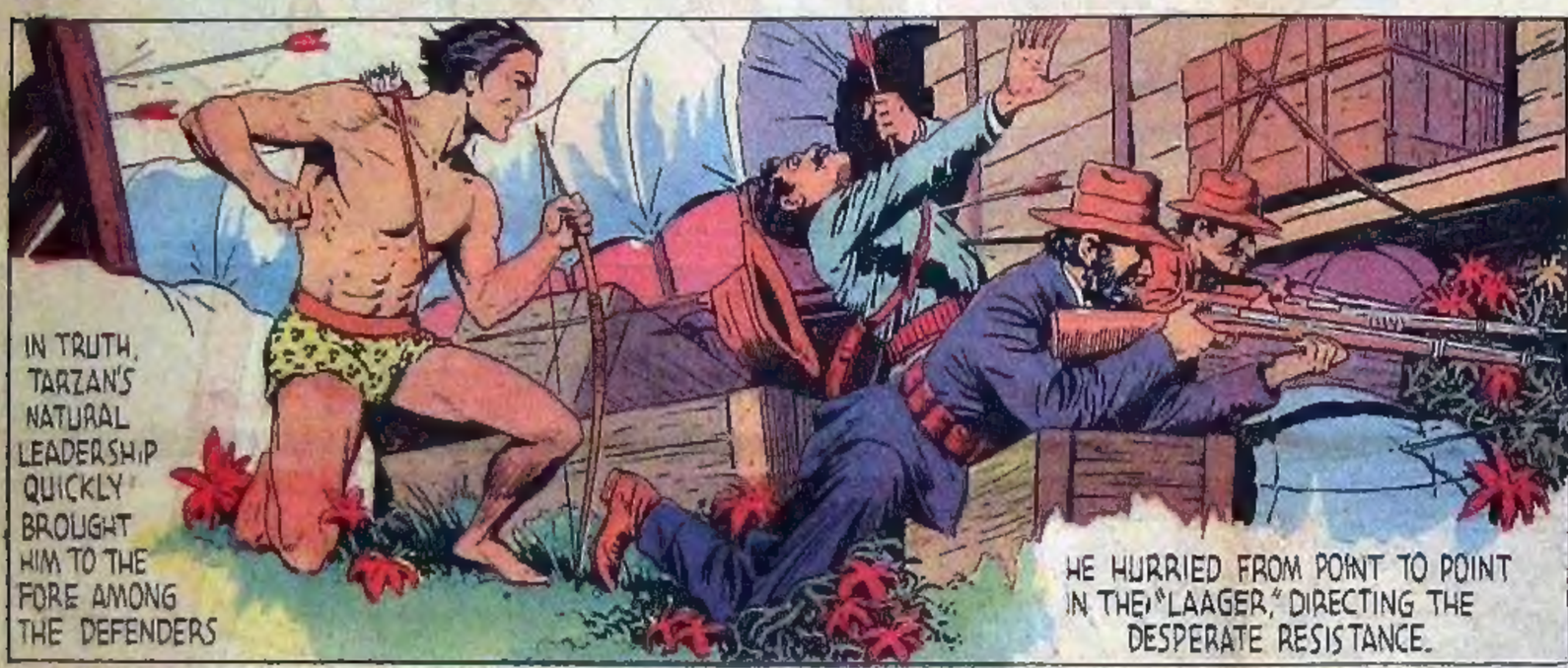
## TARZAN'S DARING



INSTEAD OF STEMMING THE ATTACK, THE BURST OF GUNFIRE STIRRED THE SAVAGES TO RECKLESS FURY.

ON THEY SWEPT, IN WILD ARRAY, AND IN THE HEART OF EACH WAS A YEARNING TO KILL TARZAN, FOR-----

----ISHTAK, KNOWING THE APE-MAN'S VALUE TO THE WHITES, HAD SET A PRICE UPON HIS HEAD.



IN TRUTH, TARZAN'S NATURAL LEADERSHIP QUICKLY BROUGHT HIM TO THE FORE AMONG THE DEFENDERS

HE HURRIED FROM POINT TO POINT IN THE "LAAGER," DIRECTING THE DESPERATE RESISTANCE.

THE MUSKETEERS STUCK GRIMLY TO THE BARRICADES, KNOWING THAT DEFEAT MEANT MASSACRE.

WHEN ONE WAS WOUNDED, SOME VALIANT WOMAN TOOK UP HIS ABANDONED MUSKET.

BUT MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ANY FIREARM WAS TARZAN'S PRIMITIVE BOW. EVERY ARROW FOUND ITS MARK.

BUT PRESENTLY, WHEN HIS QUIVER WAS EMPTY, HE VAULTED UP BETWEEN TWO WAGONS.

"BUT WHERE?" "THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE," THE APE-MAN REPLIED, LAUGHINGLY--"FROM THE ENEMY!"

"WHERE DO YOU GO?" CRIED JAN VAN BOEREN. "TO GET MORE ARROWS," TARZAN ANSWERED.

HOGARTH-

THEN TARZAN LEAPED DOWN OUTSIDE THE "LAAGER"-----AND WAS GONE!

*NEXT WEEK:* **THE FLAMING BARRICADE**

PEORIA JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1938

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

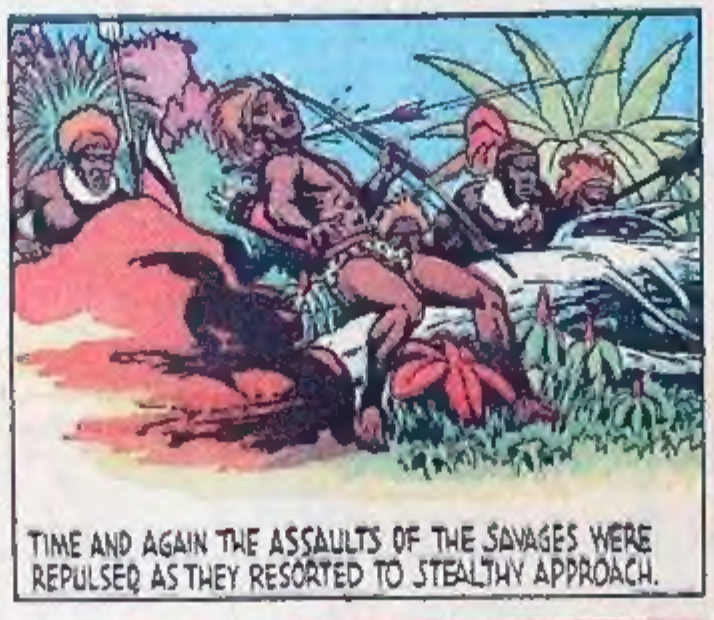
THE FLAMING BARRICADE

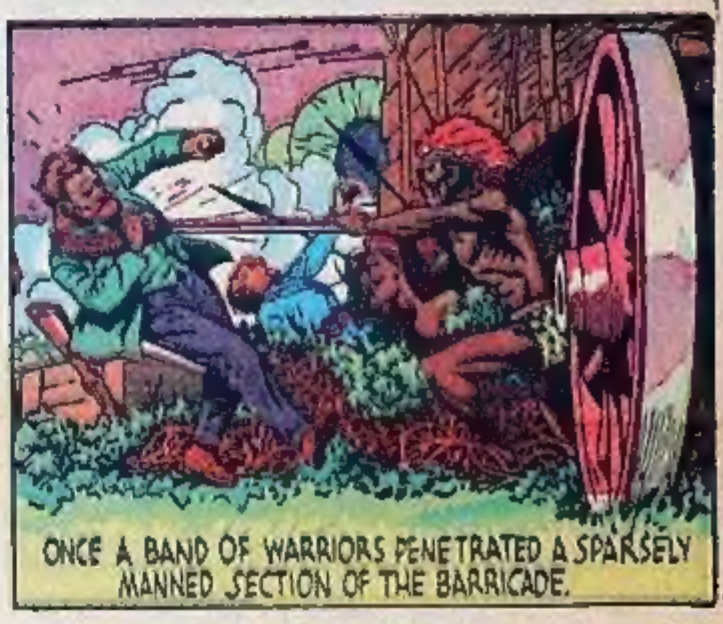
TARZAN NEEDED ARROWS. THEY COULD BE HAD ONLY FROM THE ENEMY. SO HE CREPT OUT AMONG THEM.

WHEN HE CAME UPON A SLINKING WARRIOR, THE APE-MAN SET UPON HIM, AND SEIZED HIS QUIVER.

THEN ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER, UNTIL HE HAD A FULL SUPPLY OF SHAFTS.

RETURNING TO THE LAAGER, HE RESUMED HIS DEADLY ARCHERY.


TIME AND AGAIN THE ASSAULTS OF THE SAVAGES WERE REPULSED AS THEY RESORTED TO STEALTHY APPROACH.


ONCE A BAND OF WARRIORS PENETRATED A SPARSELY MANNED SECTION OF THE BARRICADE.

BUT TARZAN RUSHED A FORCE INTO THE BREECH AND DEALT SWIFTLY WITH THE INVADERS.

THEN THE APE-MAN SAW A PARTY OF SAVAGES APPROACHING THE LAAGER WITH BLAZING FIREBRANDS.

HE SUMMONED A DETACHMENT OF MUSKETEERS TO BLOCK THIS NEW PERIL.

THOUGH THE WARRIORS WEAVED AND DODGED, THEY WERE PICKED OFF ONE BY ONE.

BUT THE LAST, AS HE FELL, FLUNG THE BURNING TORCH UPON A WAGON TOP.

NEXT WEEK: INTO THE BREACH

359-1-23-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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## INTO THE BREACH

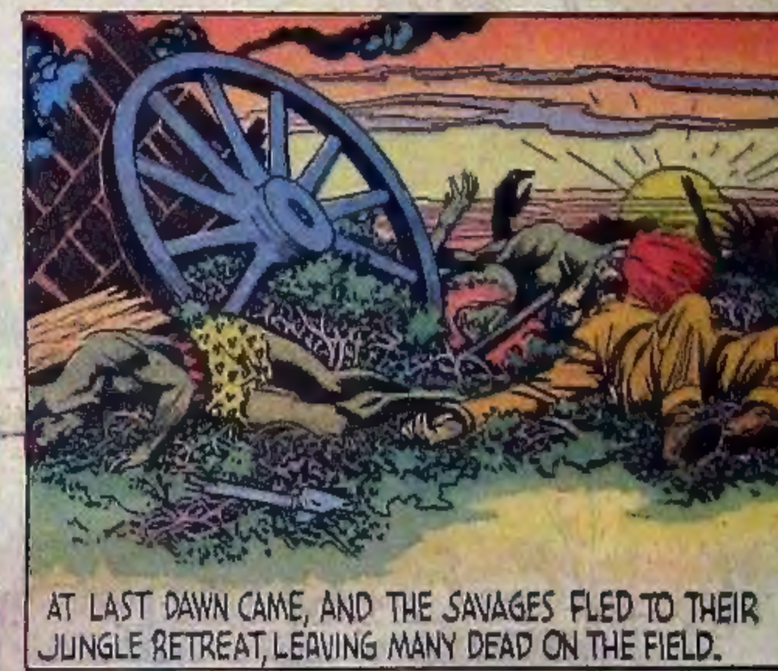
FROM THE WARRIOR'S TORCH, THREE WAGONS TOOK FIRE. SOON THE PROTECTIVE BARRICADE WOULD BE DESTROYED.

BUT UNDER TARZAN'S ALERT DIRECTION, THE VEHICLES WERE DRAGGED QUICKLY FROM THE LINE.

THIS MANEUVER, HOWEVER, LEFT A DANGEROUS HOLE IN THE BARRICADE.

QUICK TO PROFIT BY IT, ISHTAK SHOUTED A COMMAND: "THROUGH THE BREACH! HURRY!"

BUT TARZAN HURLED A FORCE INTO THE GAP, TO HOLD IT DOGGEDLY AGAINST THE FIERCE ASSAULT.



AT LAST DAWN CAME, AND THE SAVAGES FLED TO THEIR JUNGLE RETREAT, LEAVING MANY DEAD ON THE FIELD.

"NOW YOU SEE THE DANGER OF THIS COUNTRY," TARZAN SAID TO JAN VAN BOEREN; "WHY NOT GO BACK?"

BUT IN ALL THE COMPANY, ONLY ONE AGREED WITH TARZAN. THAT ONE WAS ANNITJE, VAN BOEREN'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

"LET US GO BACK," SHE SOBBED; "THE SAVAGES WILL KILL ME." IT WAS HER HABIT TO THINK ONLY OF HERSELF.

OLD JAN HAD A COUNT TAKEN OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED THEN STUBBORNLY SHOOK HIS HEAD.

"THIS SOIL IS OURS BY THE BLOOD OF OUR PEOPLE. WE WILL NOT ABANDON IT. WE WILL GO ON."

HOGARTH—

TARZAN NODDED. "THEN MY PATH IS BESIDE YOURS— MY WAY, TOO, LIES FORWARD."

NEXT WEEK: TARZAN ON PATROL

360-1-30-38

# Tarzan

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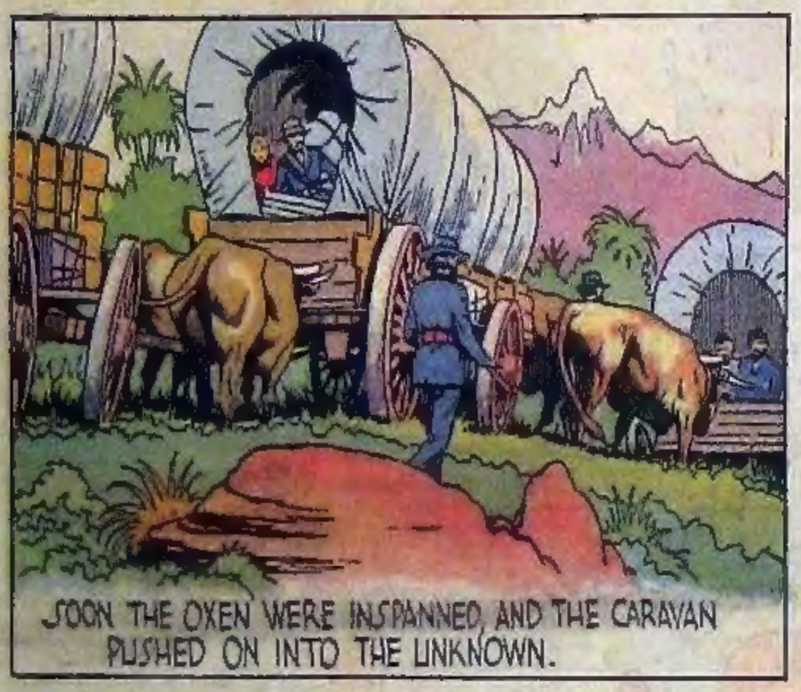


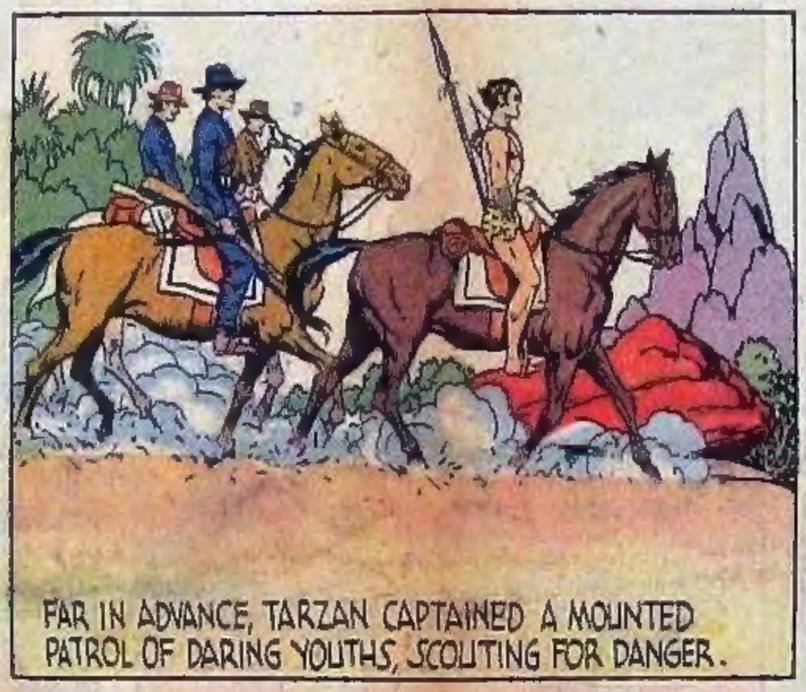

NEXT WEEK: **ANNITJE THE FLIRT**

361-2-6-38

# Tarzan

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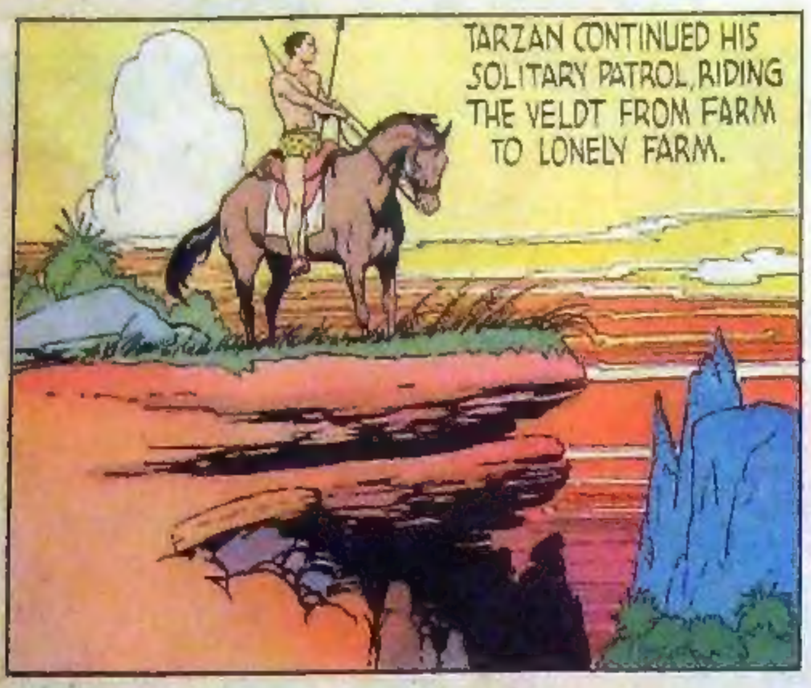
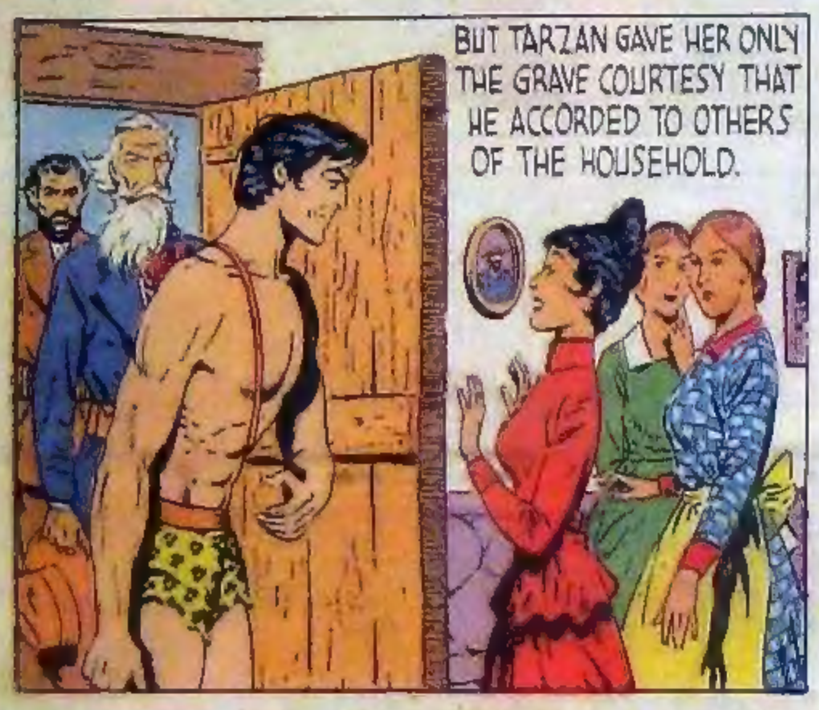
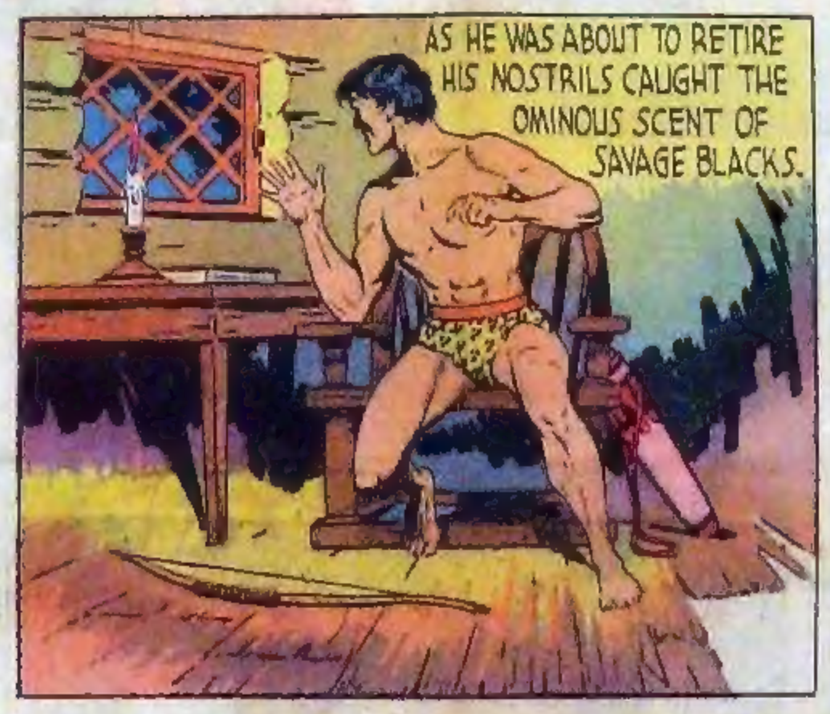
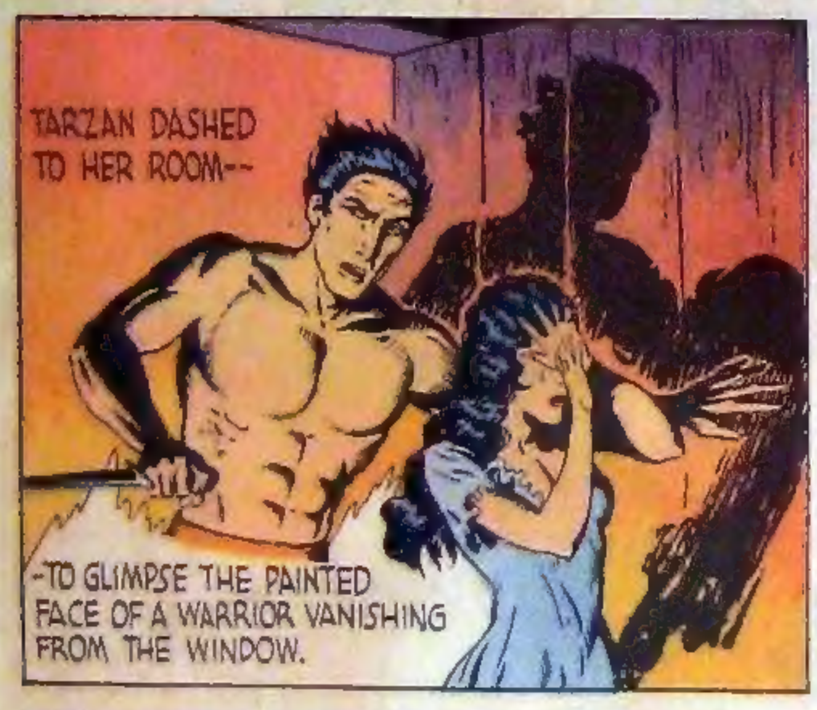
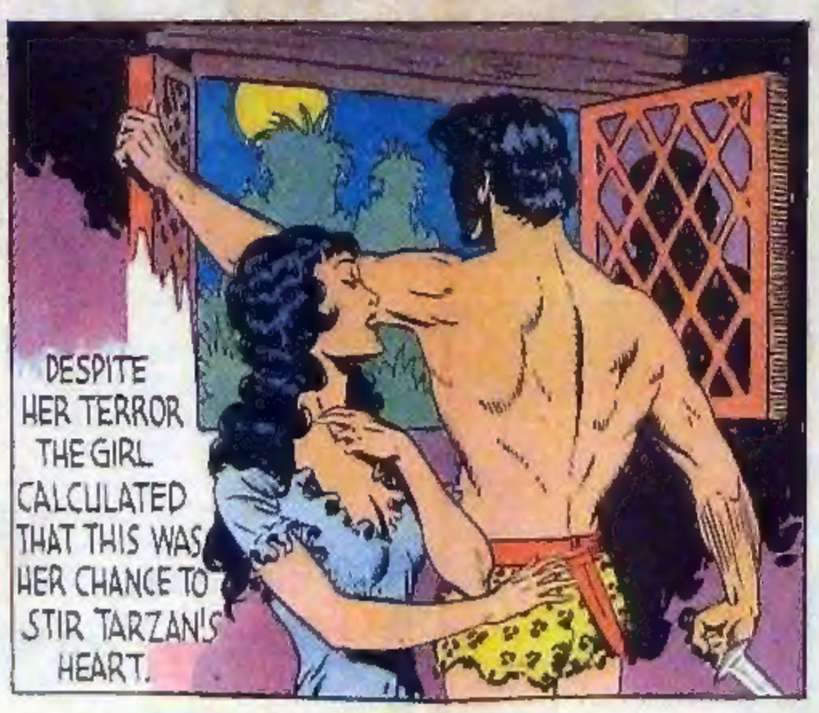
ANNITJE THE FLIRT





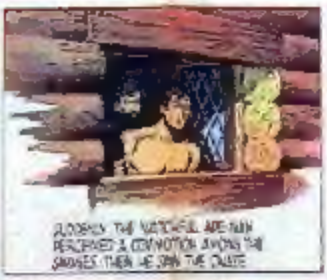


# Tarzan

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

HERO OF THE VELDT



364-2-27-38

# Tarzan

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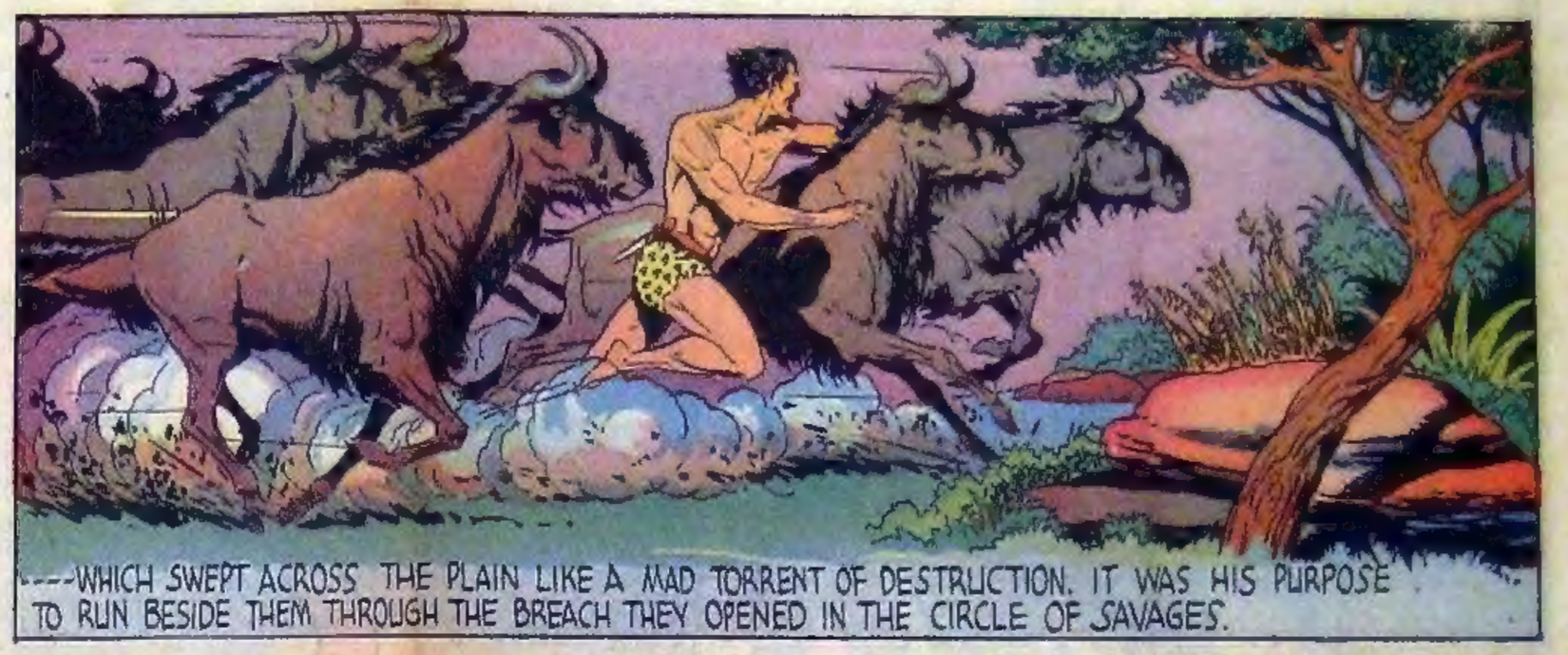
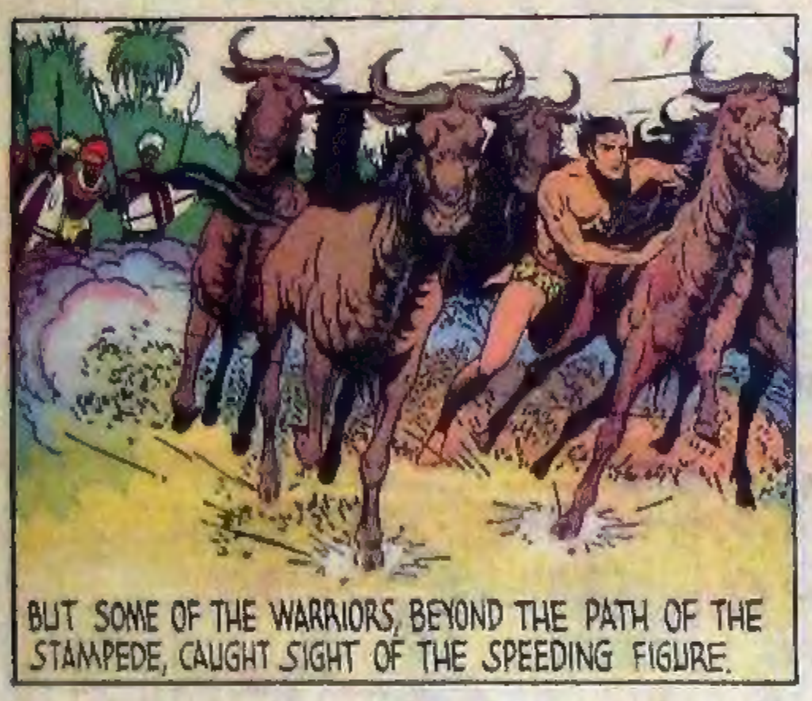
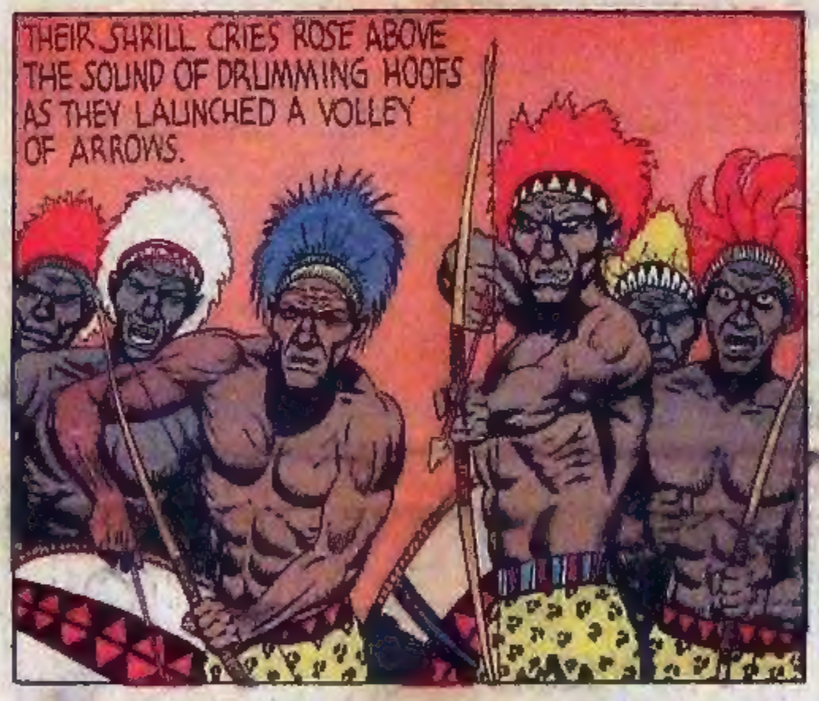
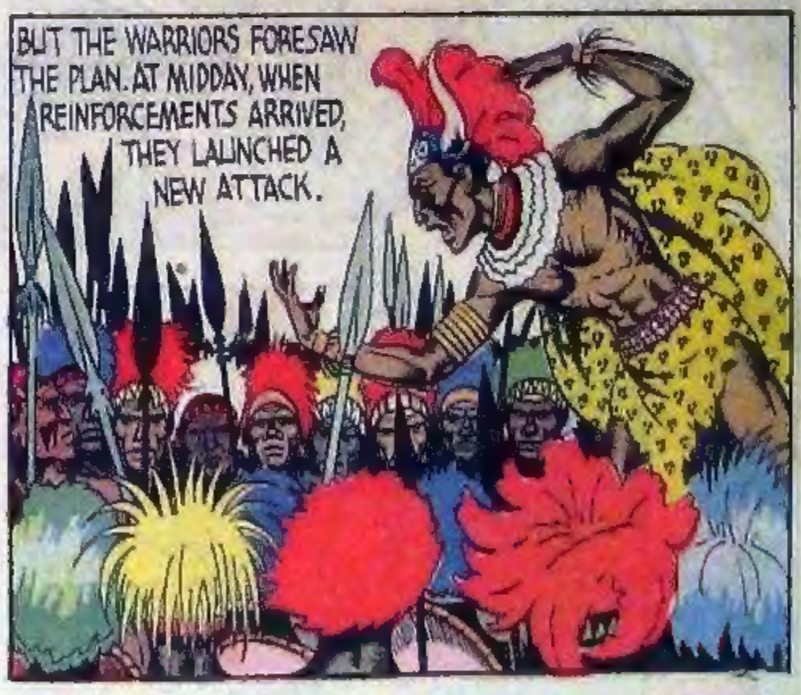
## SHADOW OF DOOM





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## A RACE WITH DEATH

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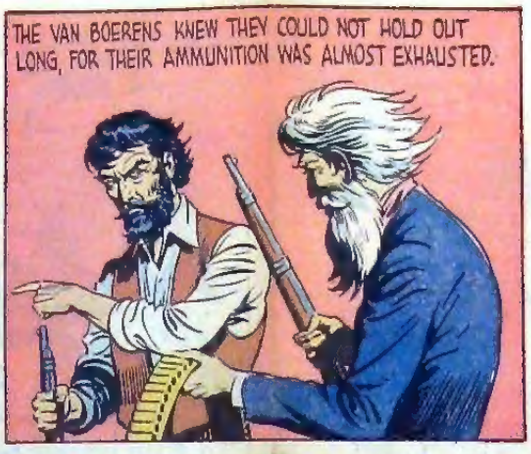

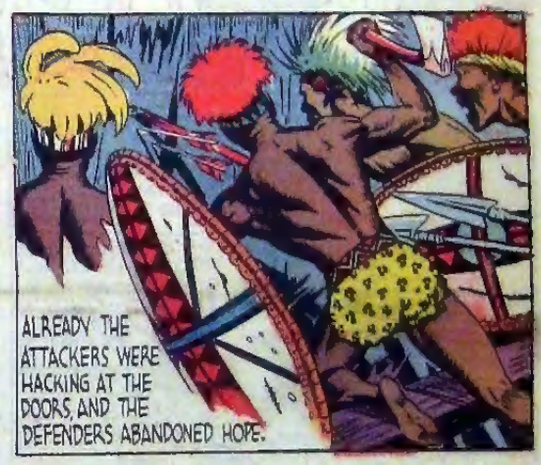

NEXT WEEK: **MYSTERY AND ALARM**

346-3-13-38

# Tarzan

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MYSTERY AND ALARM.

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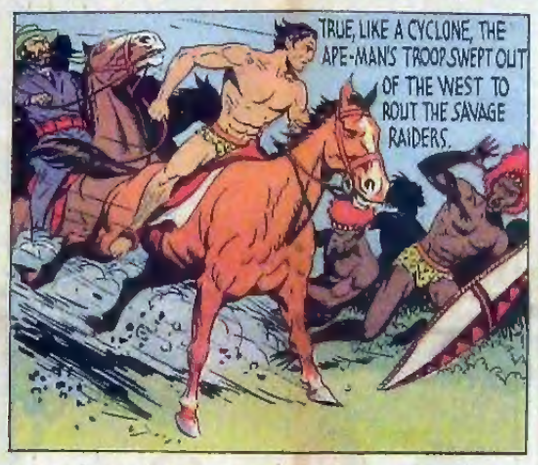

567-3-20-38

# Tarzan

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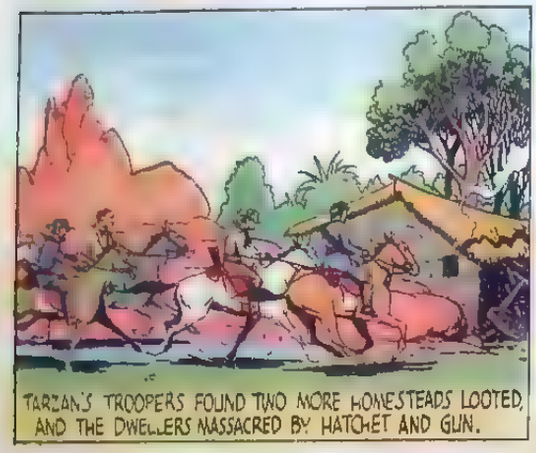
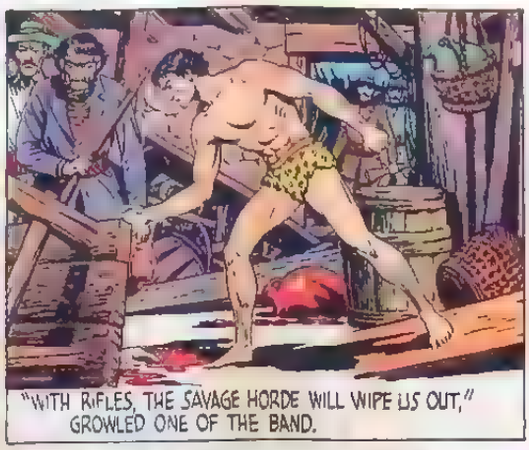
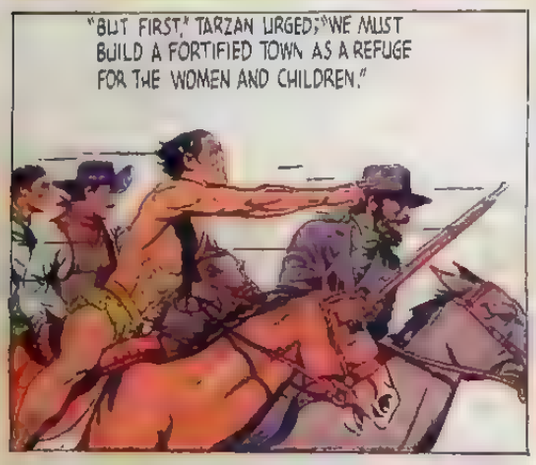
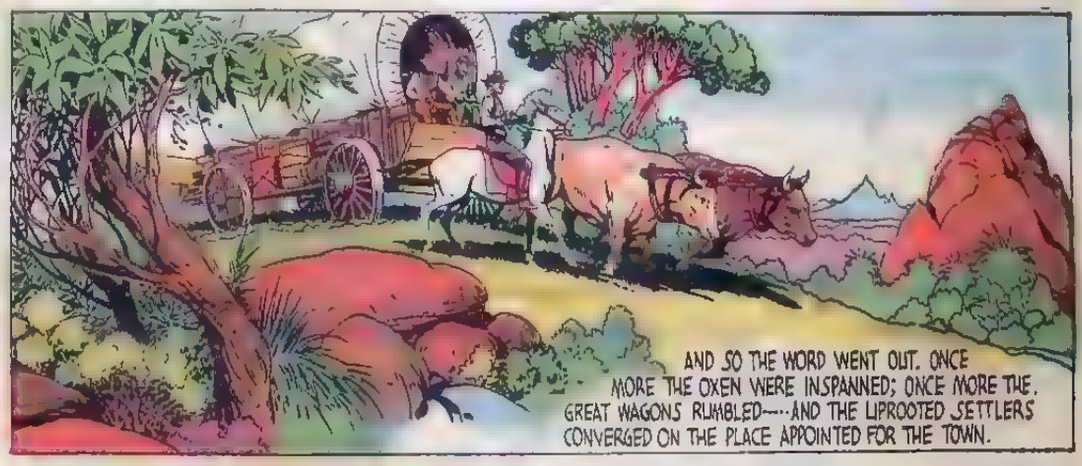
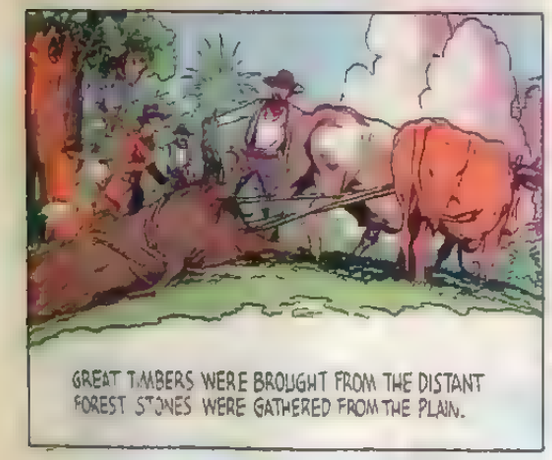
THE PIONEER FORTRESS

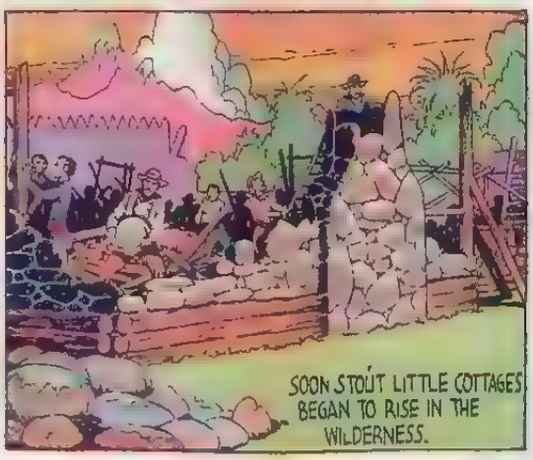


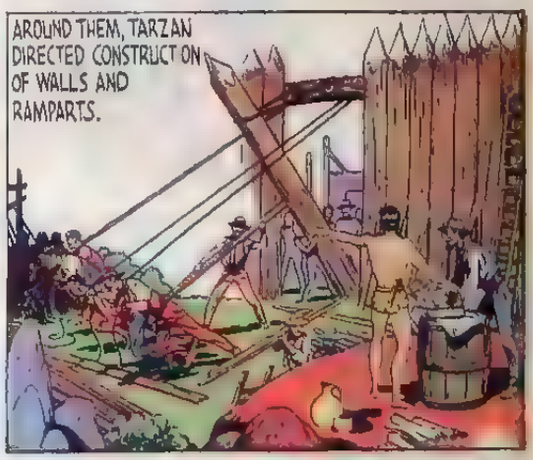



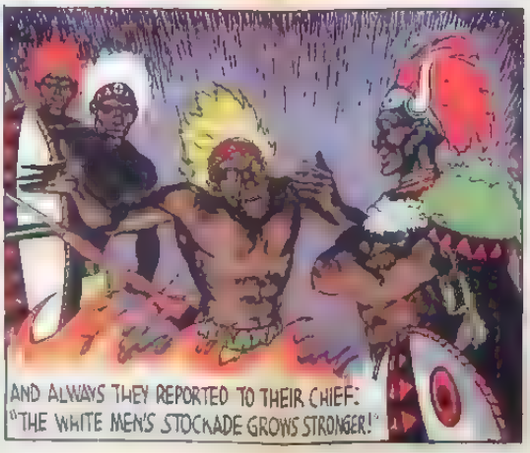




# Tarzan

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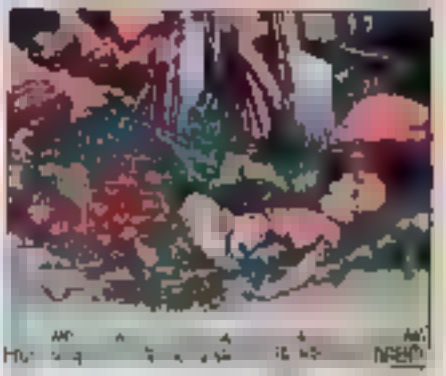
LOVE INTO HATE



# Tarzan

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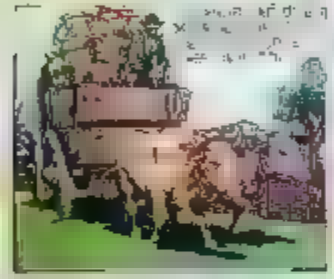
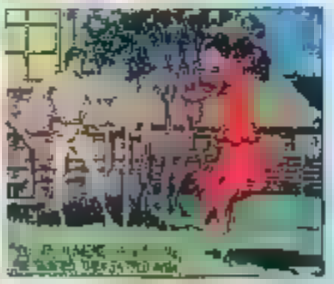
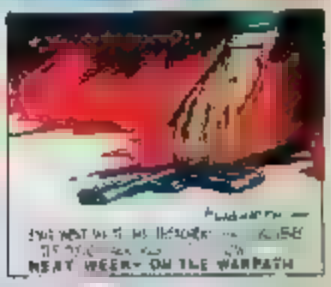
THE TRA OR







570-4-10-38

# Tarzan

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ON THE WARPATH

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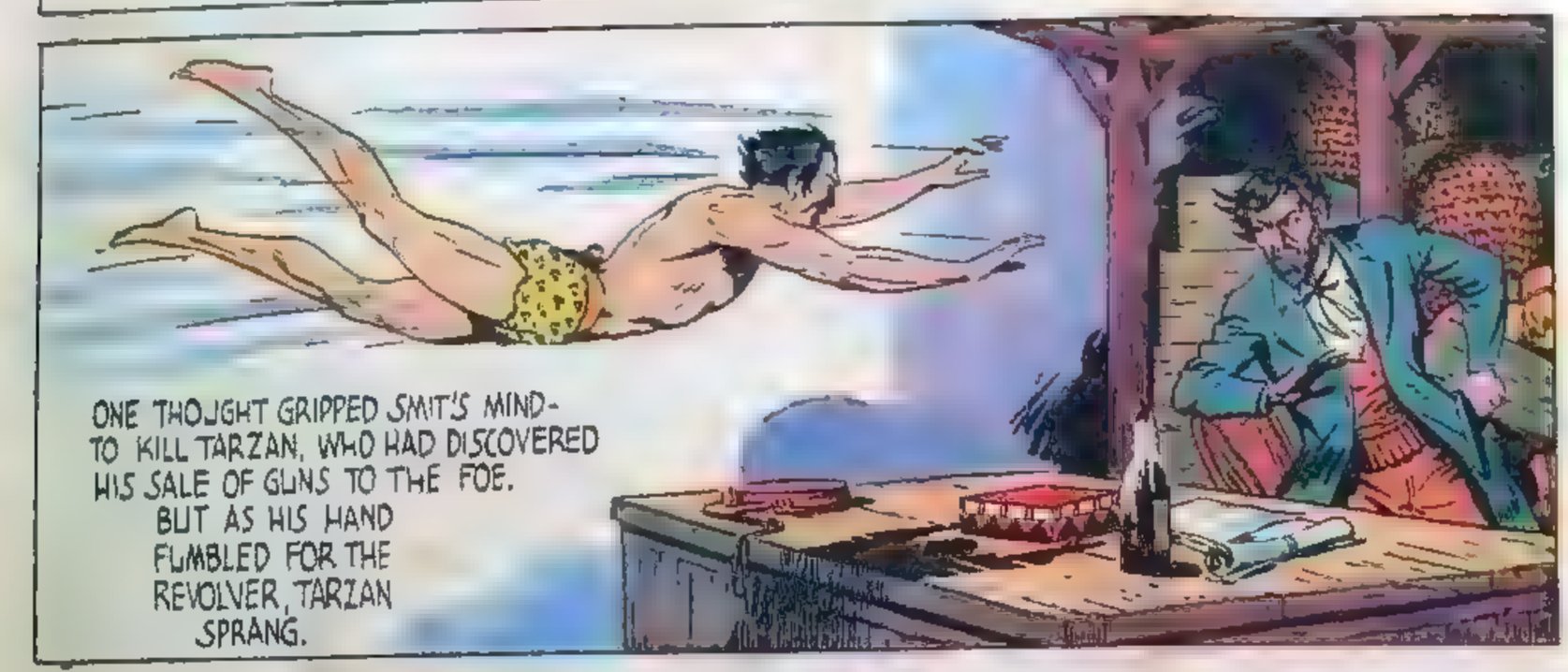


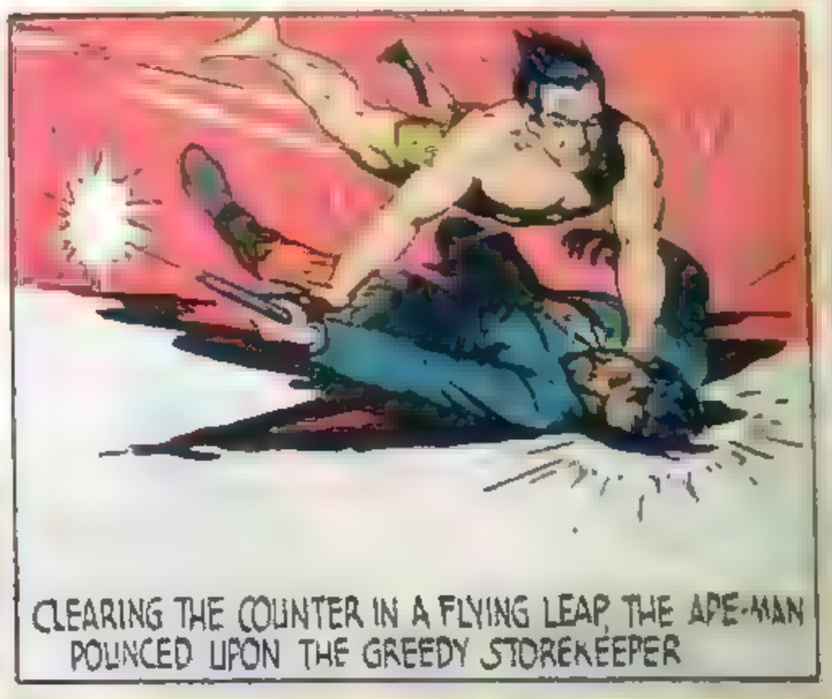


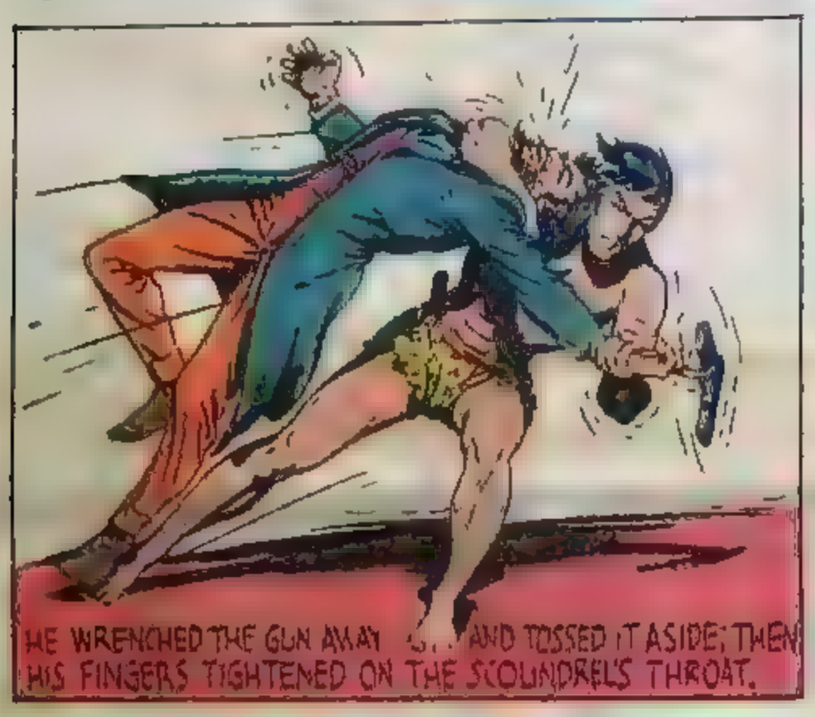


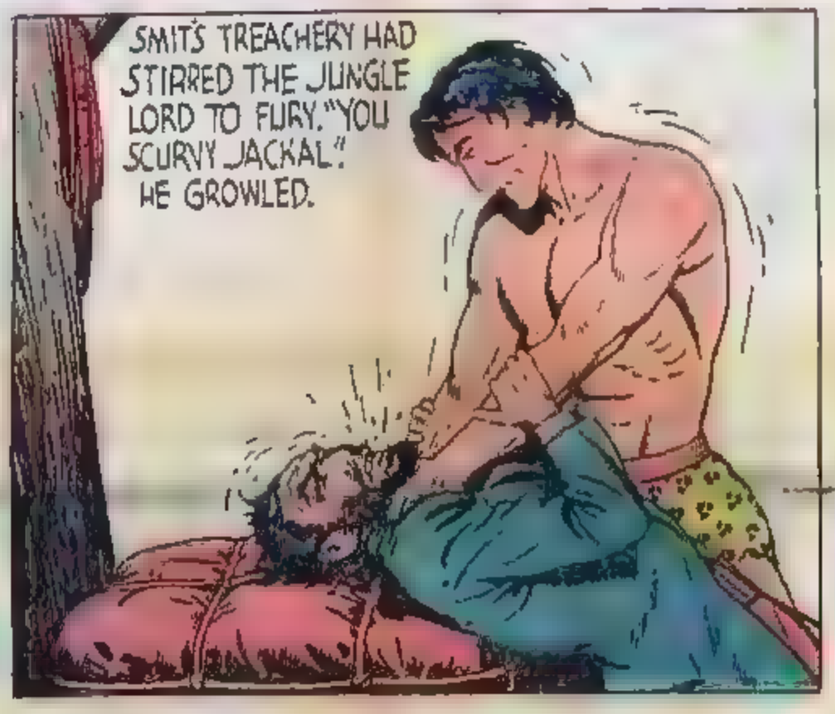

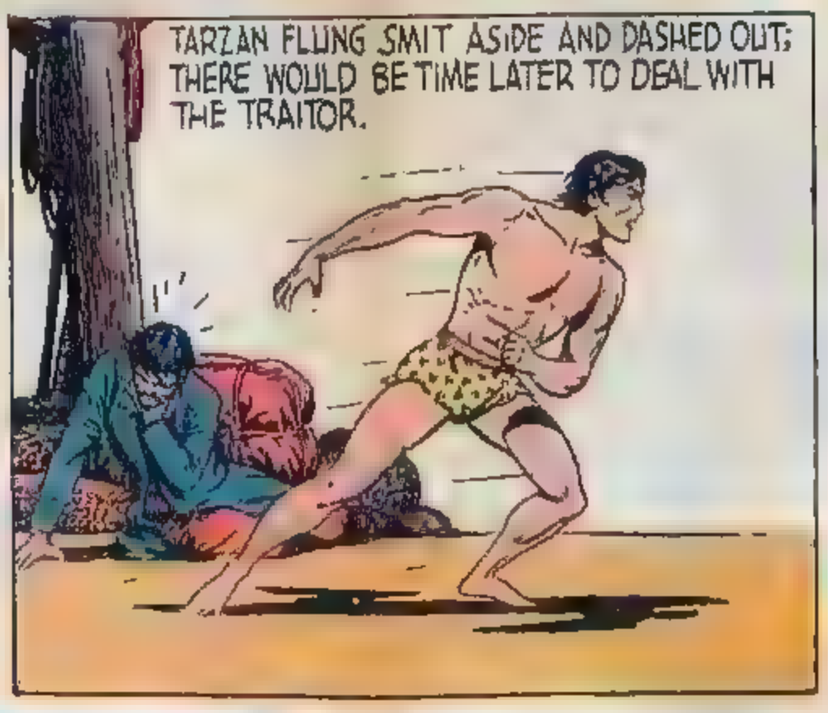


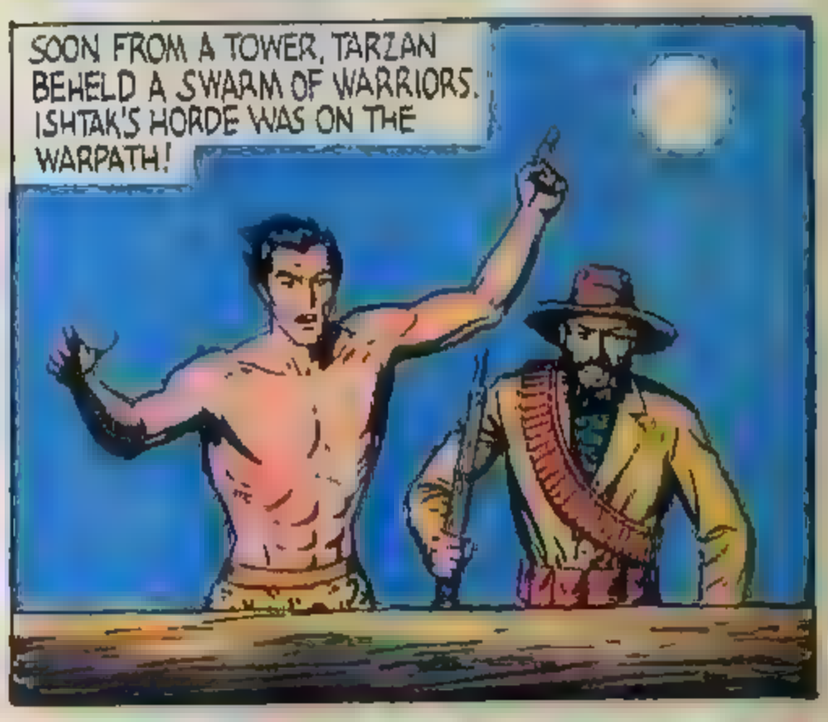


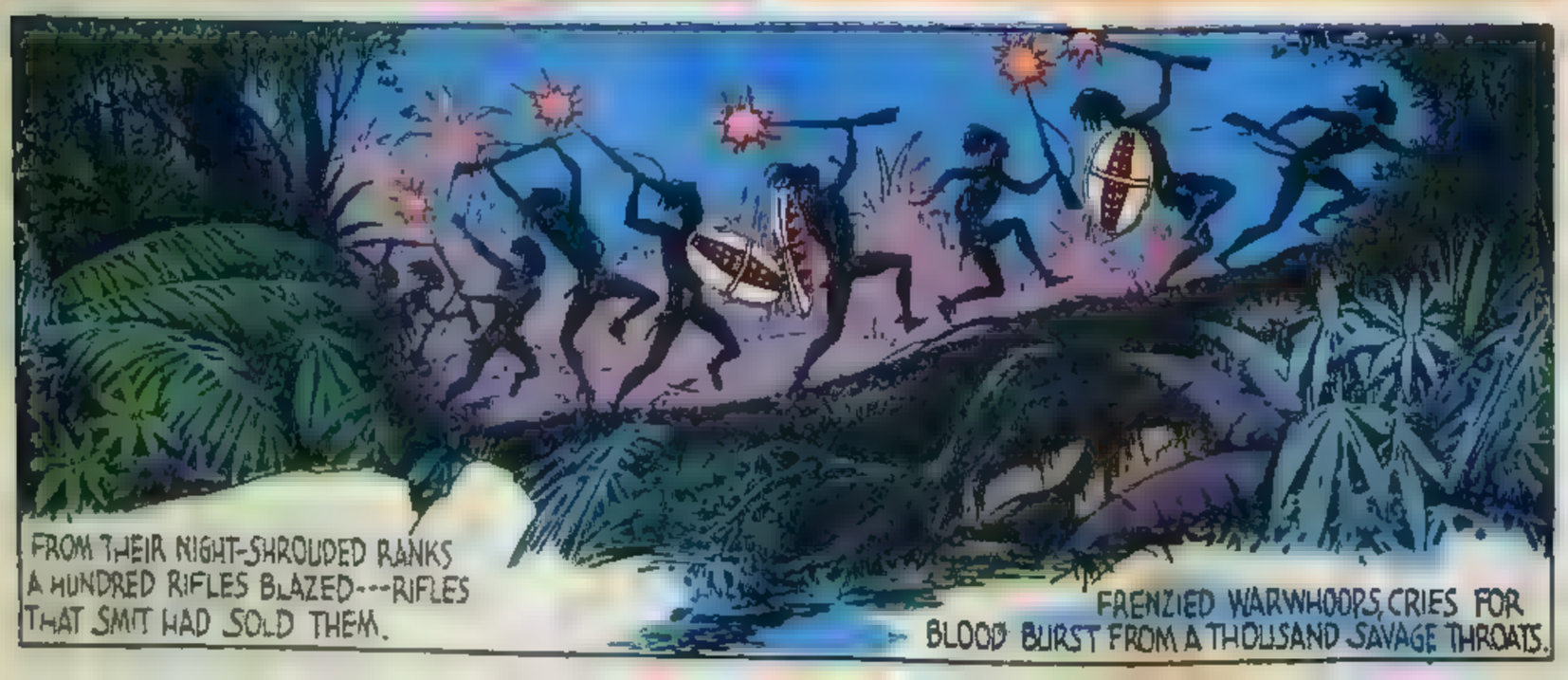


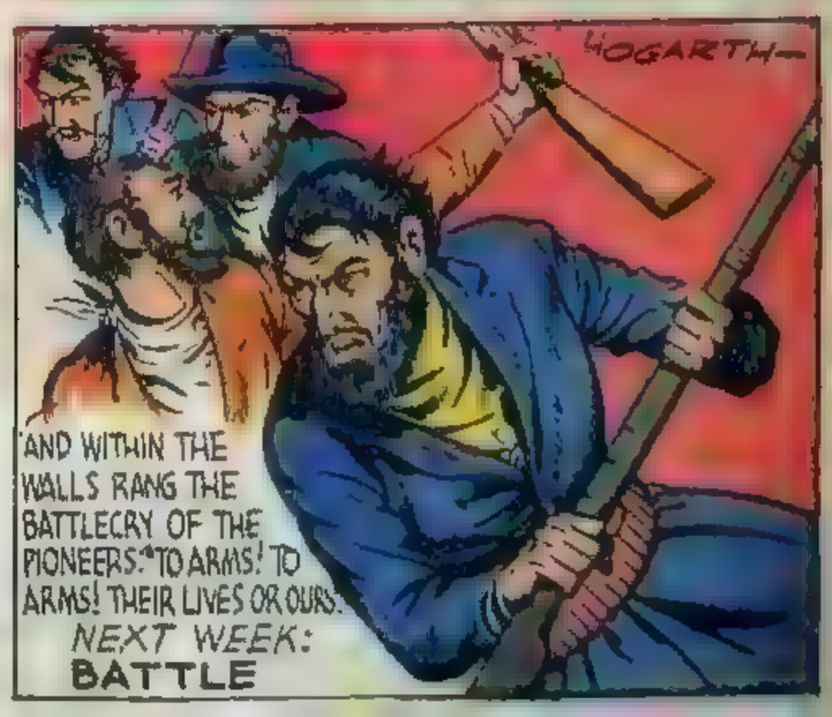

371-4-17-38

# Tarzan

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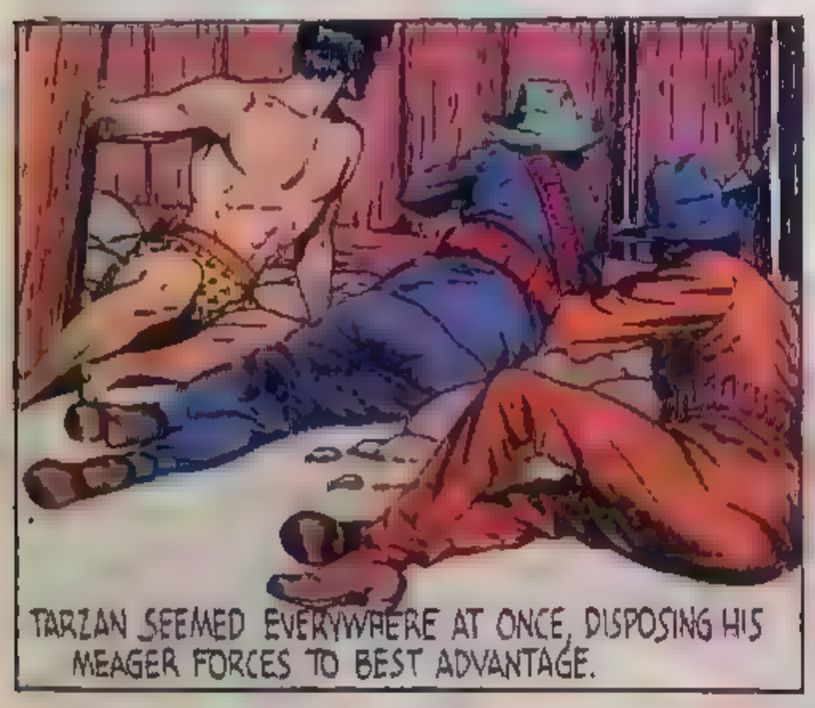
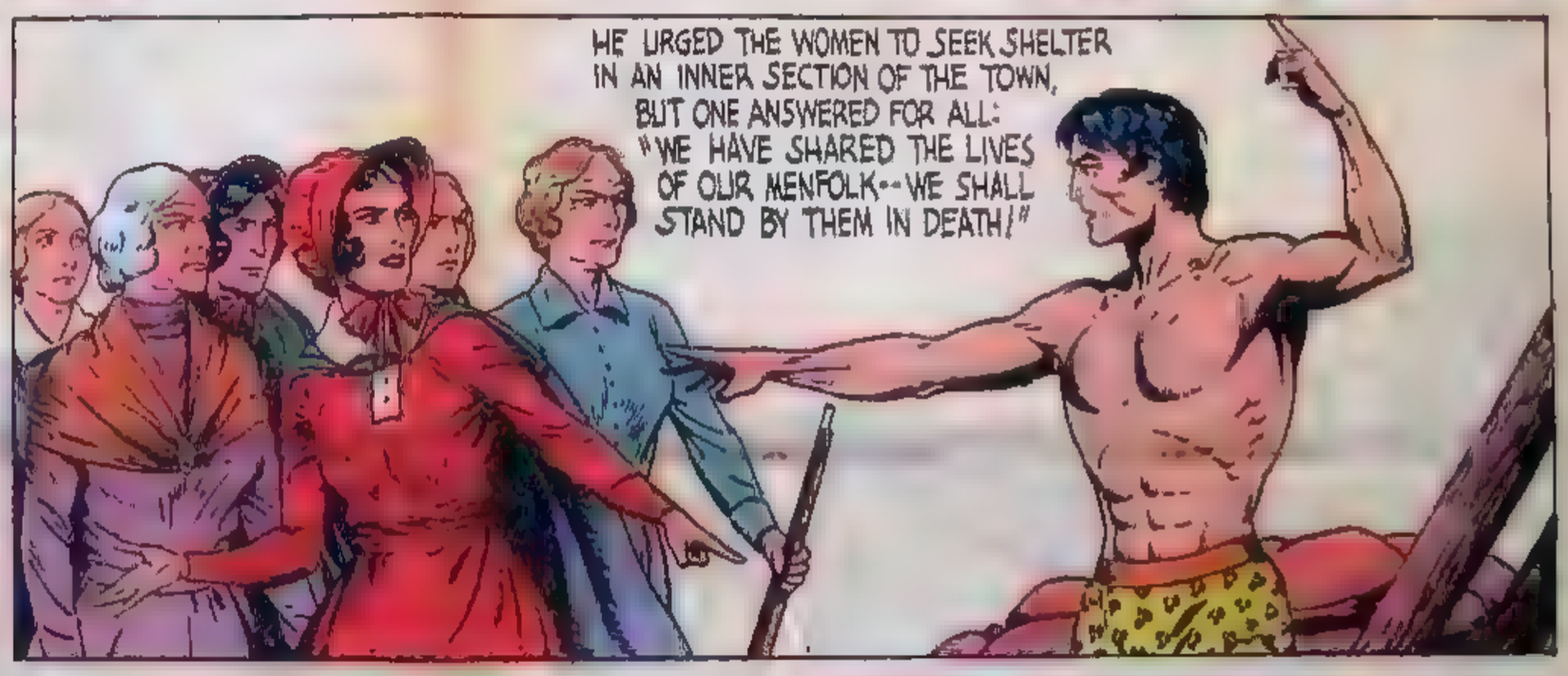
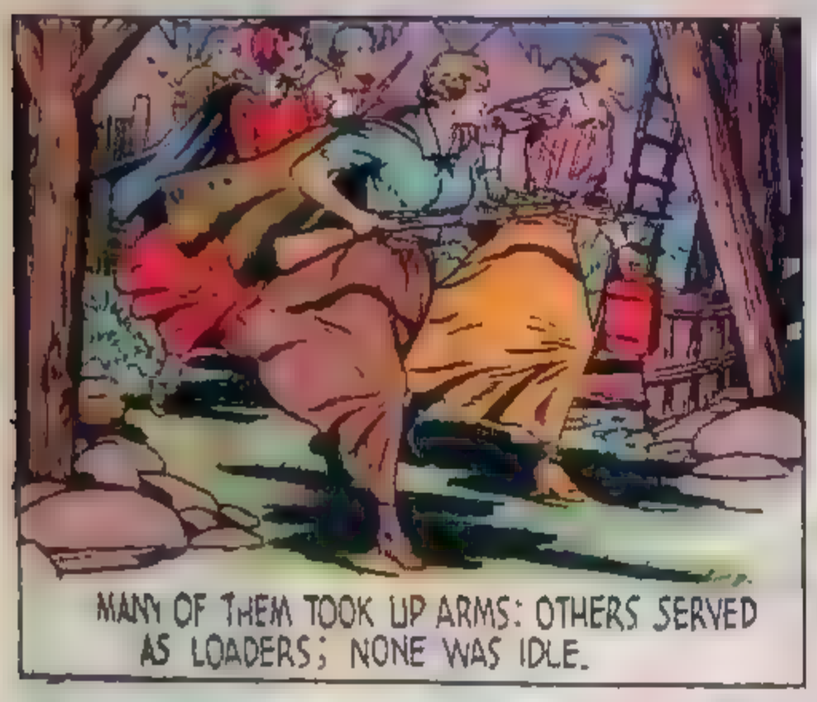
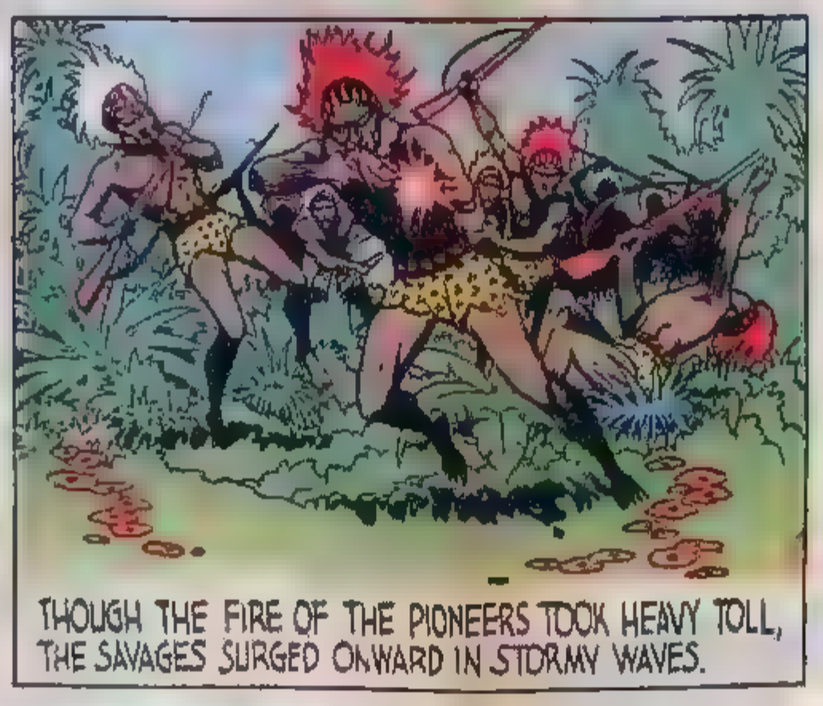
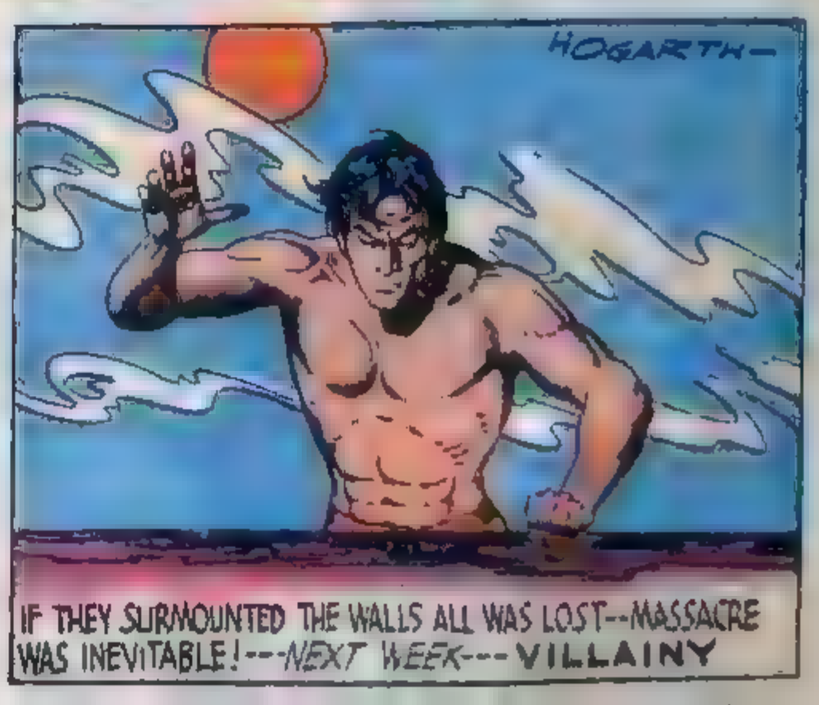
## BATTLE



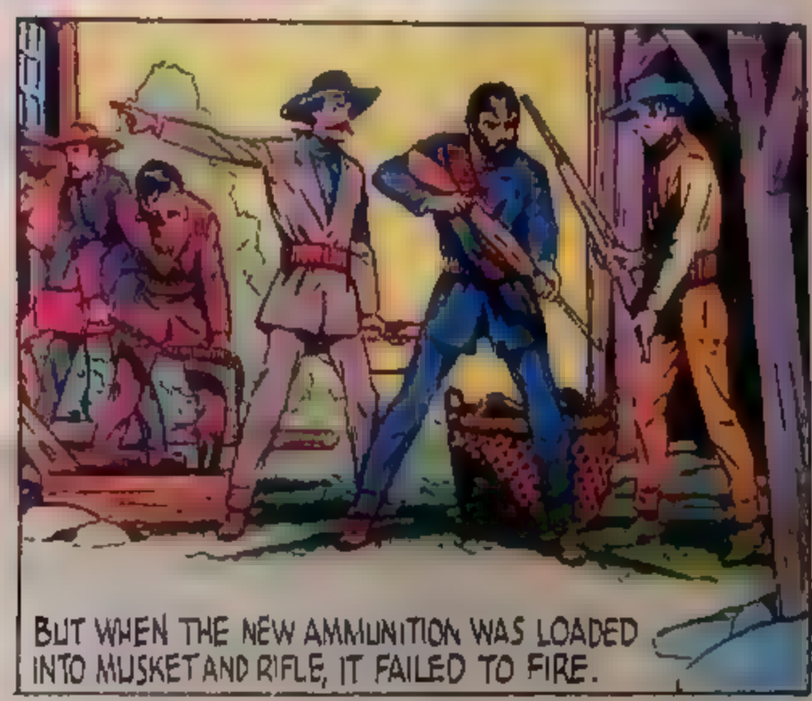


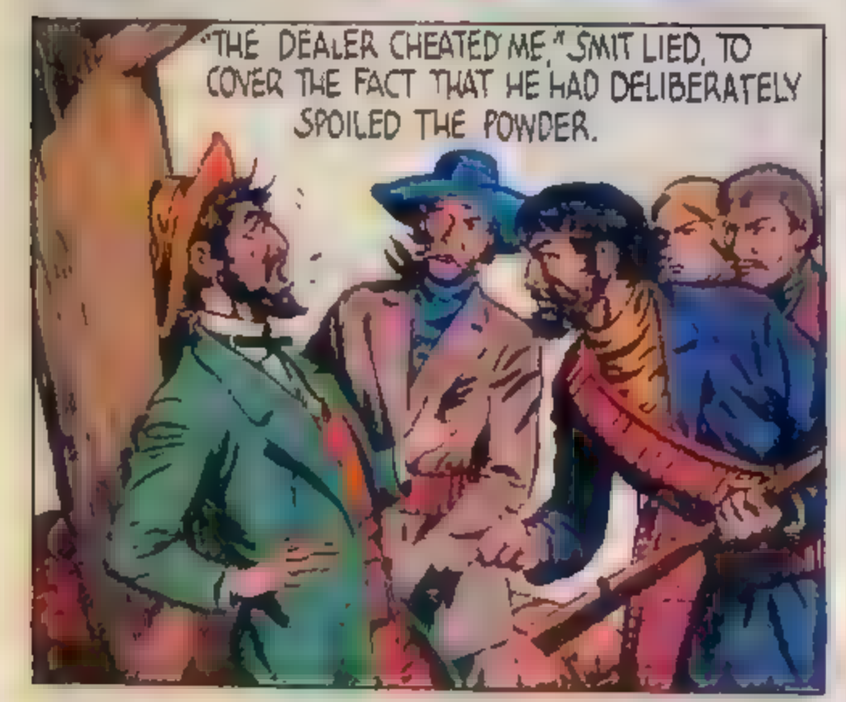
# Tarzan

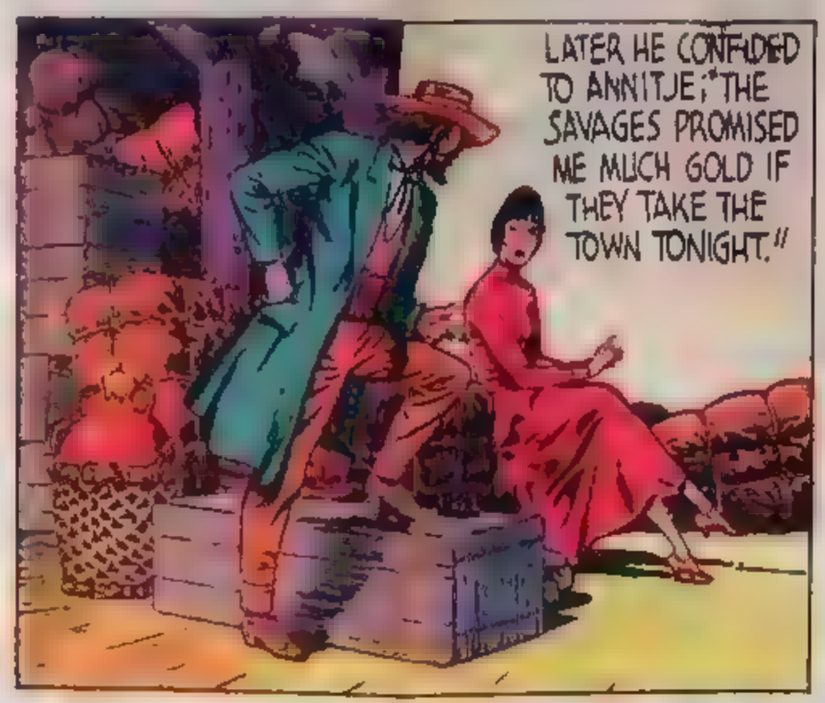
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

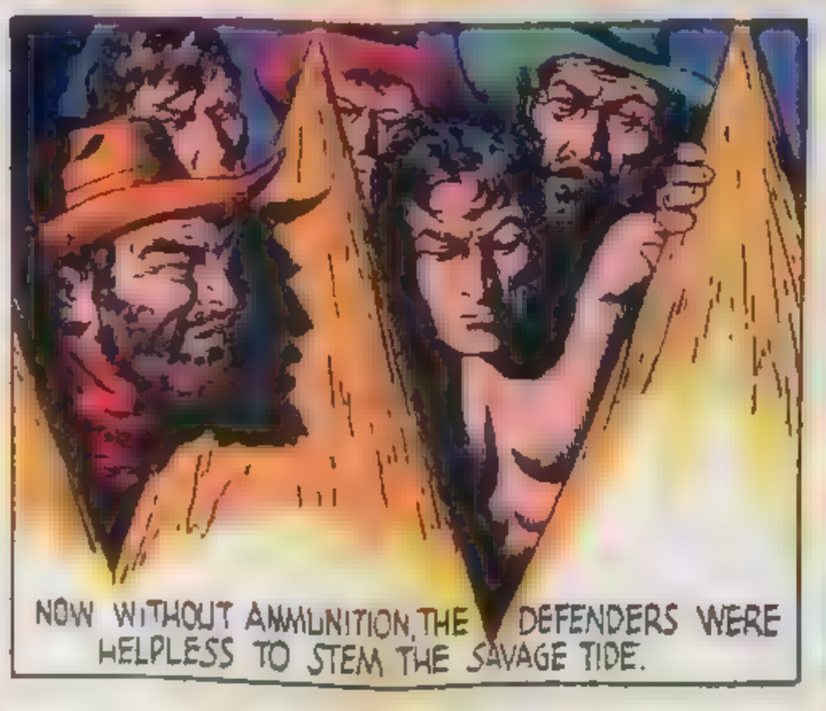
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

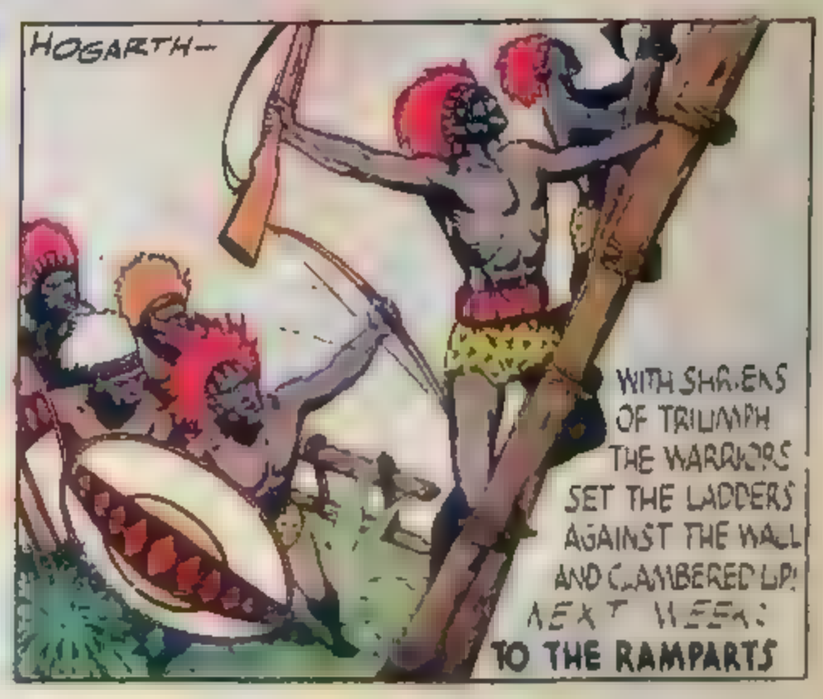
## VILLAINY





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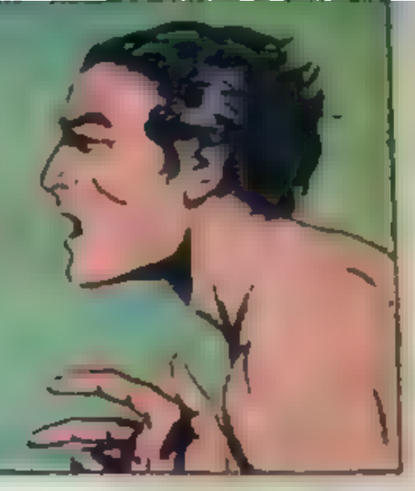
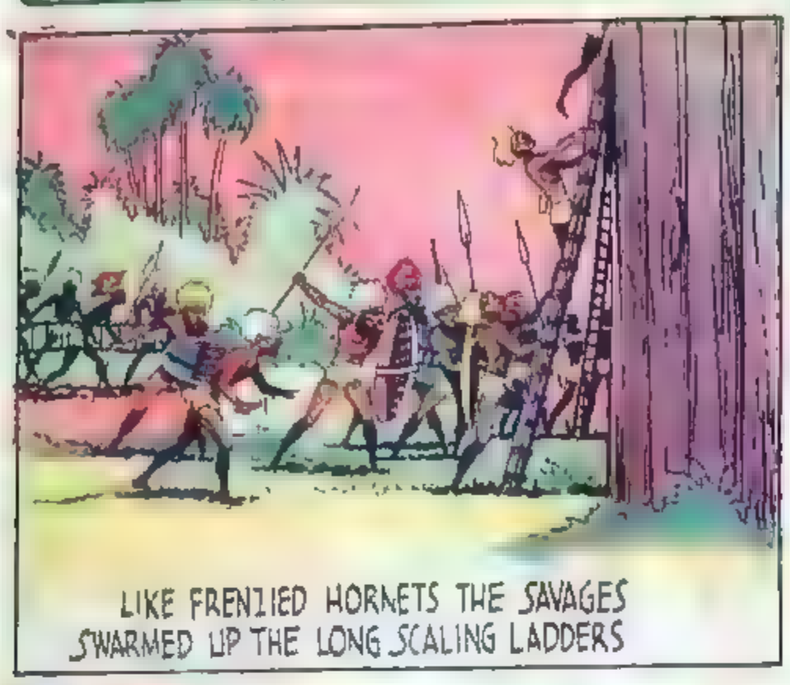
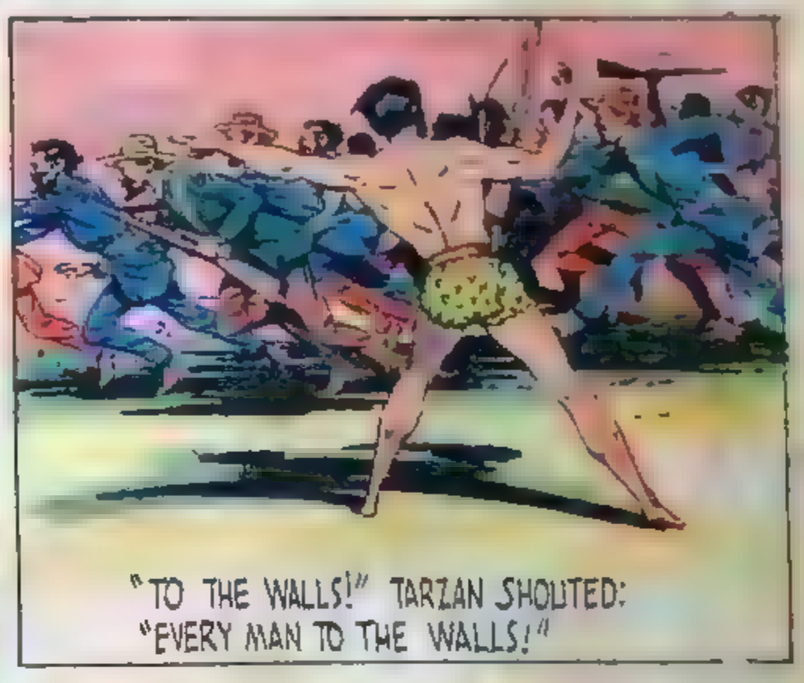
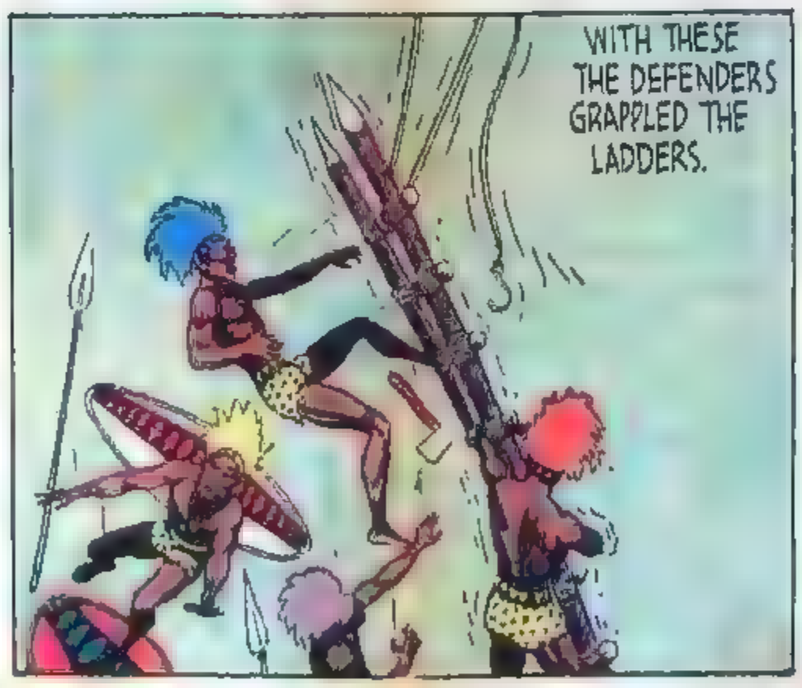
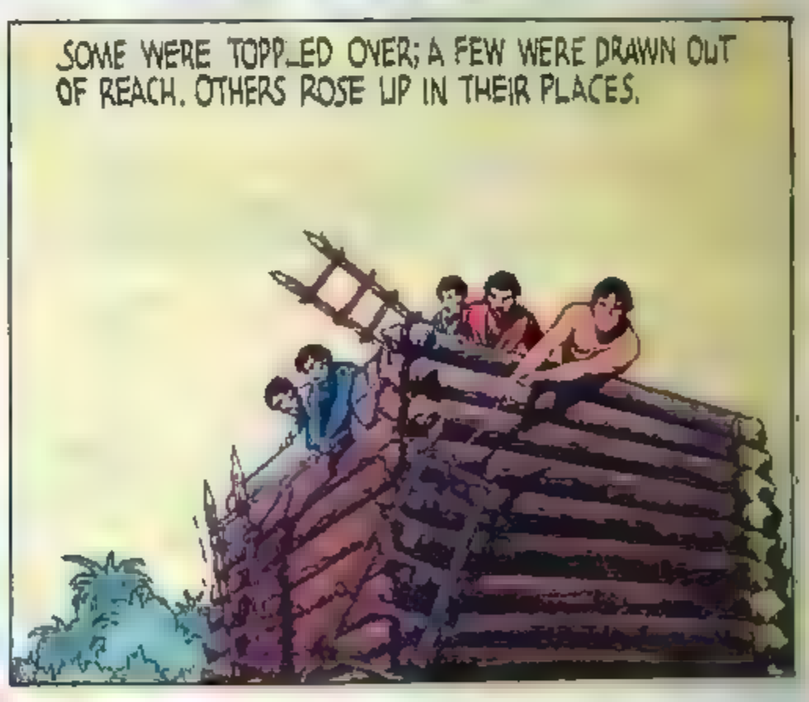


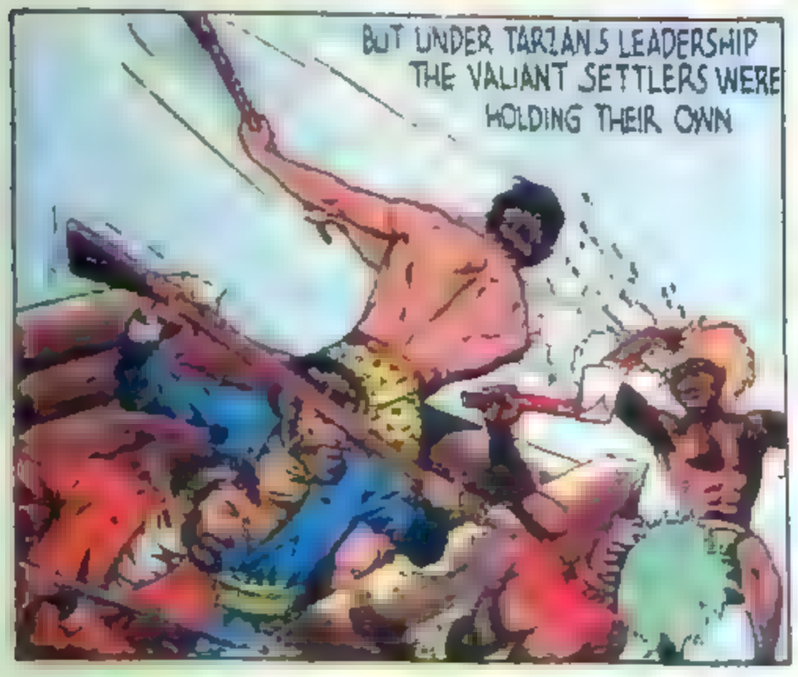
## TO THE RAMPARTS

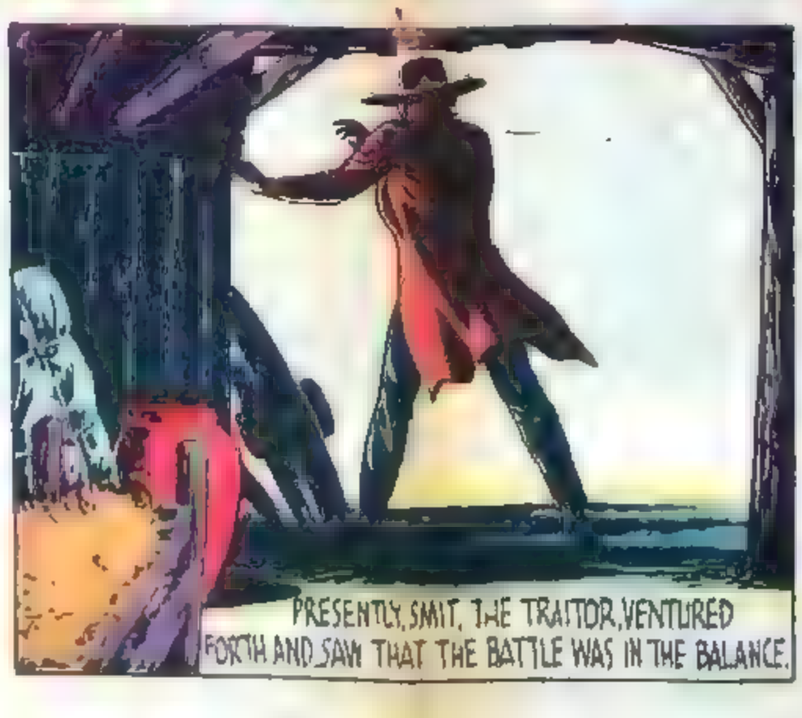


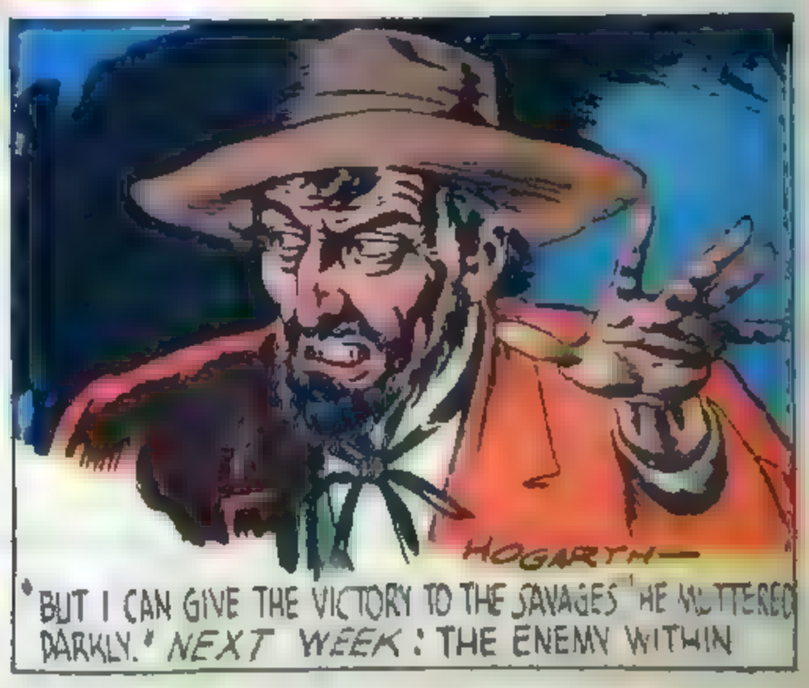




374.5-8-58

# Tarzan

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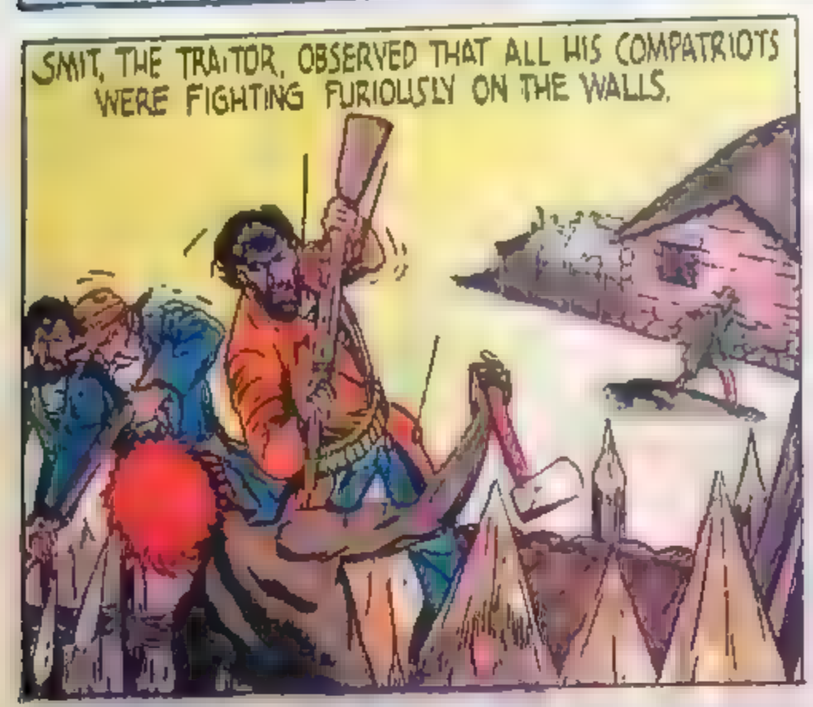
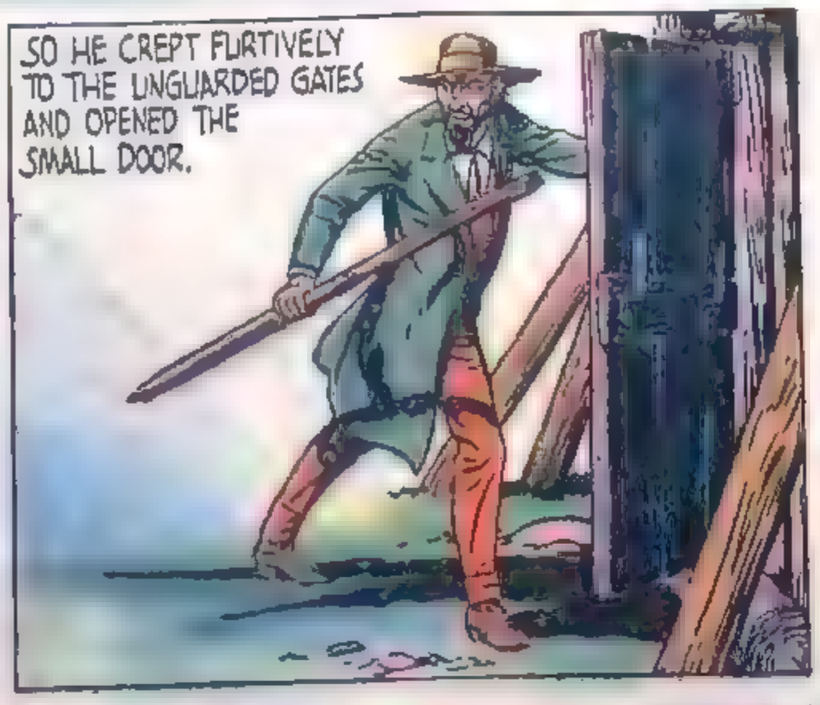
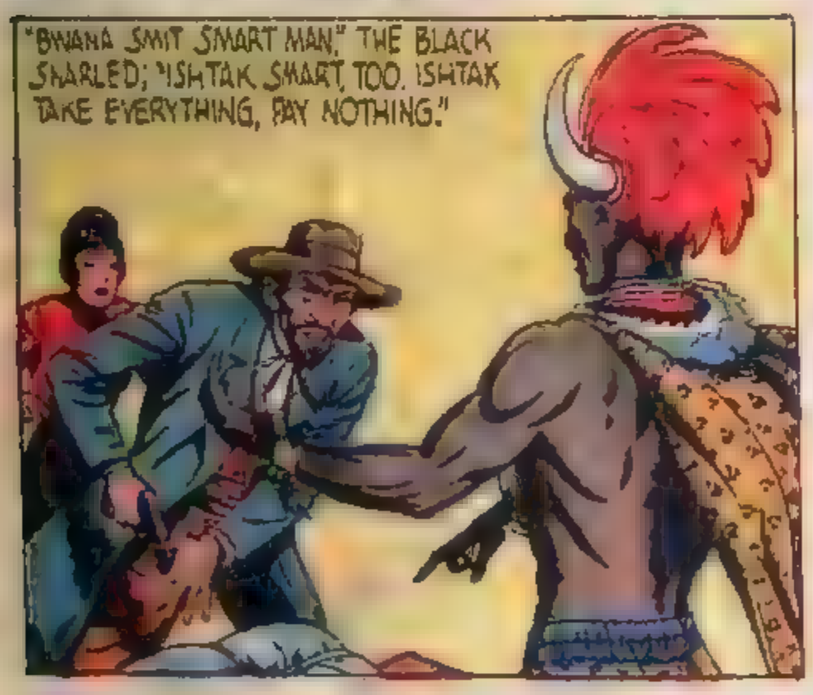
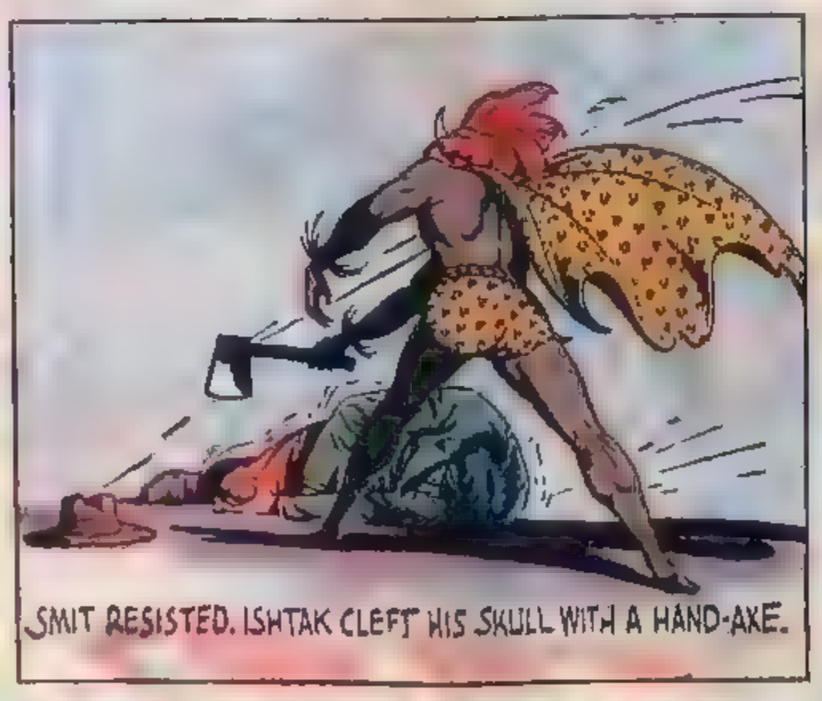
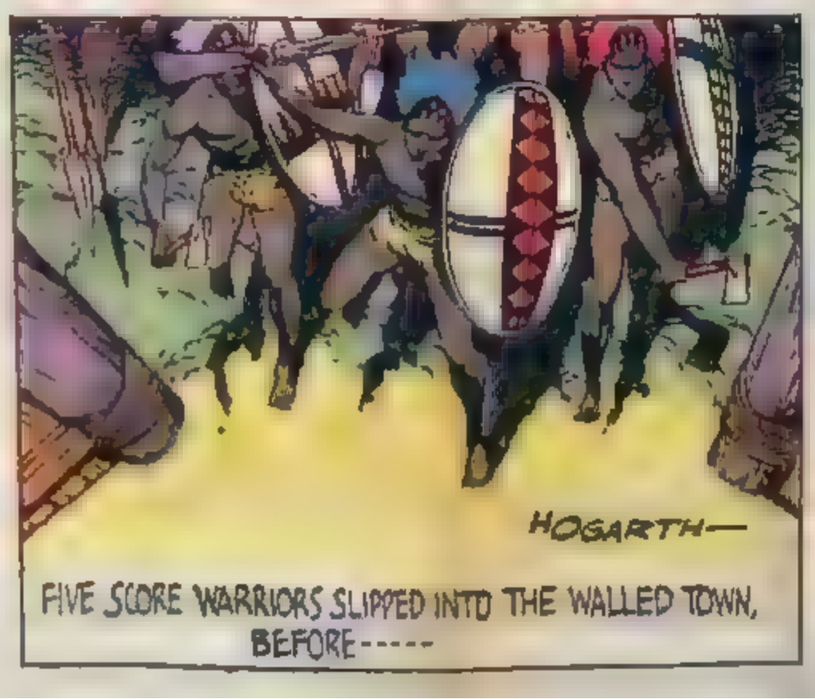
## THE ENEMY WITHIN

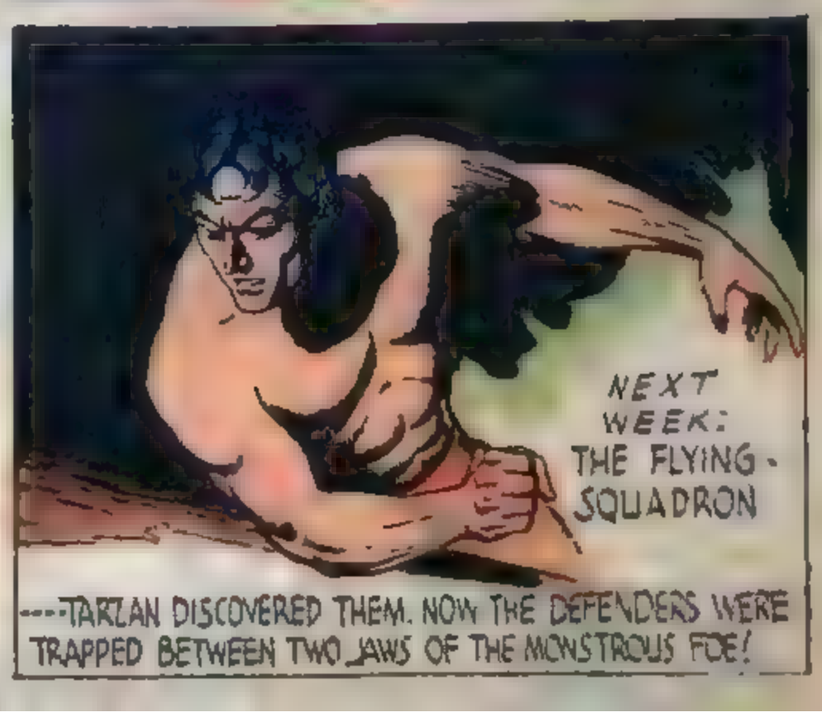






375-5-15-38

# Tarzan

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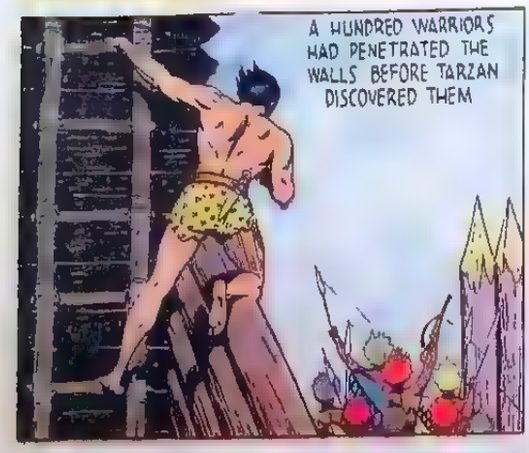
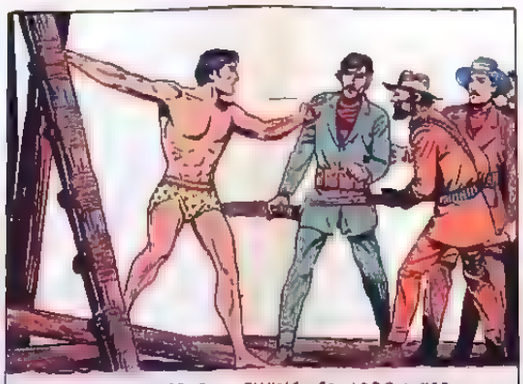
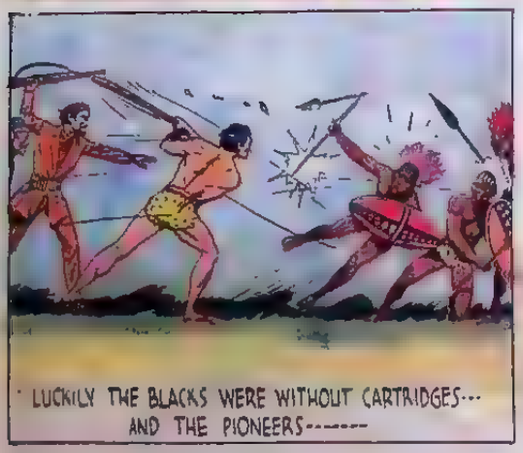
## THE FLYING SQUADRON



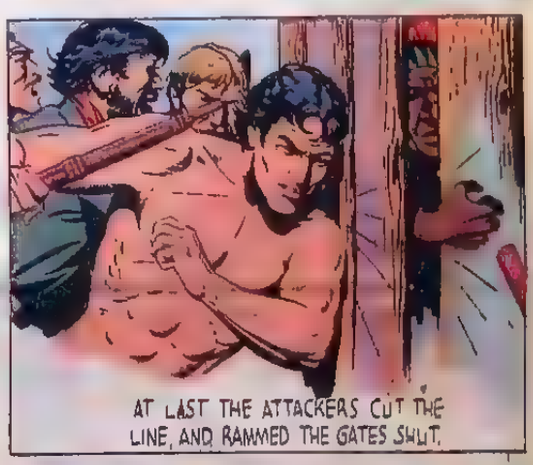
QUICKLY HE GATHERED A FLYING SQUADRON FOR A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO STEM THE SAVAGE TIDE.

THE APE-MAN HIMSELF WAS THE THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE THAT BIT INTO THE WARRIOR RANKS.



LUCKILY THE BLACKS WERE WITHOUT CARTRIDGES--- AND THE PIONEERS-------

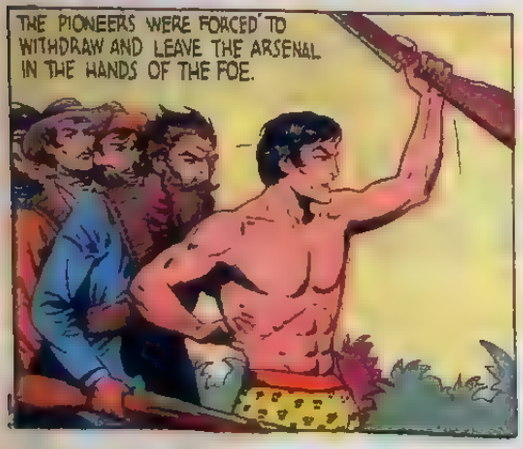
---PRESSED THEM SO CLOSELY THAT THEY COULD USE NEITHER SPEARS NOR ARROWS EFFECTIVELY.

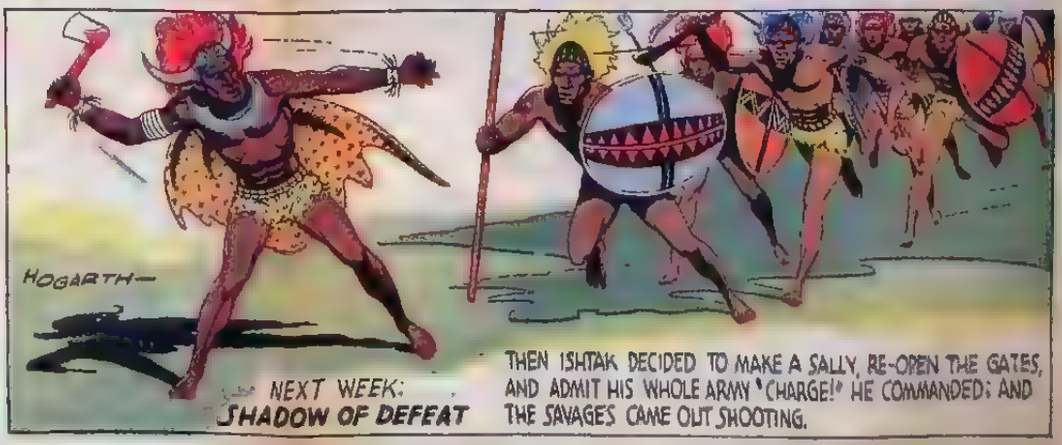


AT LAST THE ATTACKERS CUT THE LINE, AND RAMMED THE GATES SHUT.

SOME WERE SLAIN, BUT MOST OF THEM FLED WITH ISHTAK'S MESSENGER TO THE ARSENAL.

THERE THEY BARRICADED THEMSELVES WITH THE PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF MUNITIONS, AND OPENED A WITHERING FIRE




NEXT WEEK: **SHADOW OF DEFEAT**

THEN ISHTAK DECIDED TO MAKE A SALLY, RE-OPEN THE GATES, AND ADMIT HIS WHOLE ARMY "CHARGE!" HE COMMANDED; AND THE SAVAGES CAME OUT SHOOTING.

# Tarzan

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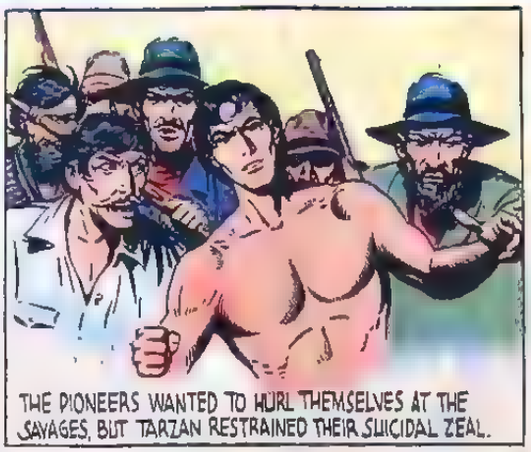
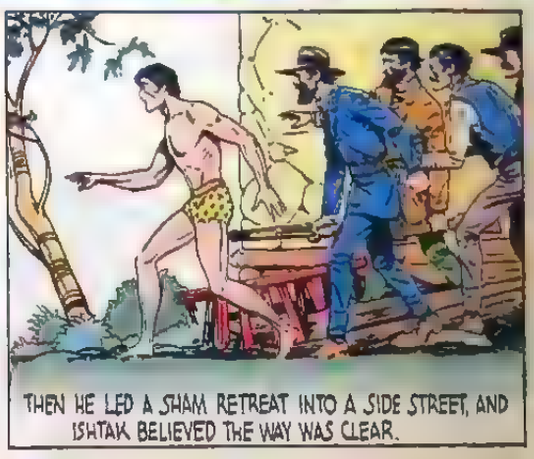
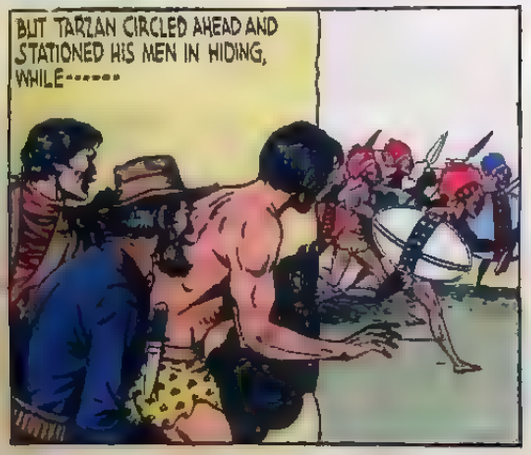
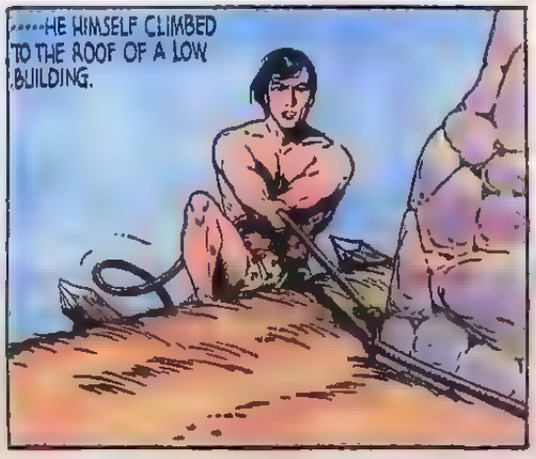
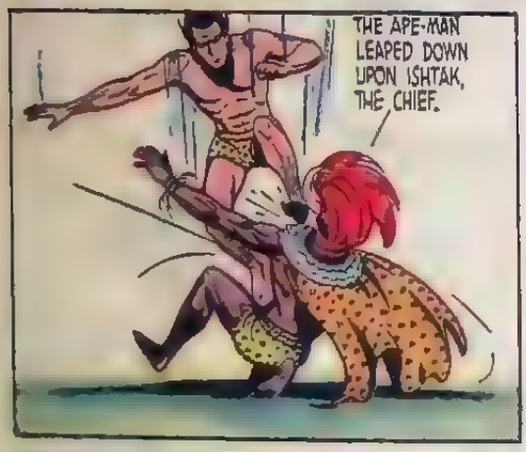
SHADOW OF DEFEAT

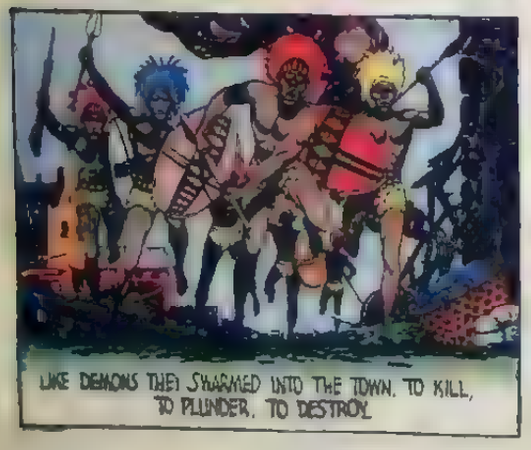


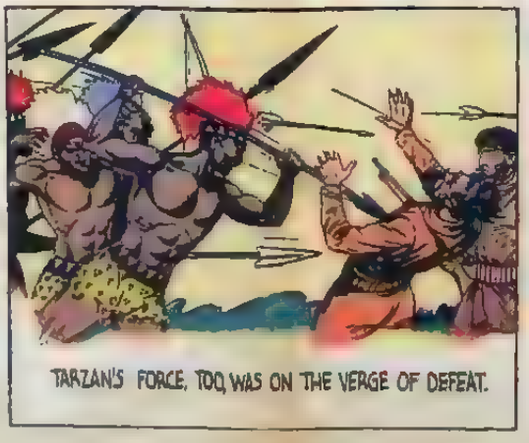



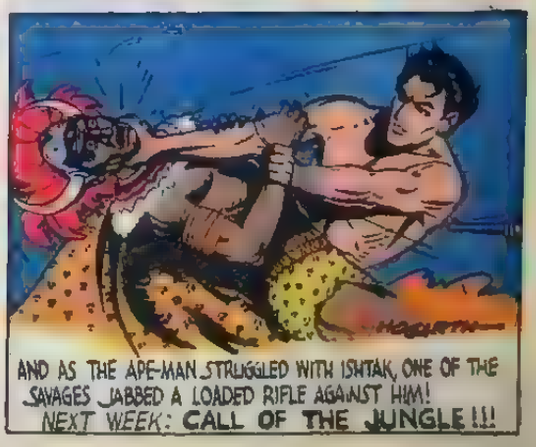







377-5-29-38

# Tarzan

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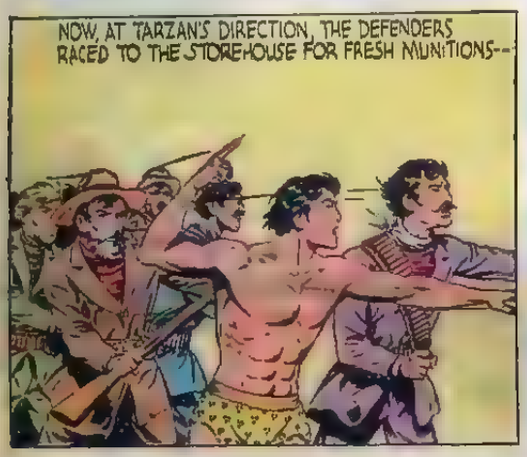
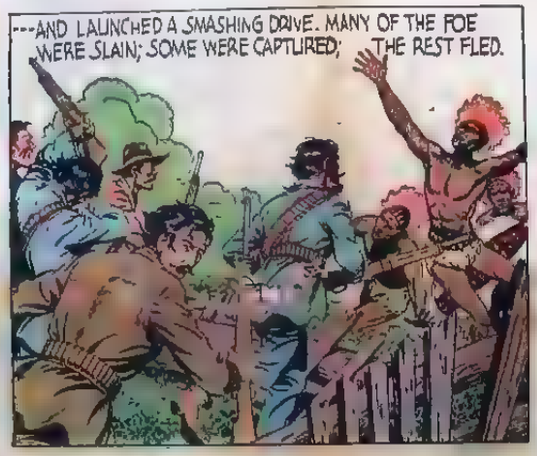
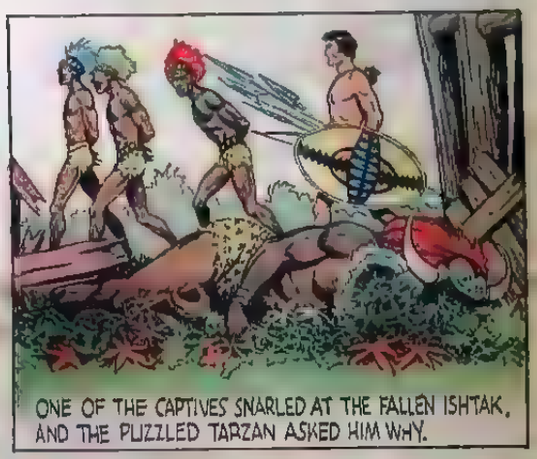
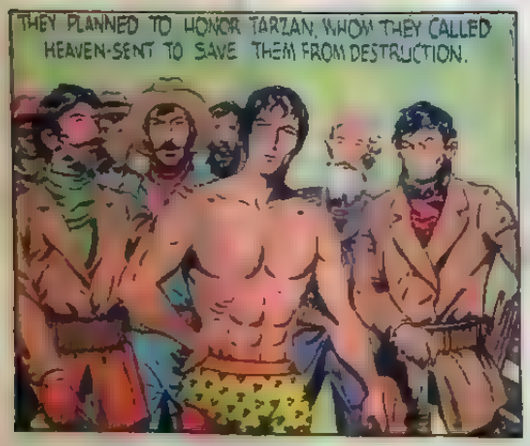
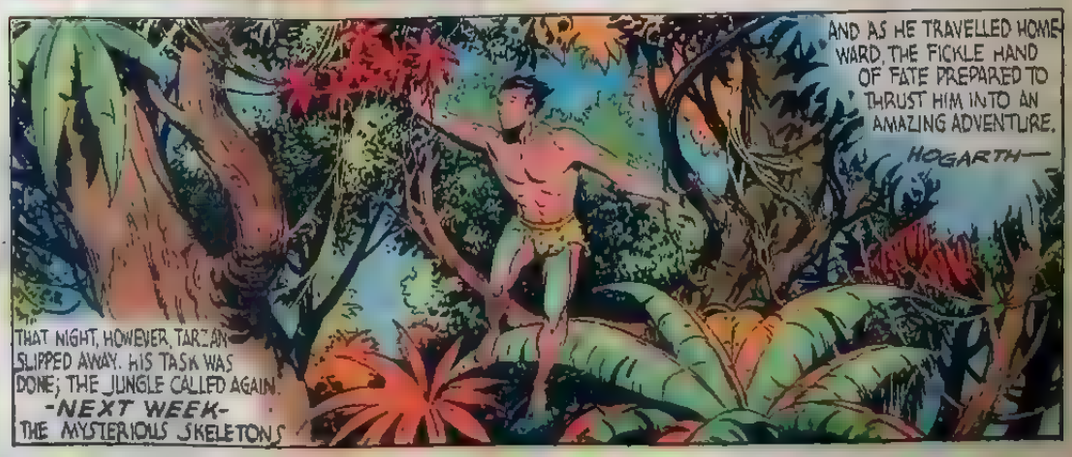
## CALL OF THE JUNGLE





378-6-5-58

# Tarzan

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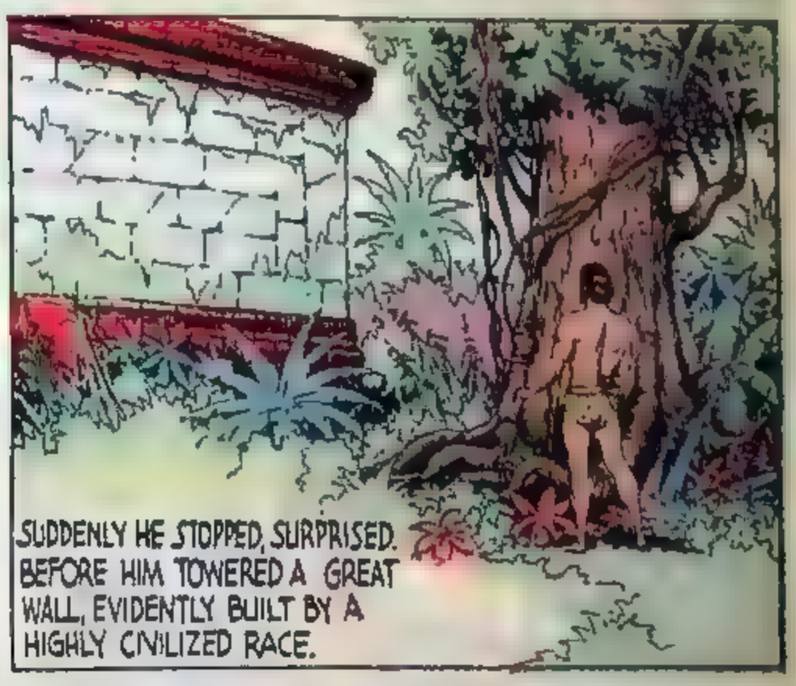
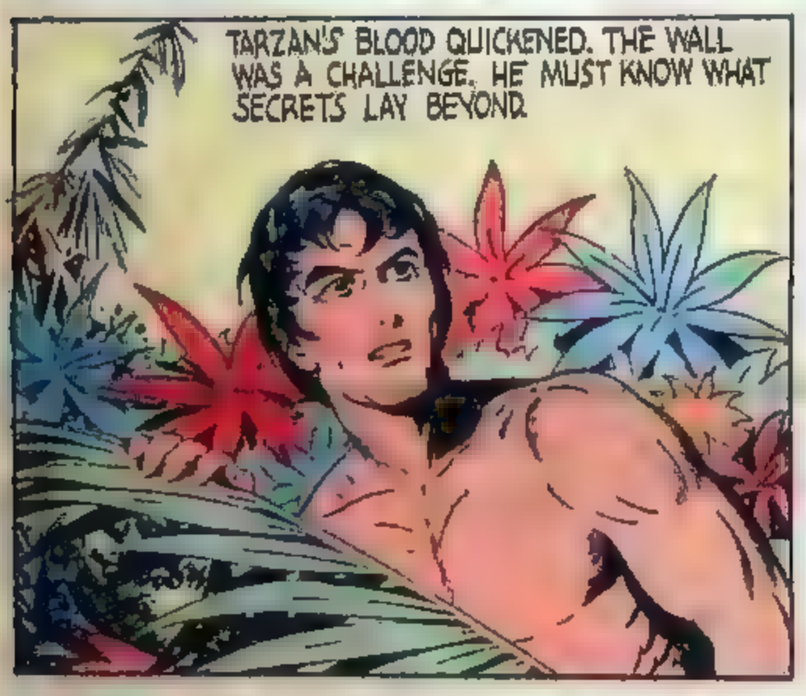
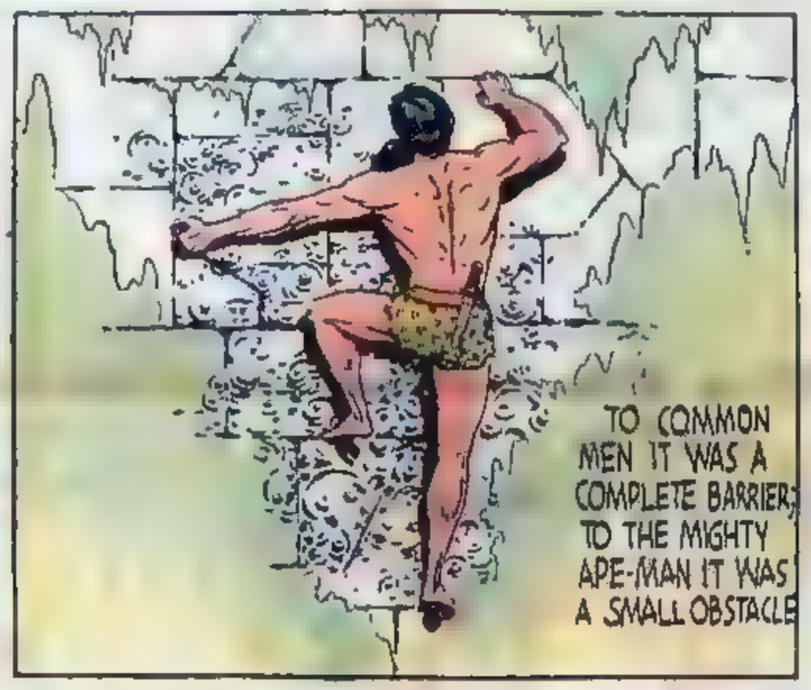
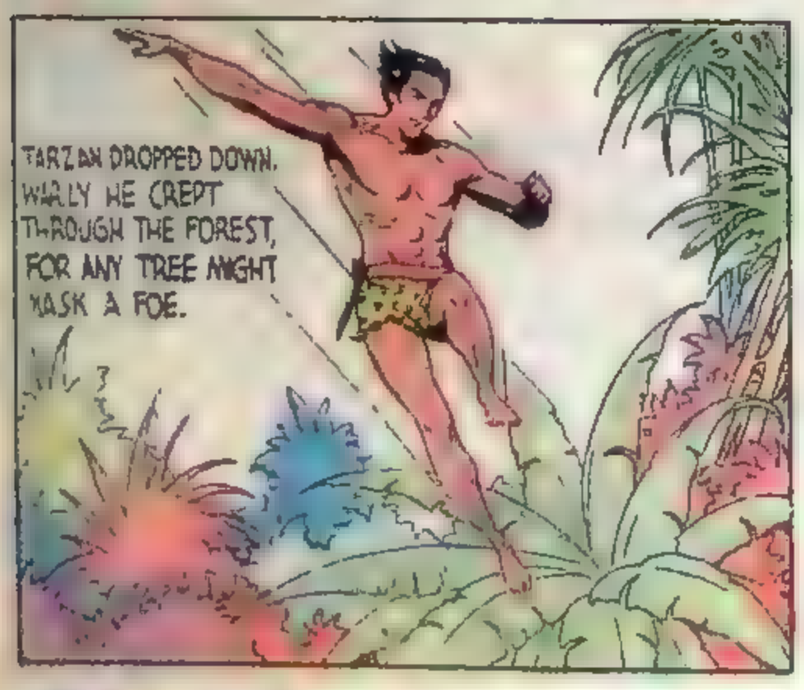
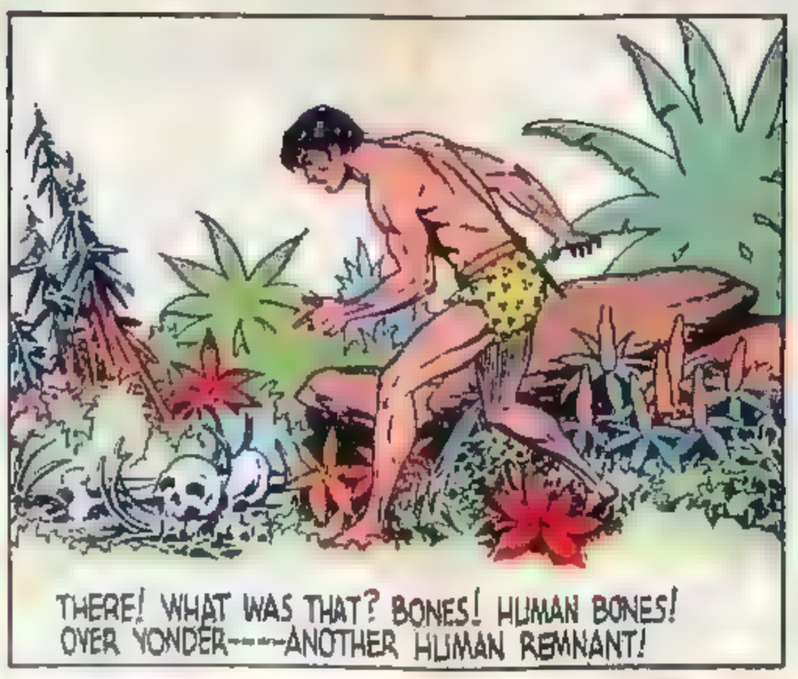
## THE MYSTERIOUS SKELETONS

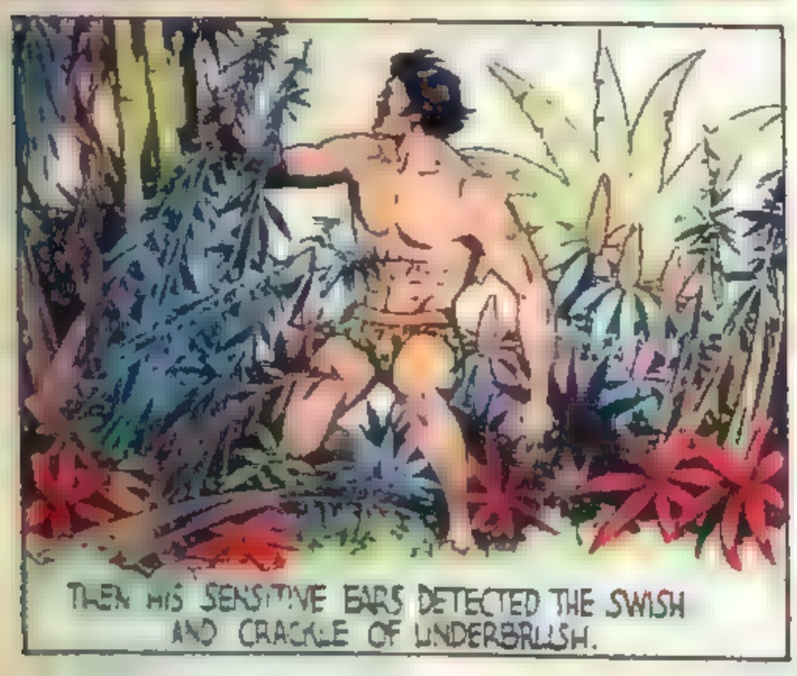






STD-6-12-38

# Tarzan

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## AMBUSH

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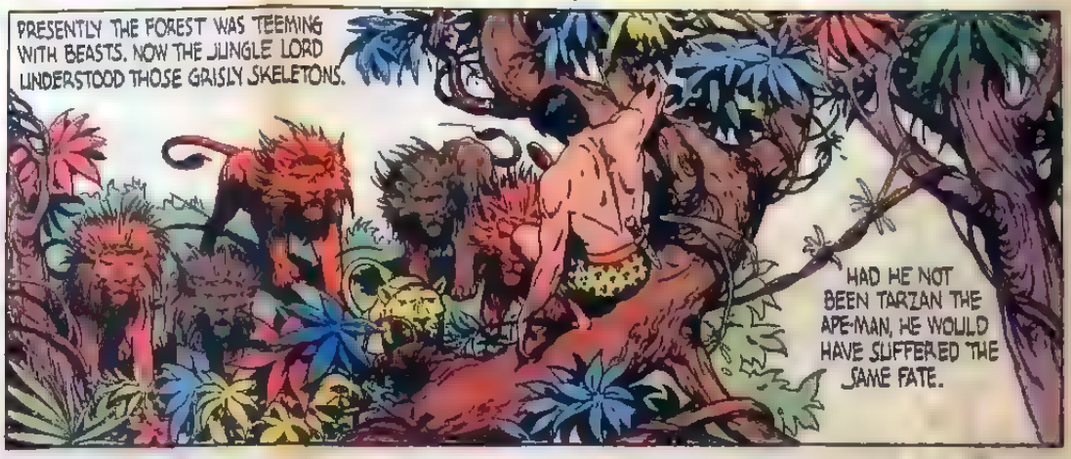

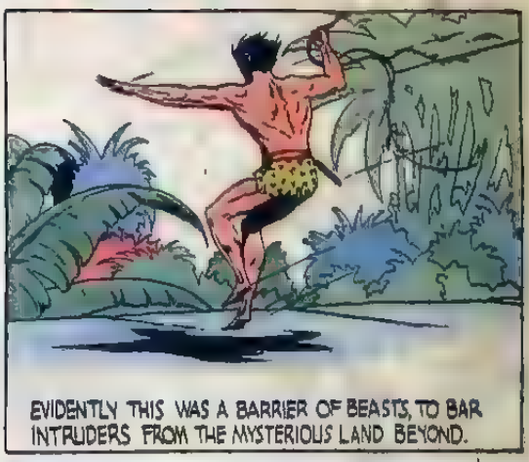


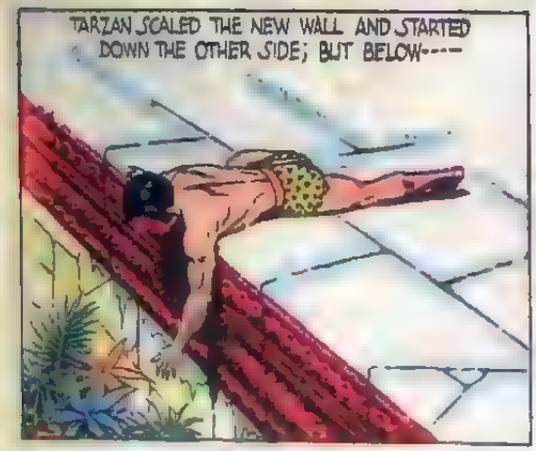


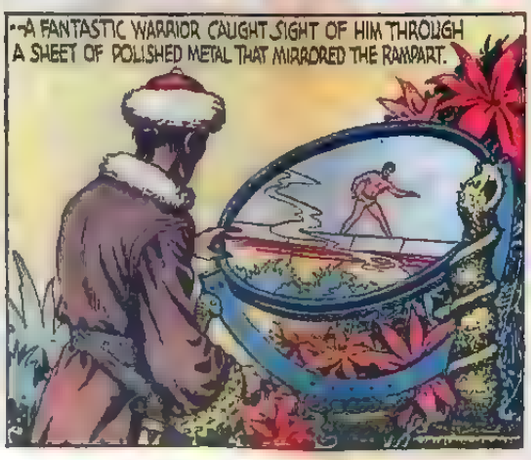

380-6-15-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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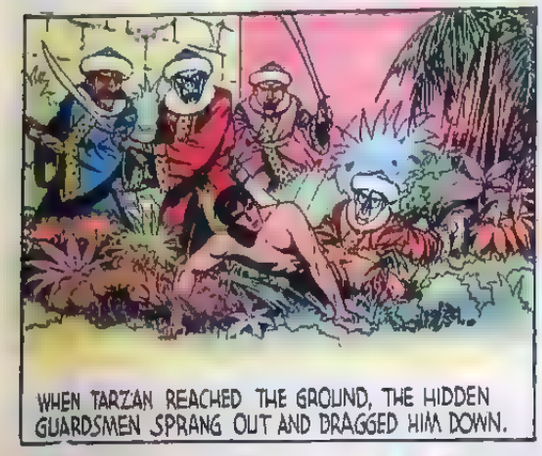
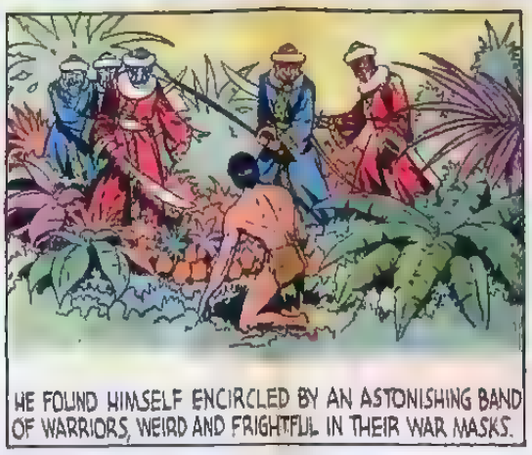
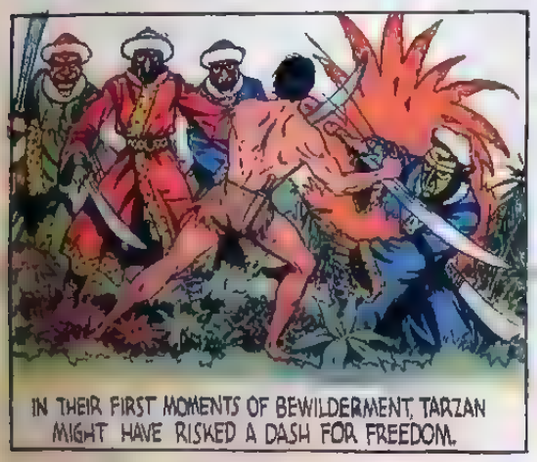
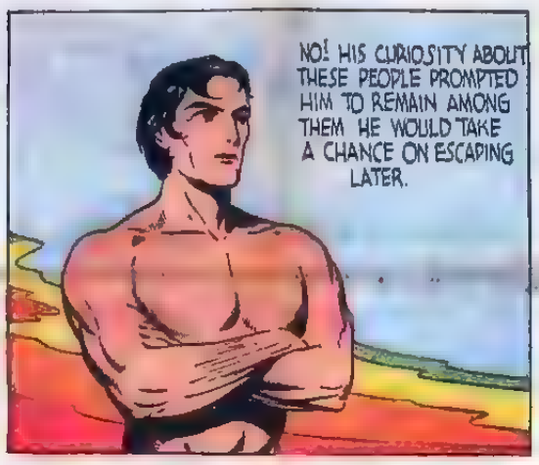
## CAPTURED

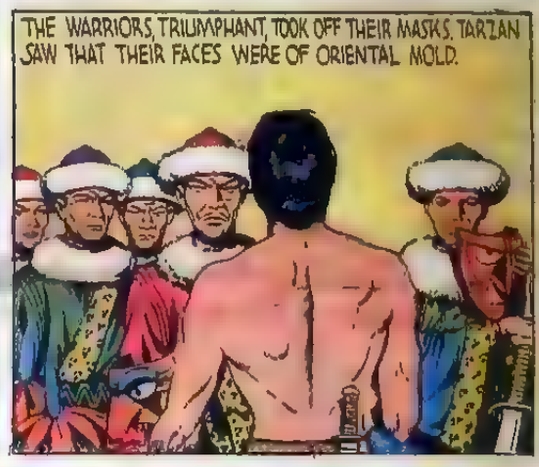

WHEN TARZAN REACHED THE GROUND, THE HIDDEN GUARDSMEN SPRANG OUT AND DRAGGED HIM DOWN.

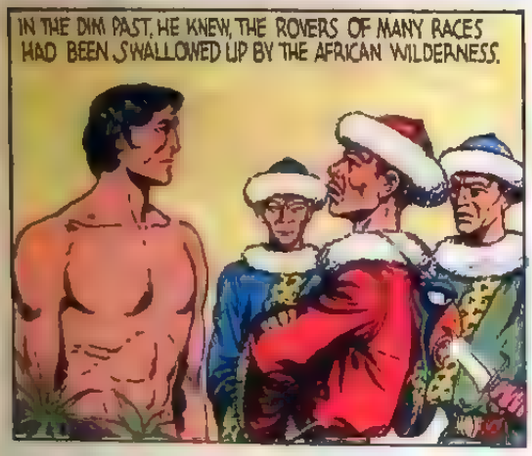

HE FOUND HIMSELF ENCIRCLED BY AN ASTONISHING BAND OF WARRIORS, WEIRD AND FRIGHTFUL IN THEIR WAR MASKS.

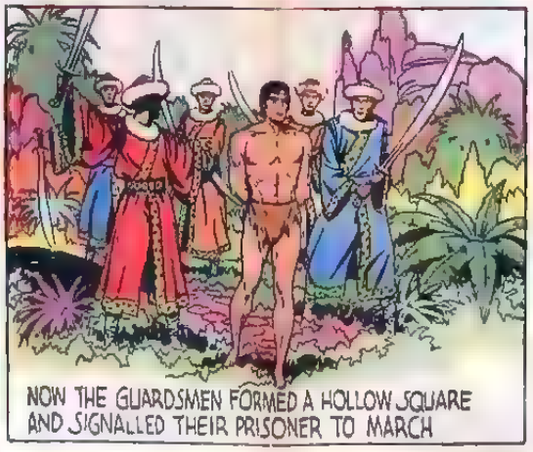
NO LESS AMAZED WERE THE GUARDS, FOR NEVER HAD ANY OUTLANDER SURMOUNTED THE BARRIER OF BEASTS.

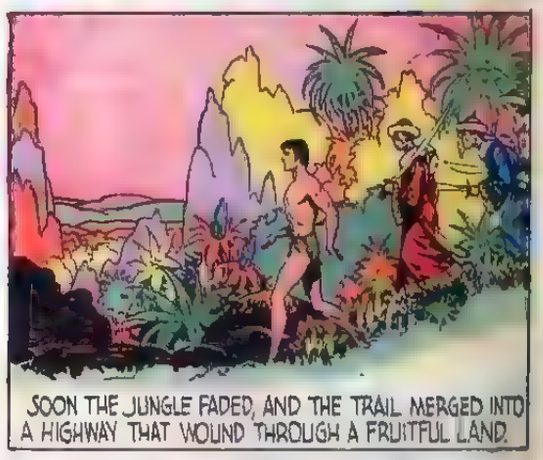

IN THEIR FIRST MOMENTS OF BEWILDERMENT, TARZAN MIGHT HAVE RISKED A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

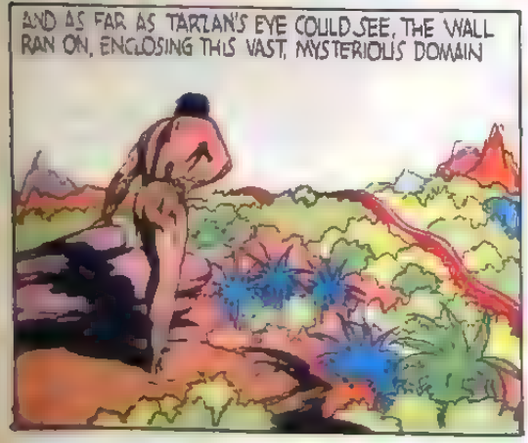

NO! HIS CURIOSITY ABOUT THESE PEOPLE PROMPTED HIM TO REMAIN AMONG THEM. HE WOULD TAKE A CHANCE ON ESCAPING LATER.

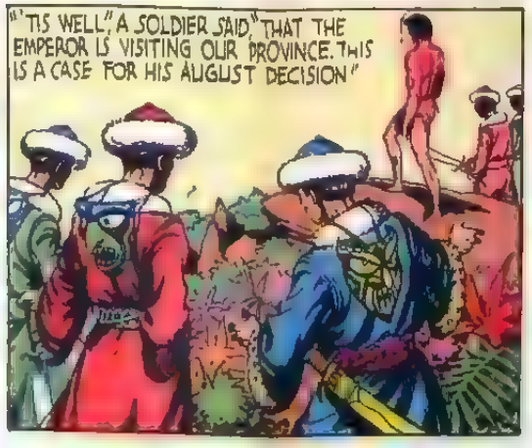

THE WARRIORS, TRIUMPHANT, TOOK OFF THEIR MASKS. TARZAN SAW THAT THEIR FACES WERE OF ORIENTAL MOLD.


IN THE DIM PAST, HE KNEW, THE ROVERS OF MANY RACES HAD BEEN SWALLOWED UP BY THE AFRICAN WILDERNESS.


NOW THE GUARDSMEN FORMED A HOLLOW SQUARE AND SIGNALLED THEIR PRISONER TO MARCH


SOON THE JUNGLE FADED, AND THE TRAIL MERGED INTO A HIGHWAY THAT WOUND THROUGH A FRUITFUL LAND.


AND AS FAR AS TARZAN'S EYE COULD SEE, THE WALL RAN ON, ENCLOSING THIS VAST, MYSTERIOUS DOMAIN


"'TIS WELL," A SOLDIER SAID, "THAT THE EMPEROR IS VISITING OUR PROVINCE. THIS IS A CASE FOR HIS AUGUST DECISION"

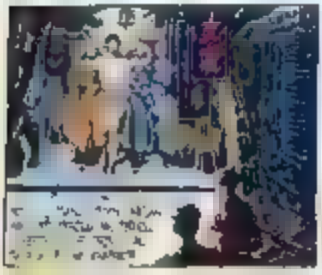
THE CAPTAIN ANSWERED: "THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE VERDICT------DEATH!"

NEXT WEEK: **THE FORBIDDEN EMPIRE**

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE FORBIDDEN EMPIRE



# Tarzan

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THE HEADSMAN

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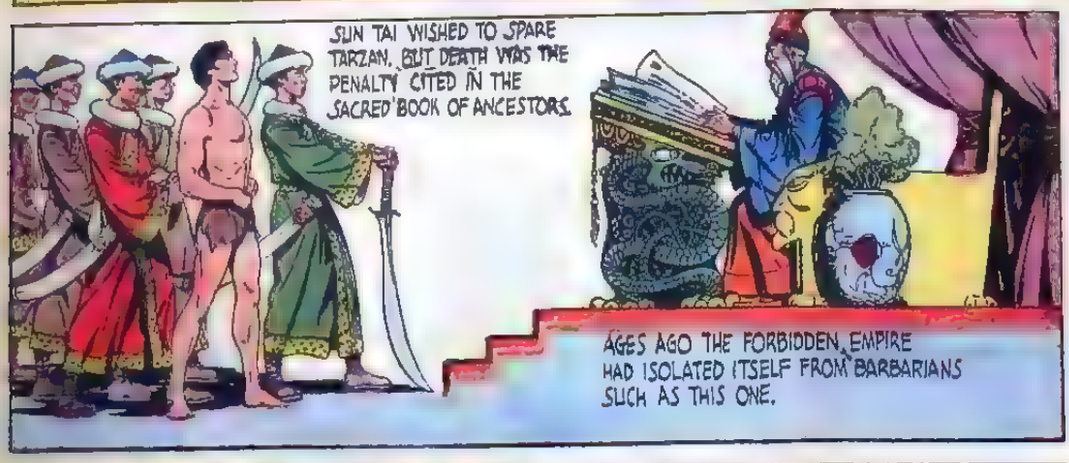
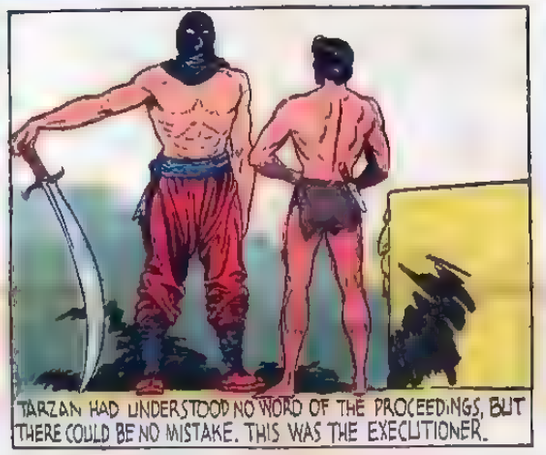
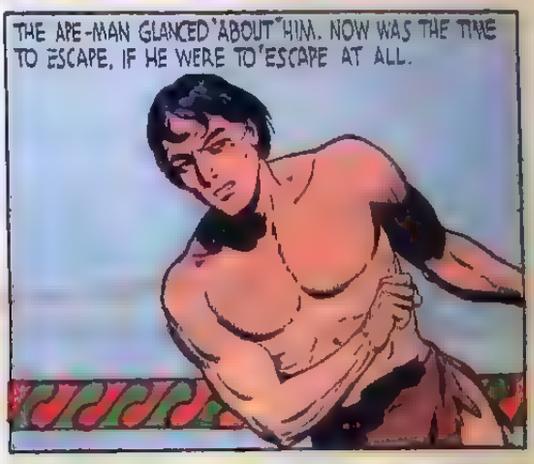
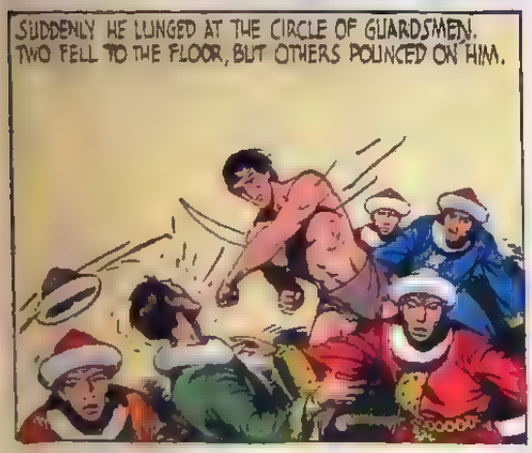
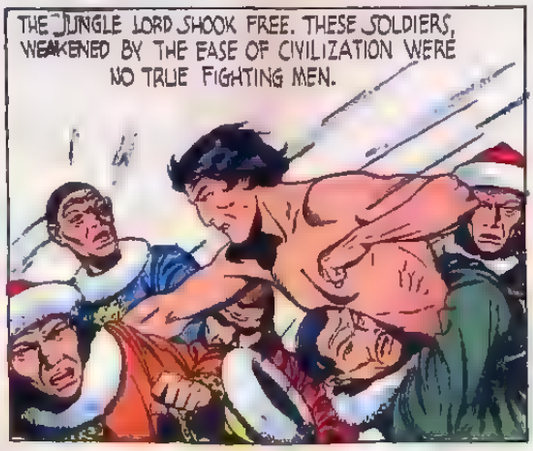


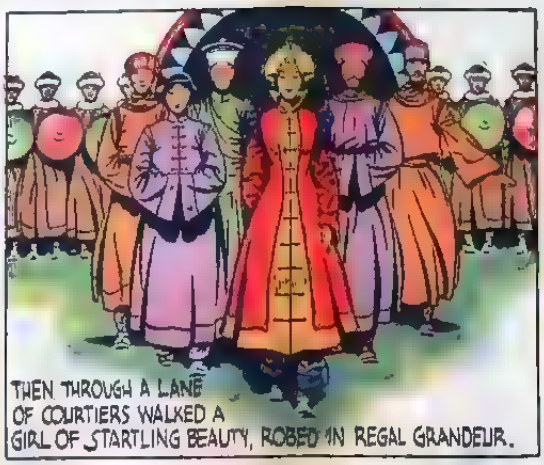


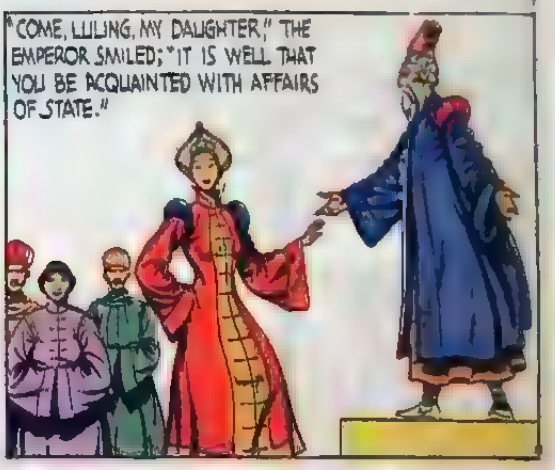



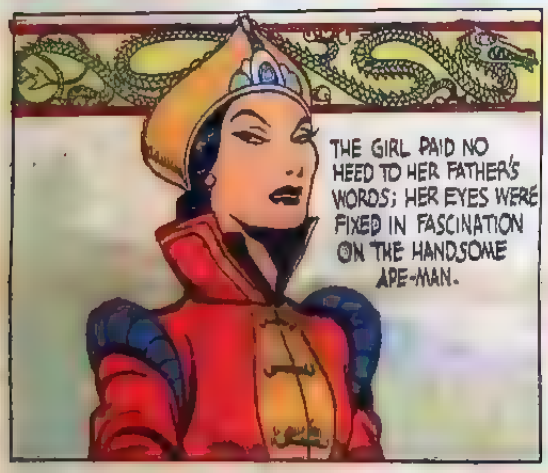



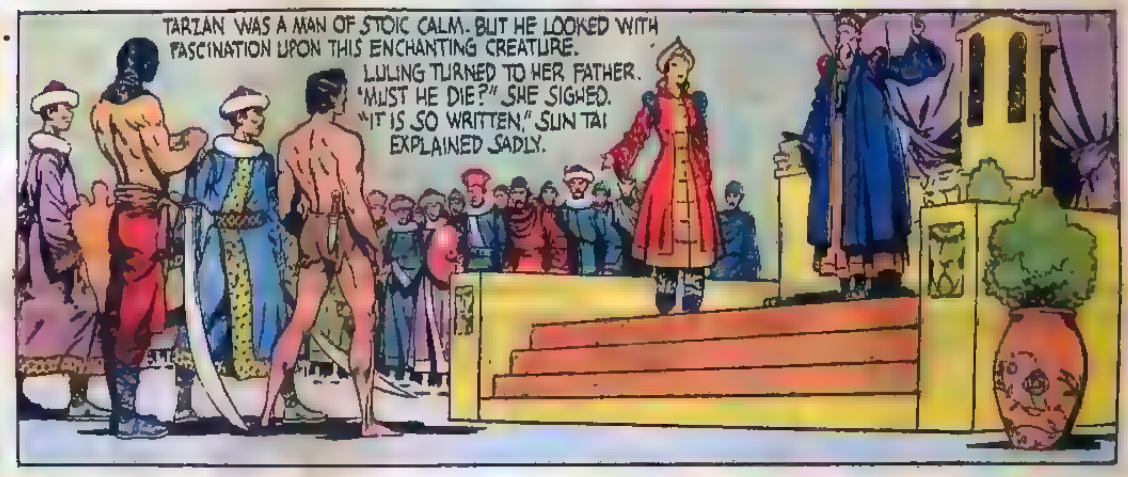



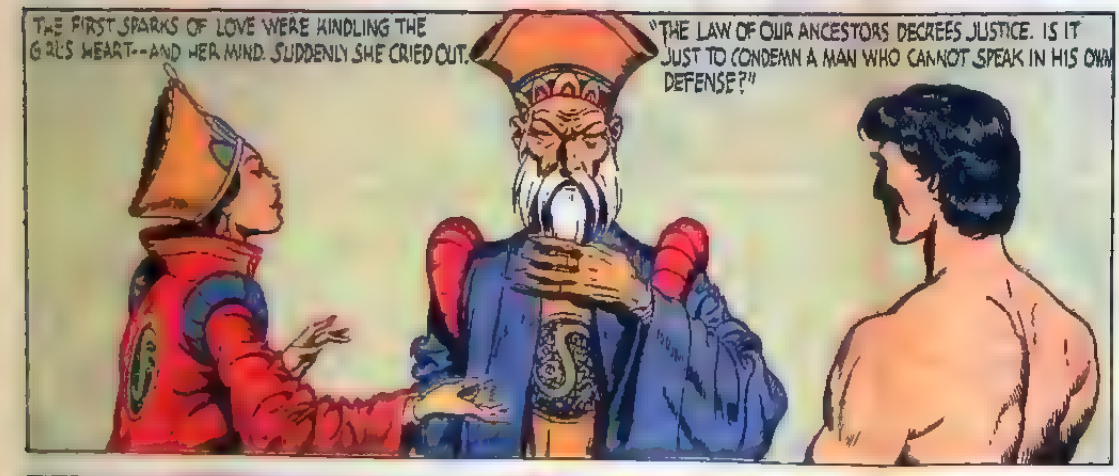
AS THE HEADSMAN LAID HOLD OF TARZAN, THERE WAS A SUDDEN STIR AT A DOORWAY.


THEN THROUGH A LANE OF COURTIERS WALKED A GIRL OF STARTLING BEAUTY, ROBED IN REGAL GRANDEUR.

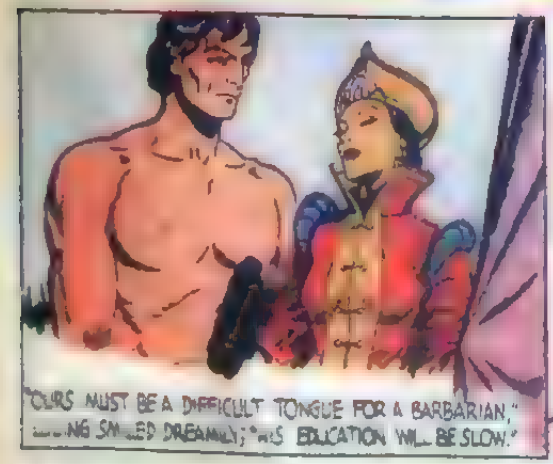

"COME, LULING, MY DAUGHTER," THE EMPEROR SMILED; "IT IS WELL THAT YOU BE ACQUAINTED WITH AFFAIRS OF STATE."


THE GIRL PAID NO HEED TO HER FATHER'S WORDS; HER EYES WERE FIXED IN FASCINATION ON THE HANDSOME APE-MAN.


TARZAN WAS A MAN OF STOIC CALM. BUT HE LOOKED WITH FASCINATION UPON THIS ENCHANTING CREATURE.
LULING TURNED TO HER FATHER. "MUST HE DIE?" SHE SIGHED.
"IT IS SO WRITTEN," SUN TAI EXPLAINED SADLY.


THE FIRST SPARKS OF LOVE WERE KINDLING THE GIRL'S HEART--AND HER MIND. SUDDENLY SHE CRIED OUT.
"THE LAW OF OUR ANCESTORS DECREES JUSTICE. IS IT JUST TO CONDEMN A MAN WHO CANNOT SPEAK IN HIS OWN DEFENSE?"

"NO!" SUN TAI CHUCKLED; "SO THE STRANGER MUST BE REPRIEVED UNTIL HE CAN LEARN OUR LANGUAGE."


"OURS MUST BE A DIFFICULT TONGUE FOR A BARBARIAN," LULING SMILED DREAMILY; "HIS EDUCATION WILL BE SLOW."

THE MOST INTENT OBSERVER OF THIS DRAMA WAS PRINCE FANG CHU-FANG. GENERAL OF THE ARMIES AND LULING'S SUITOR.

HOGARTH
JEALOUSY SEARED HIS EVIL HEART. HE VOWED ENMITY TO TARZAN AND FANG WAS A CRAFTY, VICIOUS FOE!
NEXT WEEK. THE HORSEMEN OF DOOM!

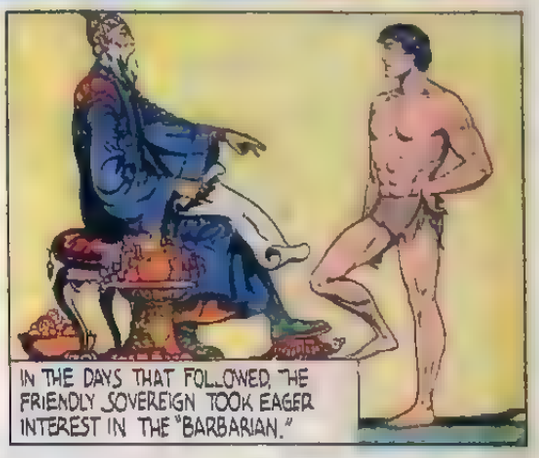
384 - 7 17 48

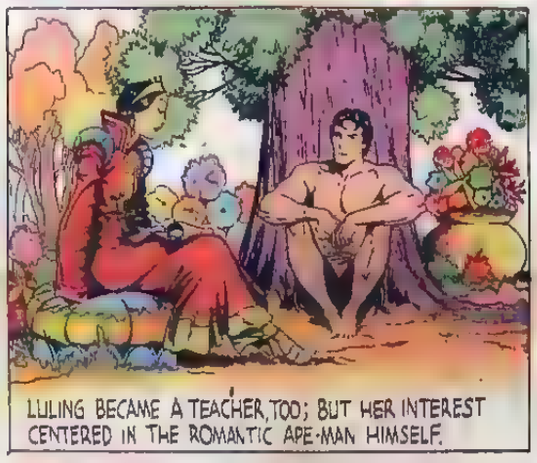
# Tarzan

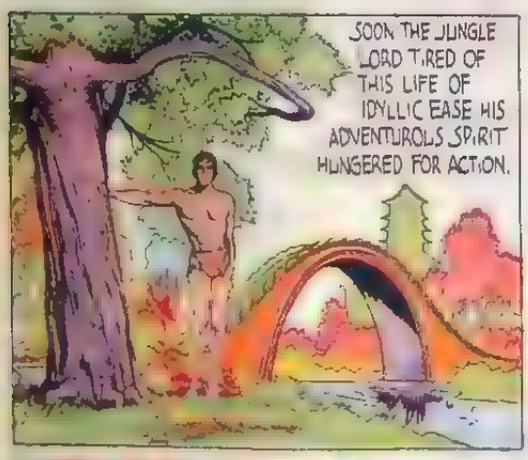
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

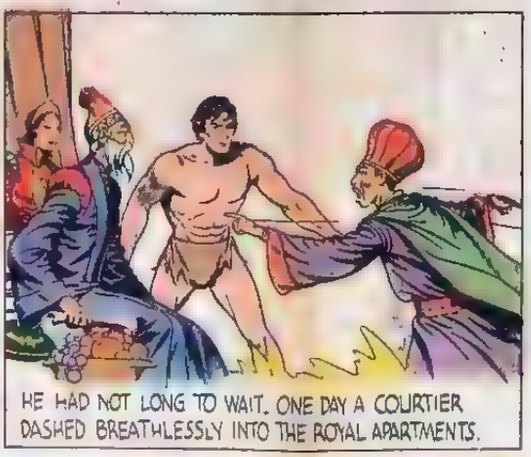
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE INC

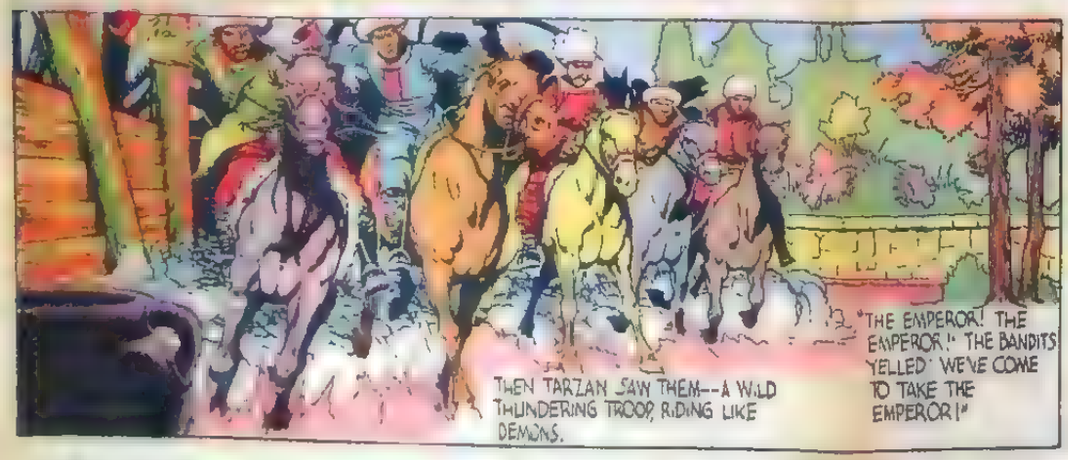
## THE HORSEMEN OF DOOM

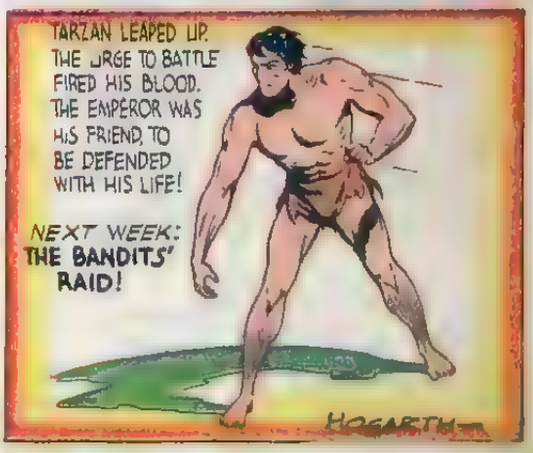








# Tarzan

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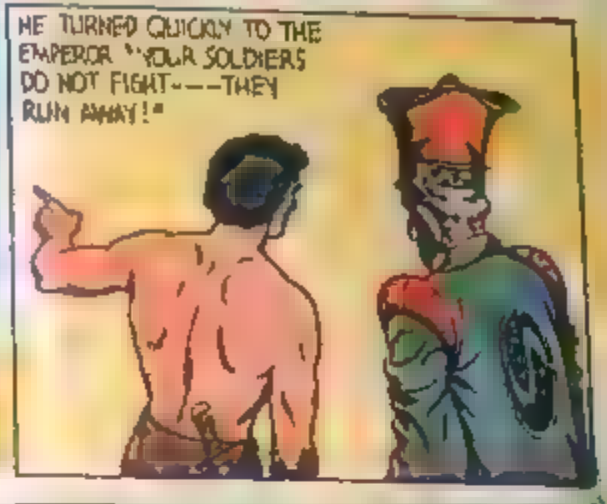
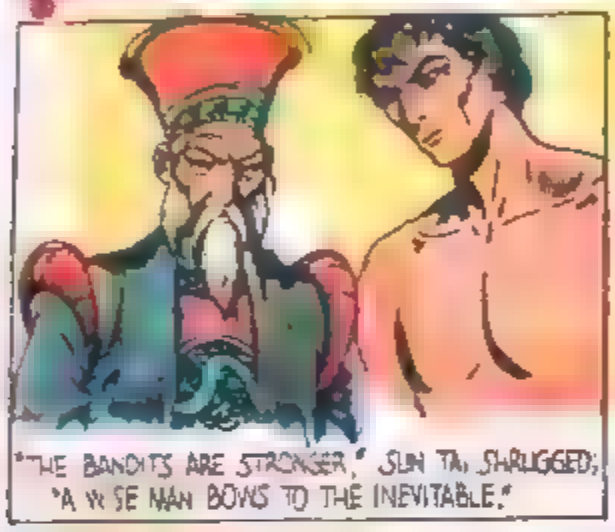
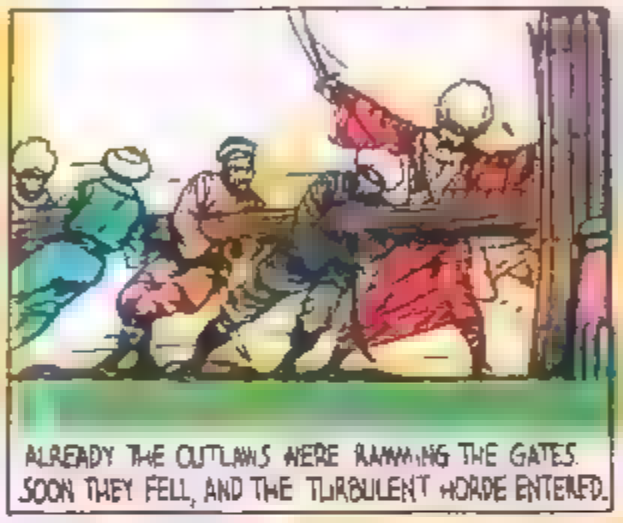
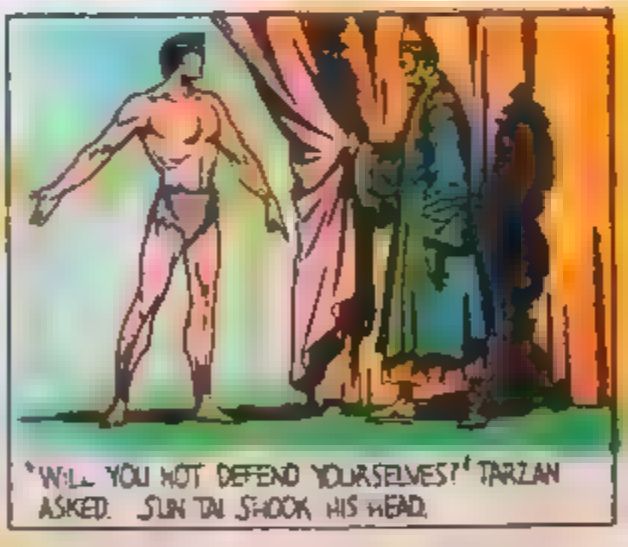
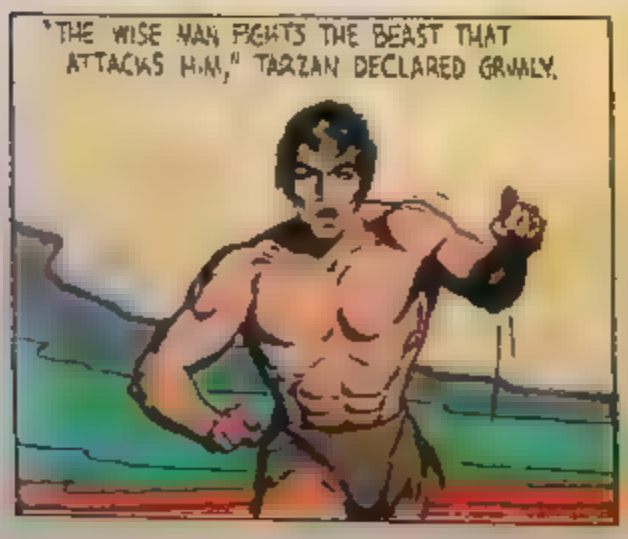
## THE BANDIT'S RAID

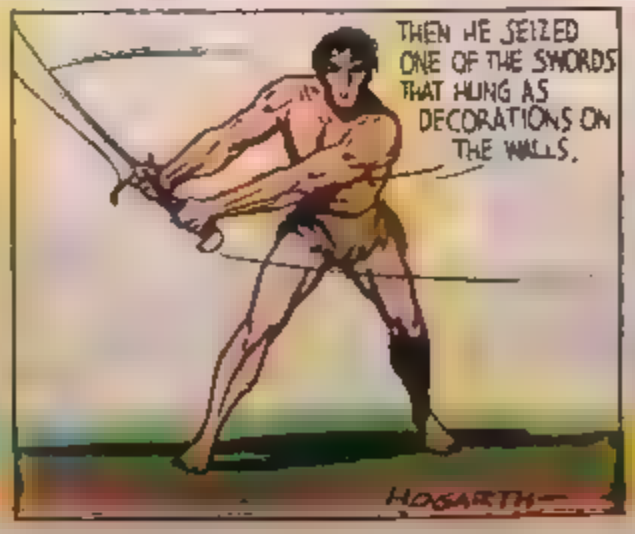


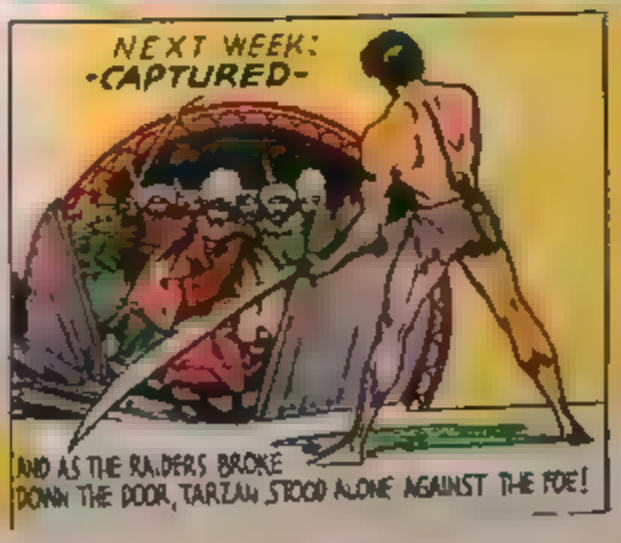







CURTISS CANDIES

JOLLY JACK

¼ lb. 5¢

BECAUSE IT'S RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

386-8-31-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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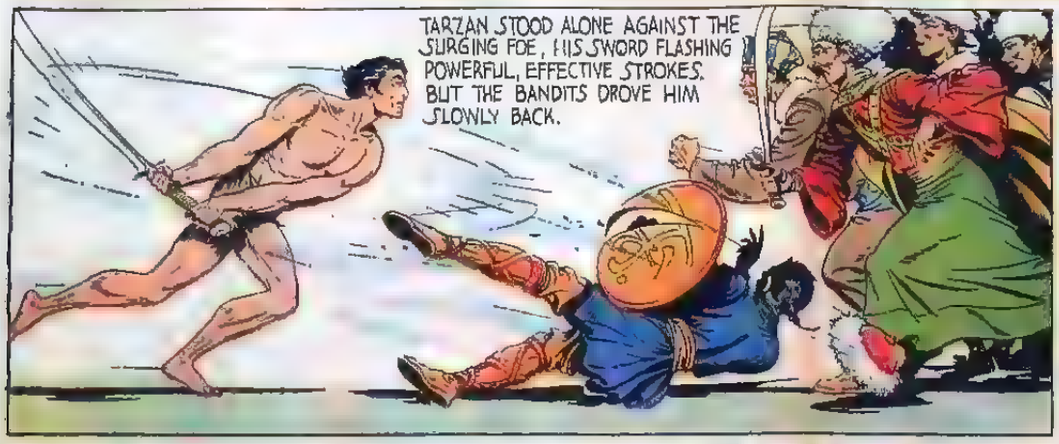
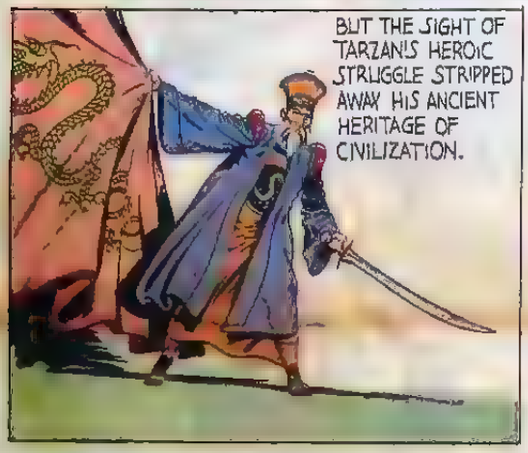
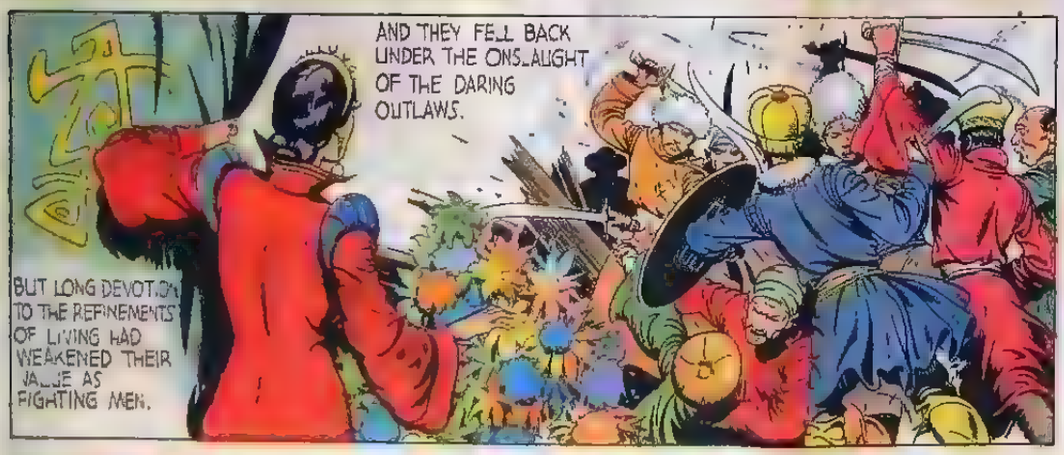
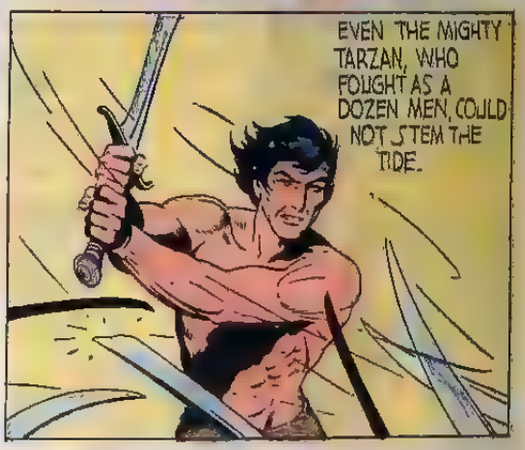
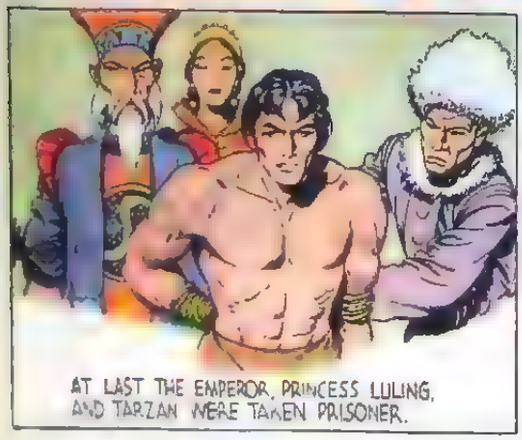
## CAPTURED

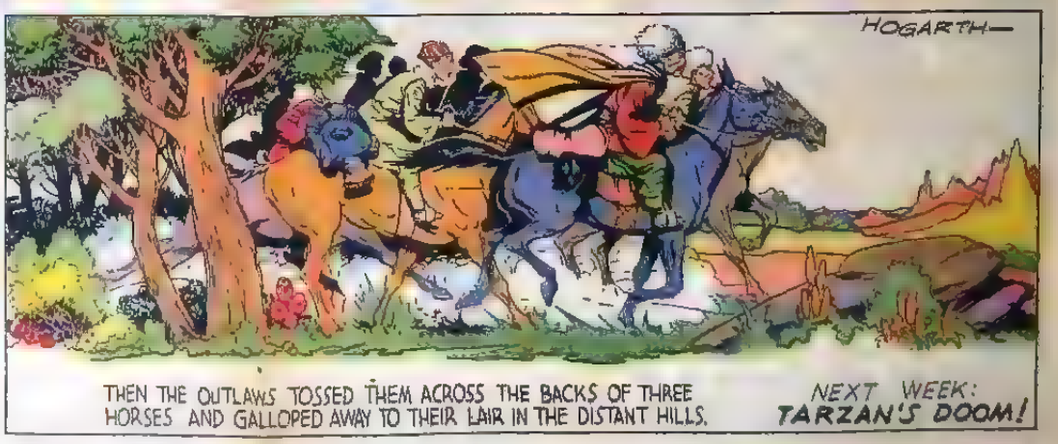






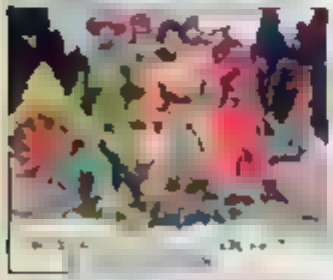



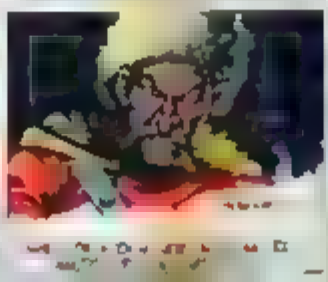

NEXT WEEK: TARZAN'S DOOM!

# Tarzan

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

TARZAN'S DOOM





SUN-8-14-58

# Tarzan

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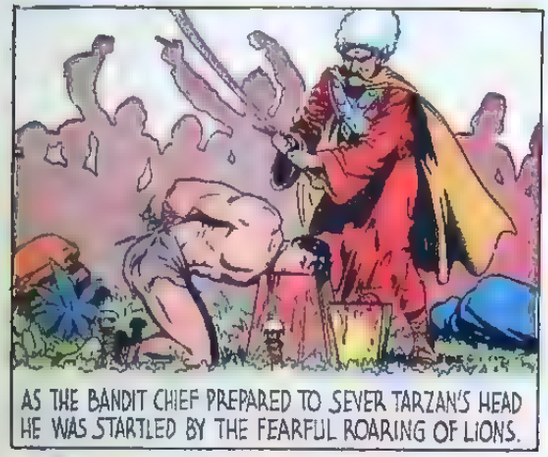
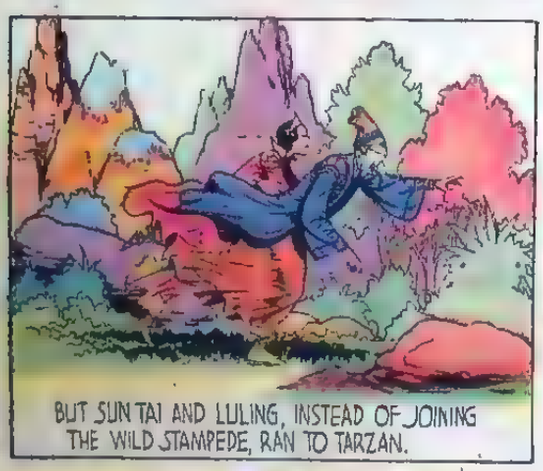
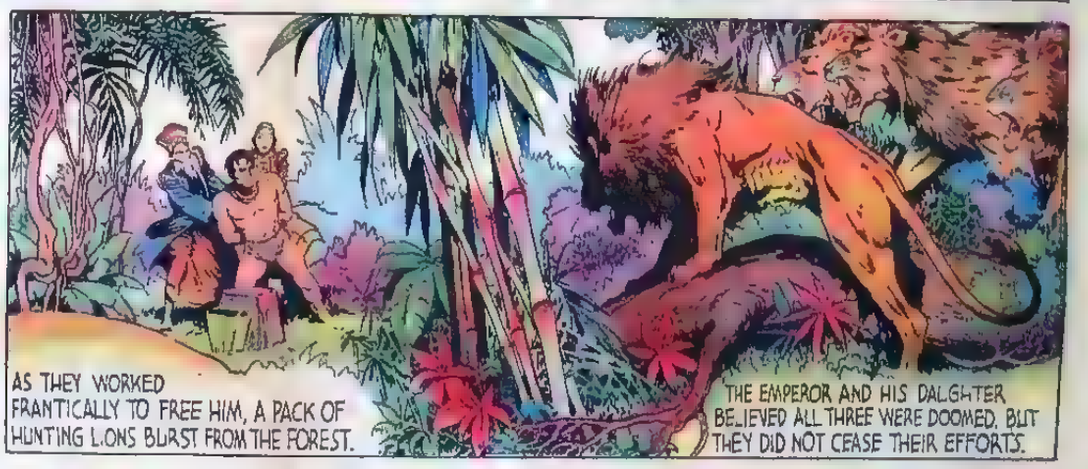
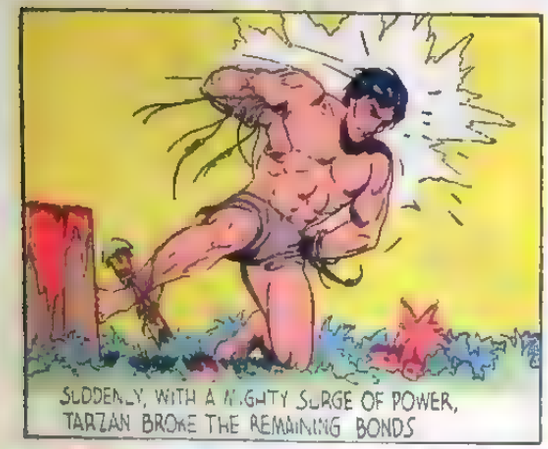
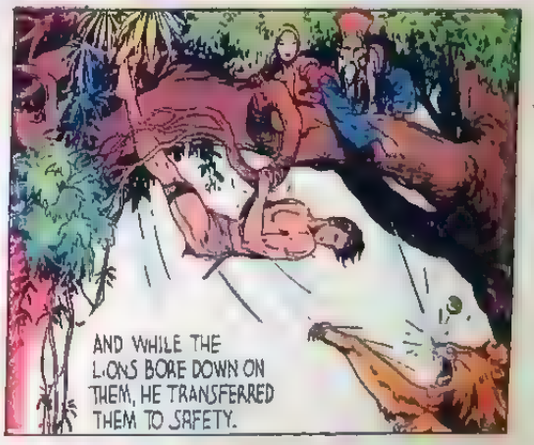
## THE DEMON BEASTS

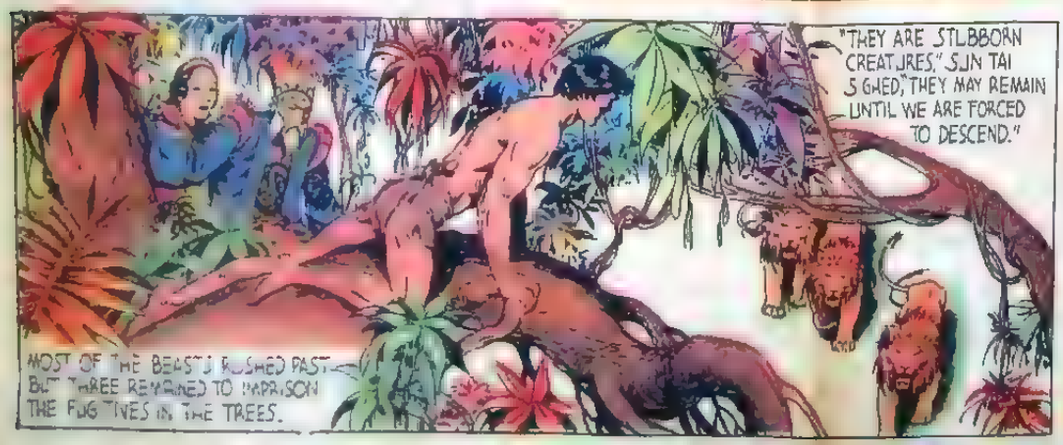






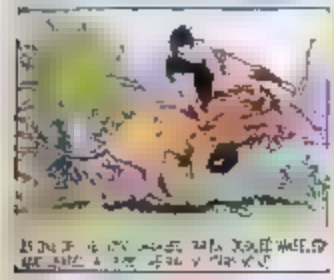



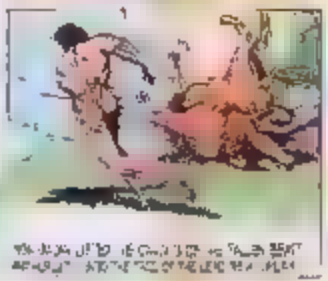
NEXT WEEK: NATURE'S BROTHER

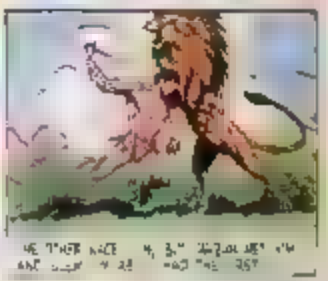
# Tarzan

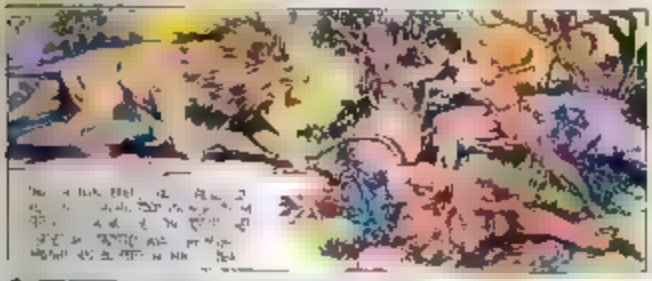
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"NATURE'S BROTHER"









# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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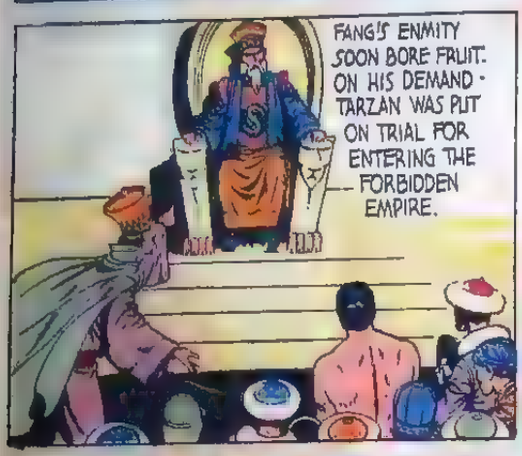
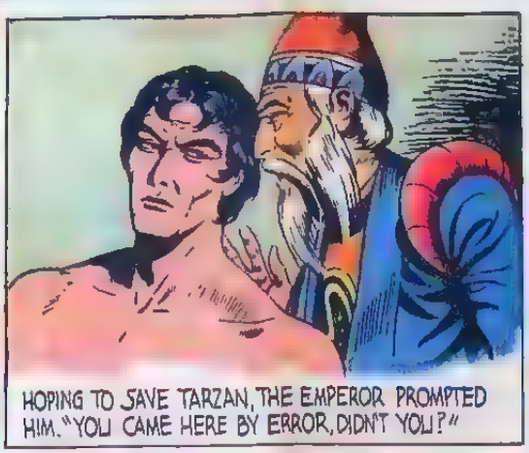
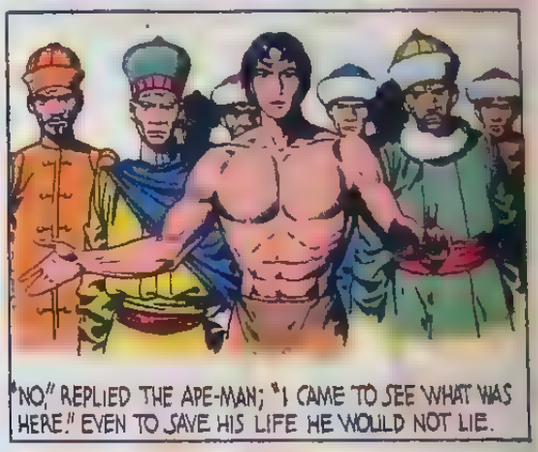
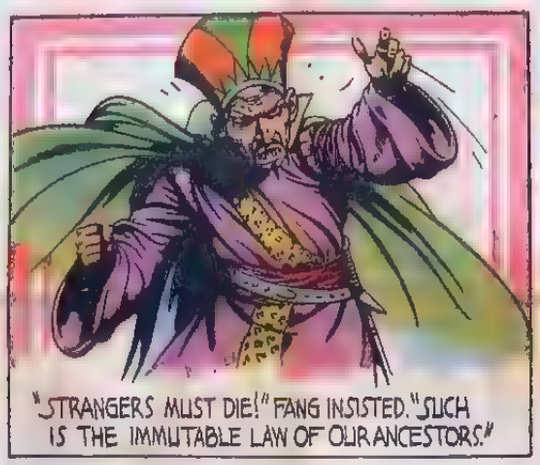
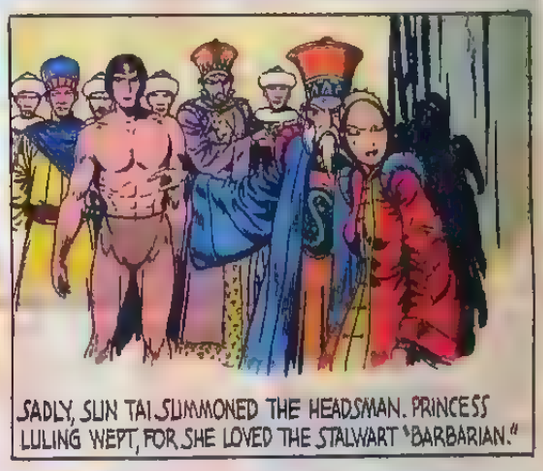
## A BID TO DISASTER

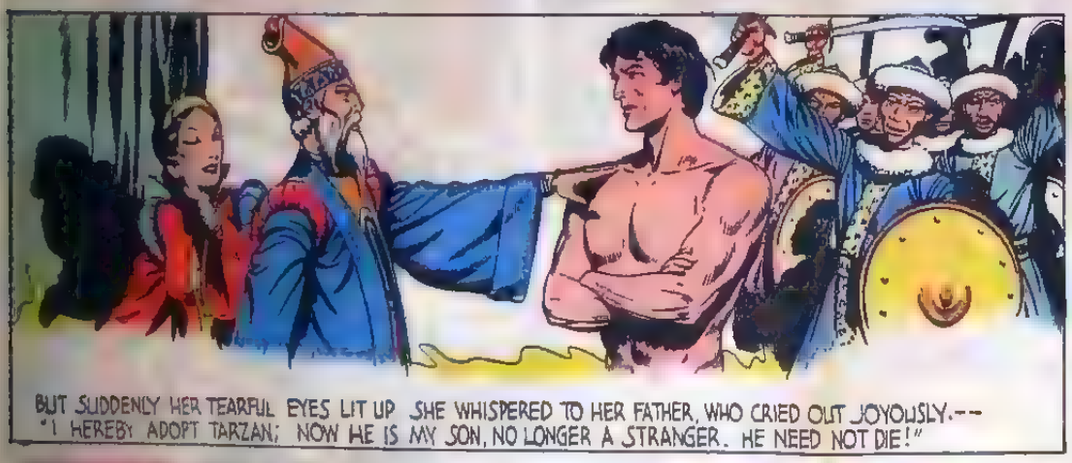


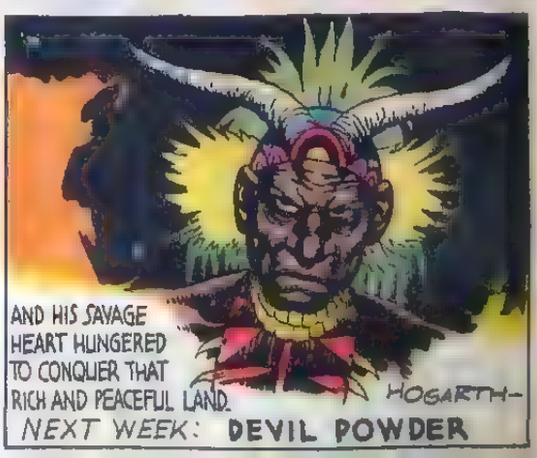








NEXT WEEK: **DEVIL POWDER**

16 COLOR COMIC PAGES

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1938

WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

391-9-4-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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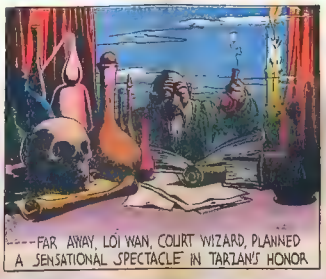
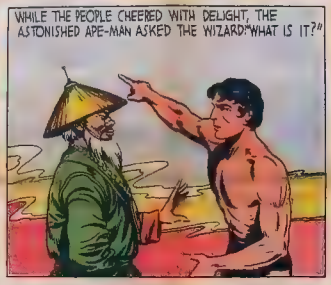
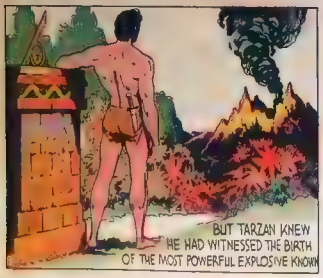
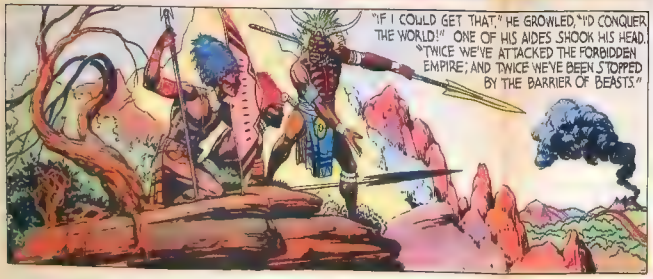
## DEVIL POWDER









NEXT WEEK: INVASION

# Tarzan

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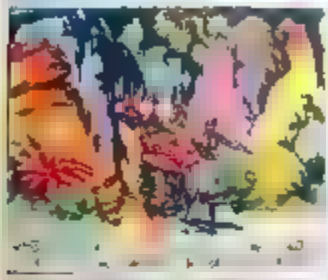
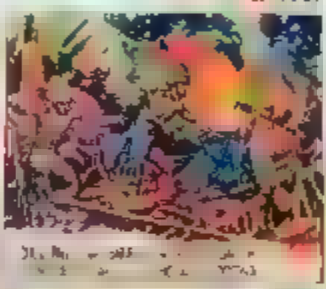
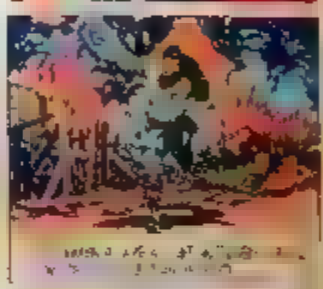
INVASION







# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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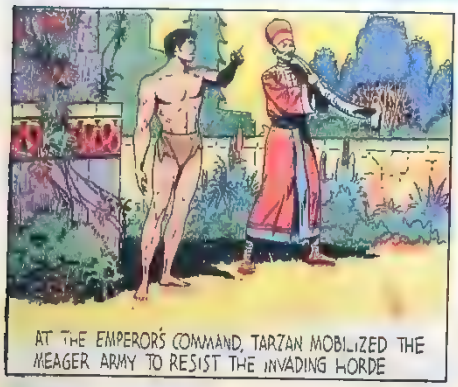
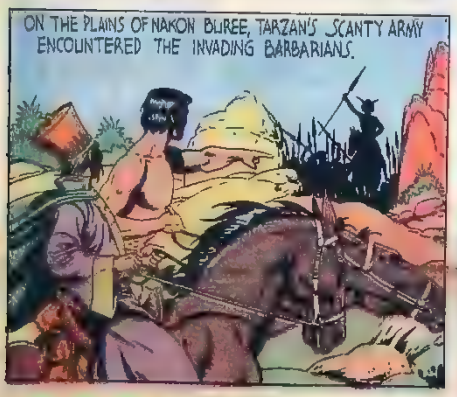
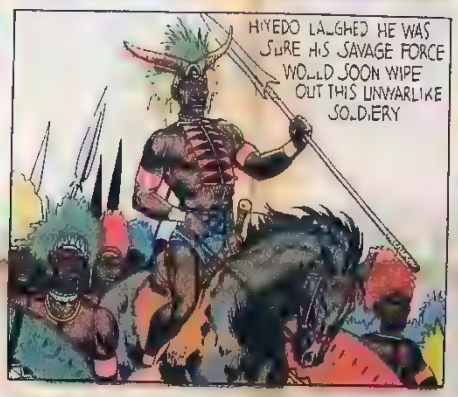
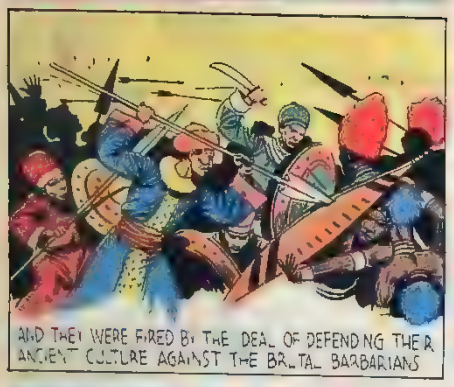
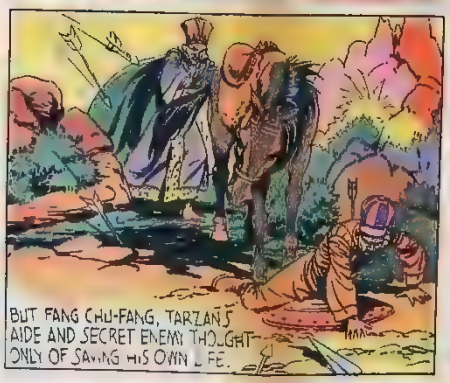
## THE TRAITOR

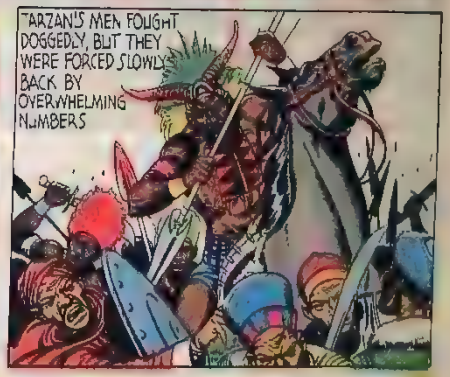


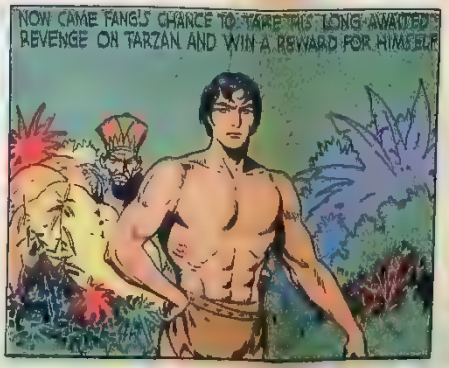


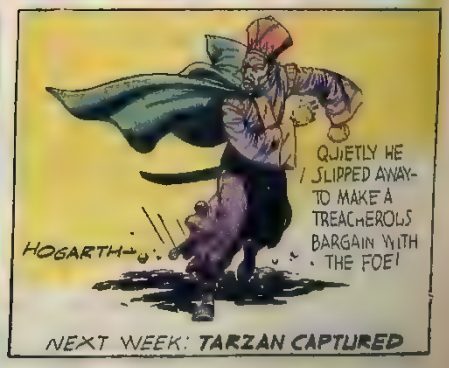







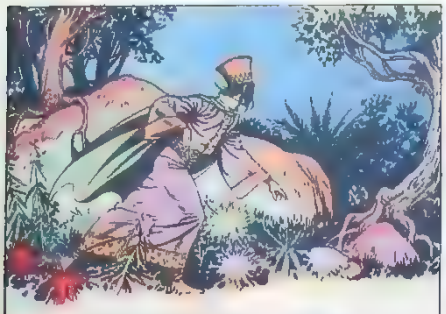

NEXT WEEK: **TARZAN CAPTURED**

394-9-25-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

## TARZAN CAPTURED



FANG CHU-FANG SLIPPED STEALTHILY ACROSS TO THE ENEMY LINES.

A SENTRY SEIZED HIM AND TOOK HIM TO HIYEDO WHICH WAS DESIRED, FOR NOW----

---HE BROACHED HIS TREACHEROUS PLAN TO THE INVADING CHIEFTAIN.

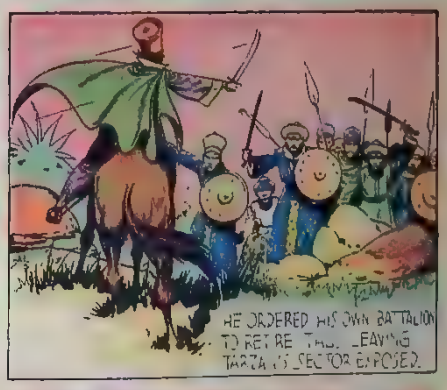
"TOMORROW I'LL TURN THE BATTLE IN YOUR FAVOR, IF YOU WILL SET ME UP ON SUN TAI'S THRONE"

HIYEDO AGREED EAGERLY. HE WOULD BE A GREAT EMPEROR, FANG WOULD BE THE PUPPET KING OF THE PROVINCE

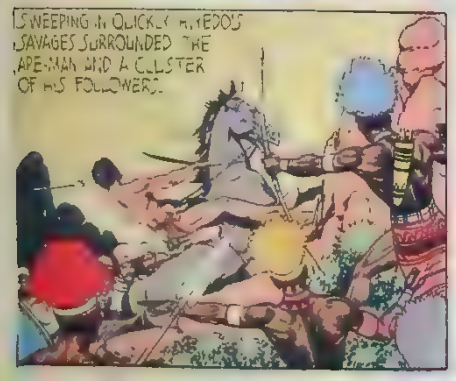
AT DAWN THE BLOODY CONFLICT WAS RESUMED BETWEEN HIYEDO'S SAVAGES AND TARZAN'S BRAVE DEFENDERS.

ONCE MORE THE MIGHTY JUNGLE LORD INSPIRED HIS MEN TO HEROIC ACTION

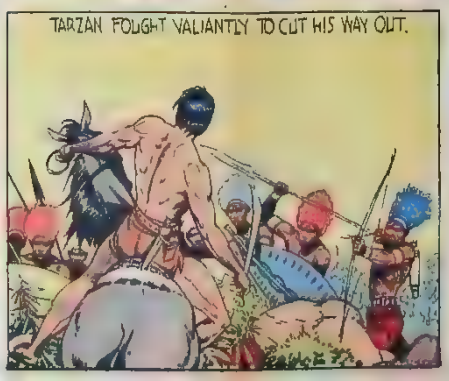
THEIR FIRST FURIOUS IMPACT HURLED BACK THE INVADERS. THEN FANG FULFILLED HIS TREACHEROUS PACT.



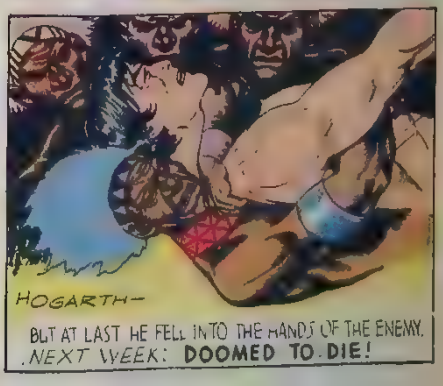
HE ORDERED HIS OWN BATTALION TO RETREAT, LEAVING TARZAN'S SECTOR EXPOSED.



SWEEPING IN QUICKLY HIYEDO'S SAVAGES SURROUNDED THE APE-MAN AND A CLUSTER OF HIS FOLLOWERS.



TARZAN FOUGHT VALIANTLY TO CUT HIS WAY OUT.



HOGARTH—

BUT AT LAST HE FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

NEXT WEEK: **DOOMED TO DIE!**

Tarzan
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
DOOMED TO DIE!
HIS MEN CHARGED IN TO HELP HIM, BUT THE SAVAGES BEAT THEM BACK.
WHEN THE APE-MAN'S SHATTERED FORCES REACHED THE CAPITAL, THE CITY WAS SEIZED WITH PANIC.
THE BARBARIAN CHIEF DESIRED TO SHOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE WHO OPPOSED HIM.
NEXT WEEK: A HUMAN TARGET
HOGARTH

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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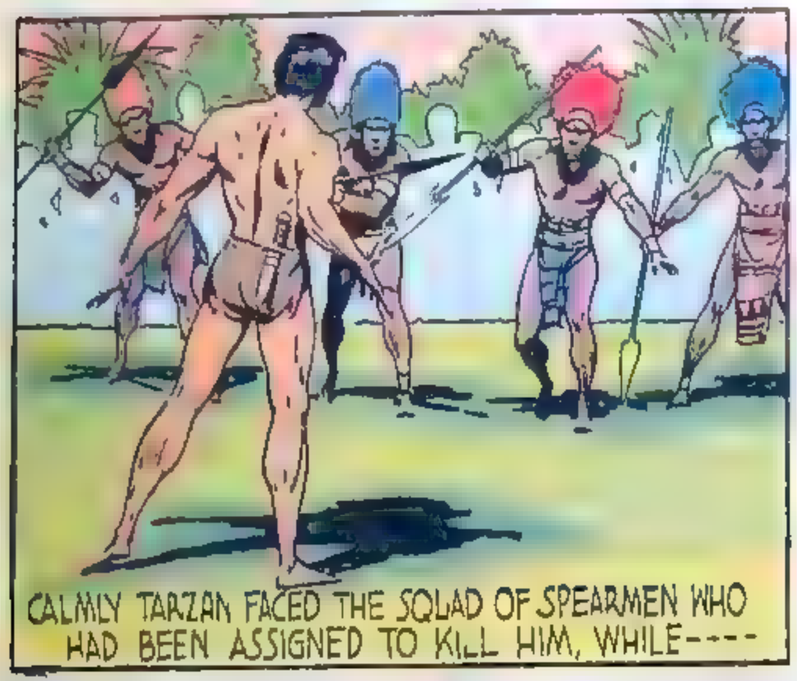
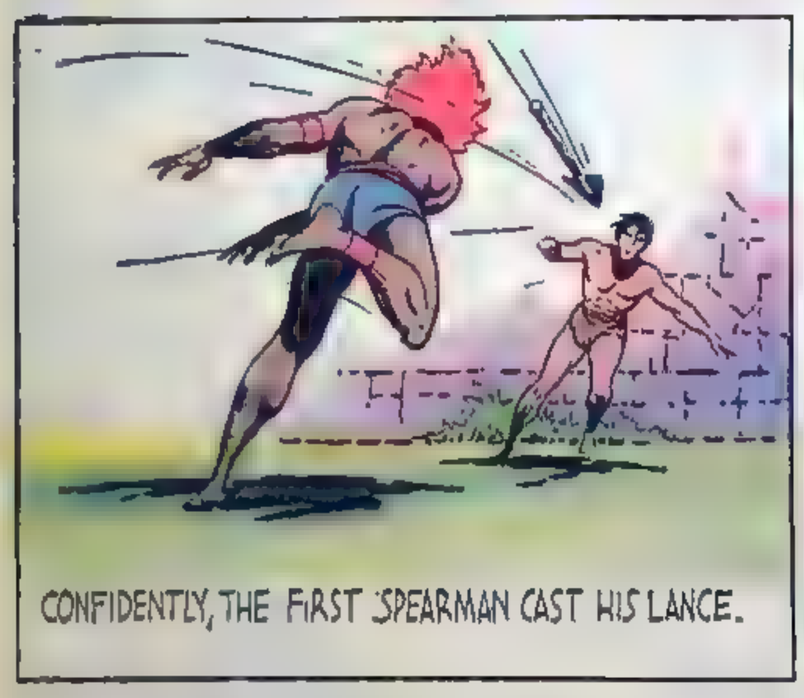
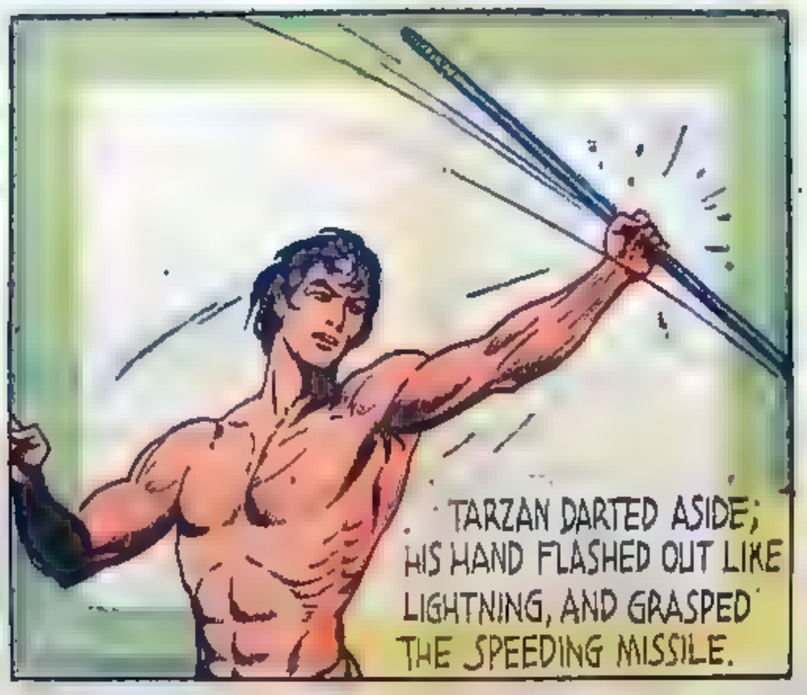
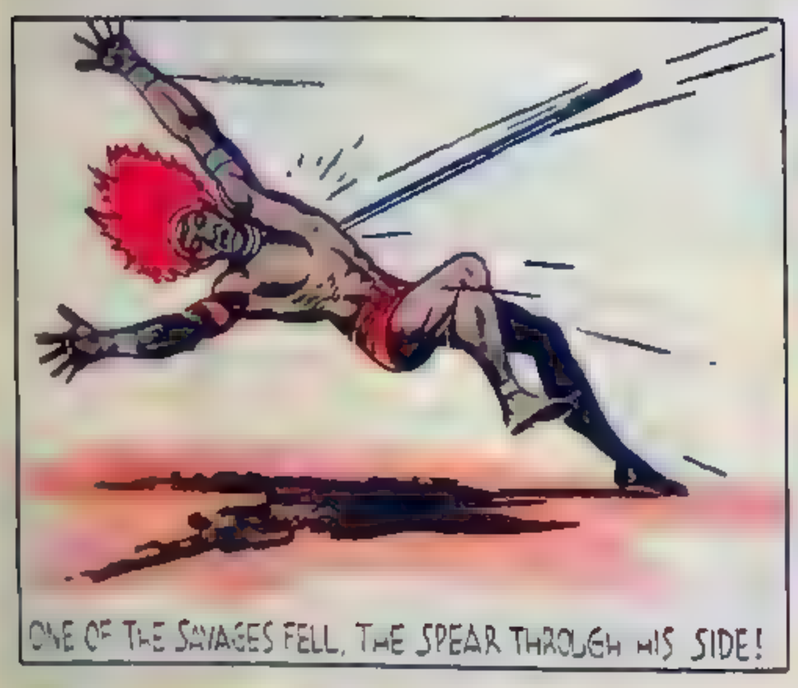
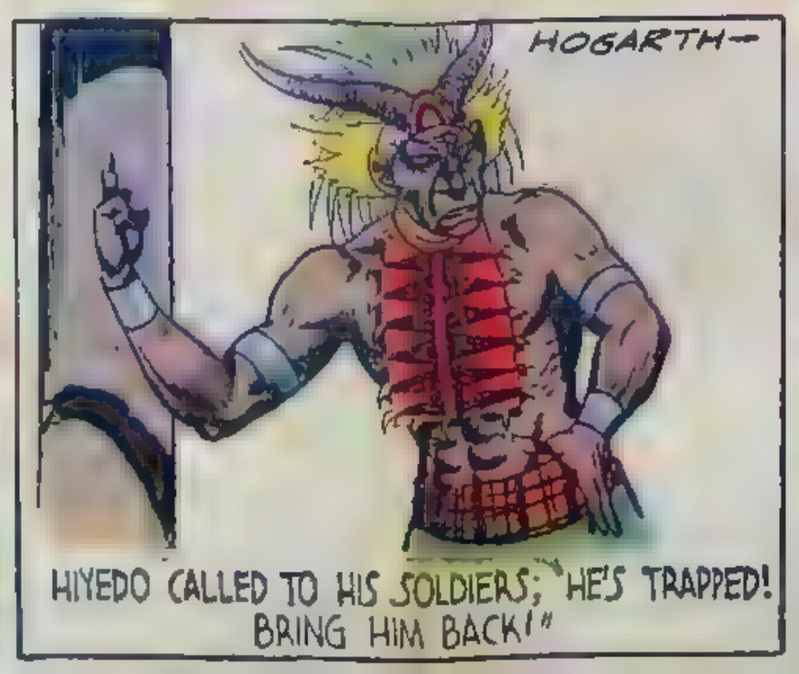
## A HUMAN TARGET

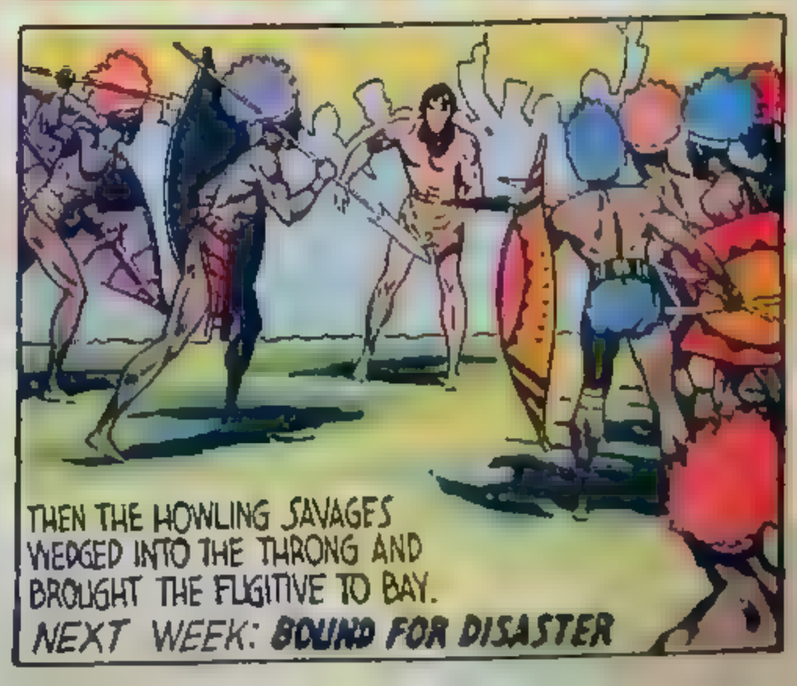








# Tarzan

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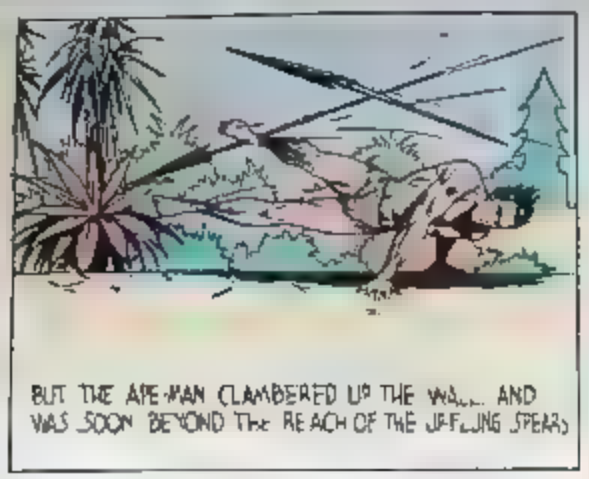
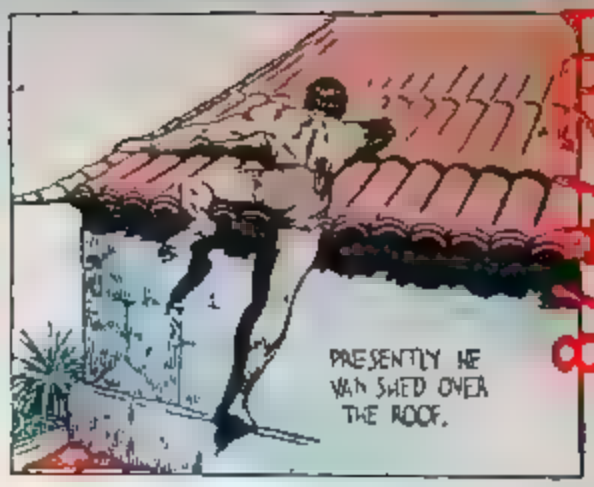
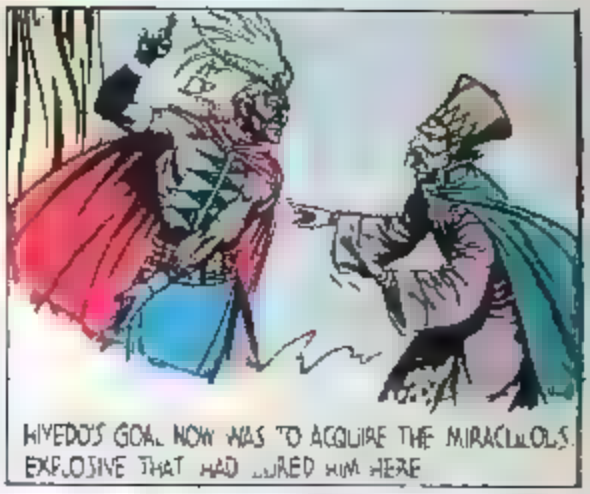
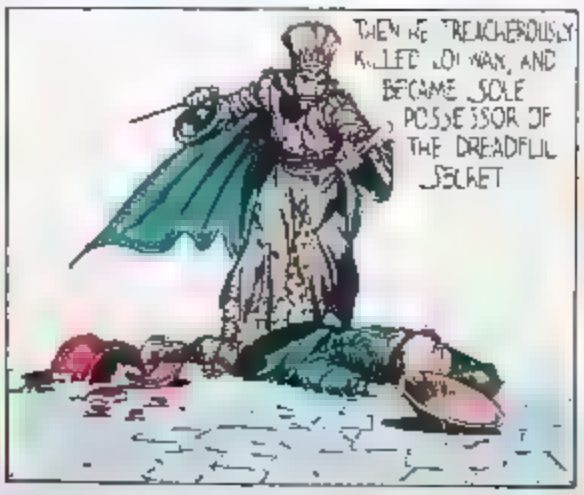
## BOUND FOR DISASTER







8/4/2012

938-10-23-38

# Tarzan

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## FANG'S POWER

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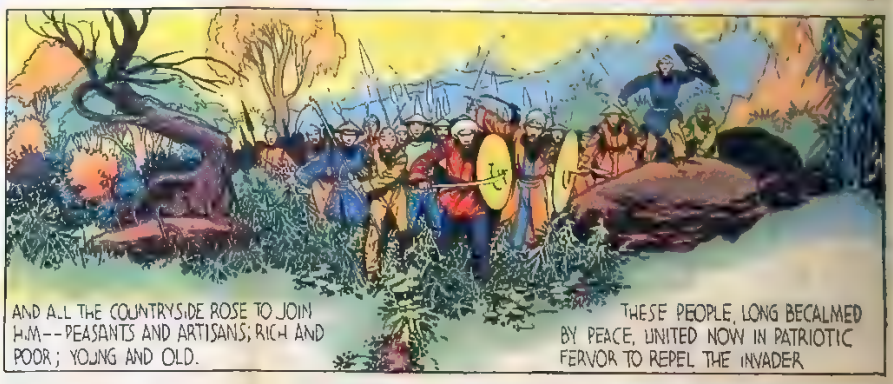


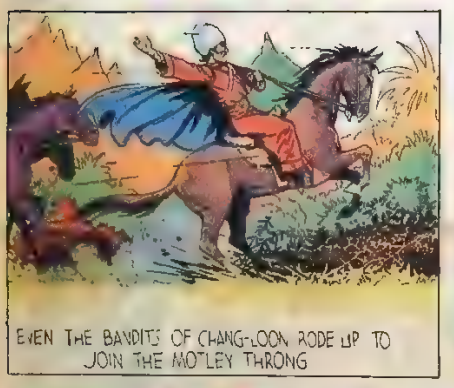


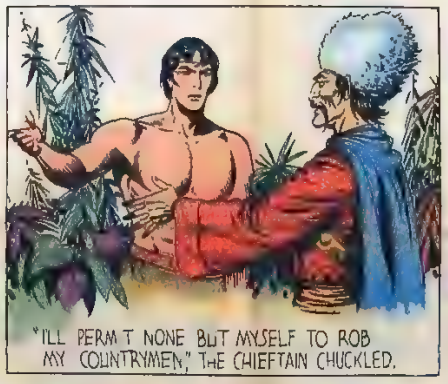


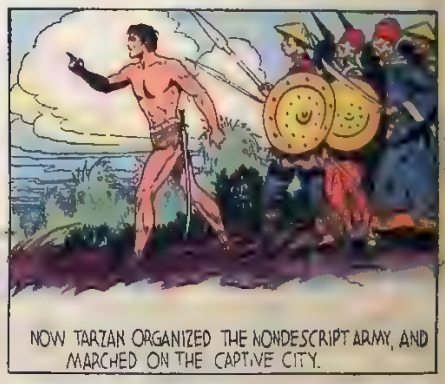

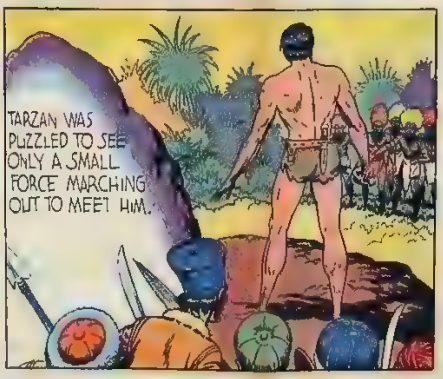

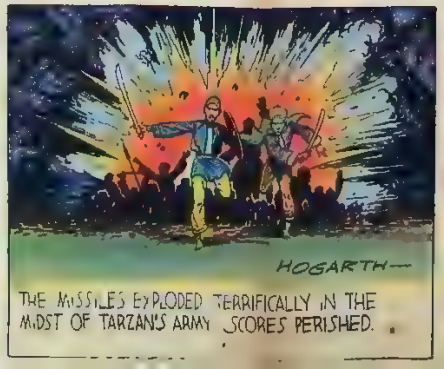


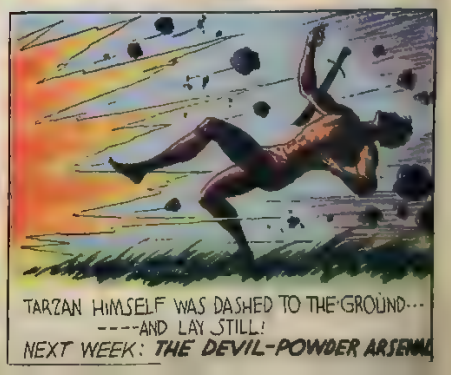

399-10-30-38

# Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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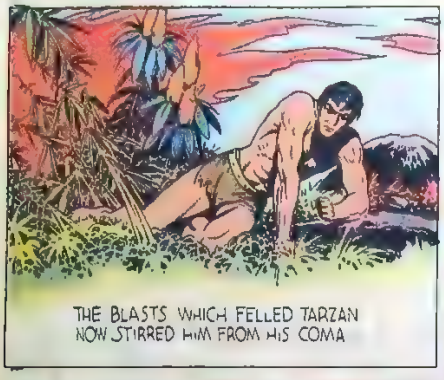
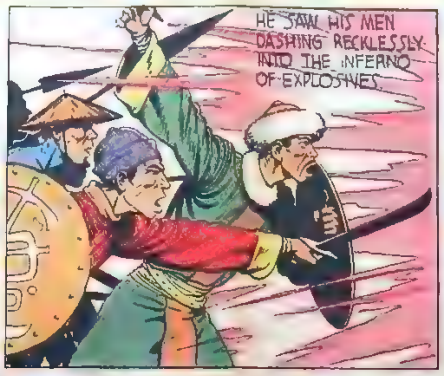
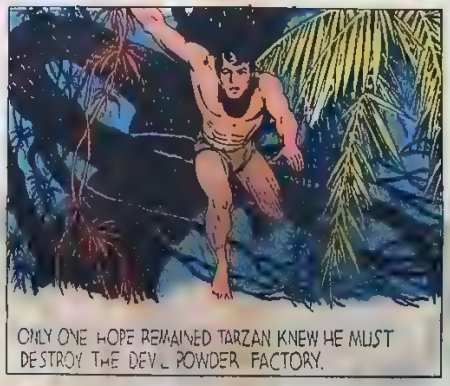
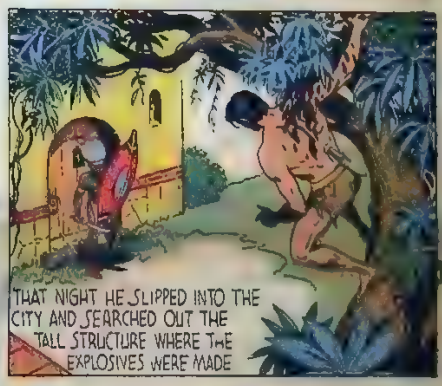
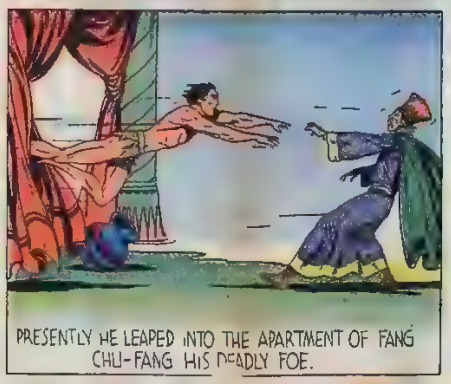
## THE DEVIL-POWDER ARSENAL

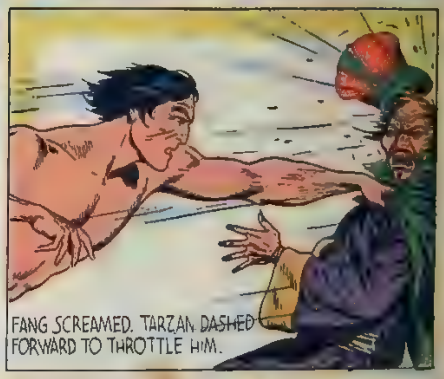


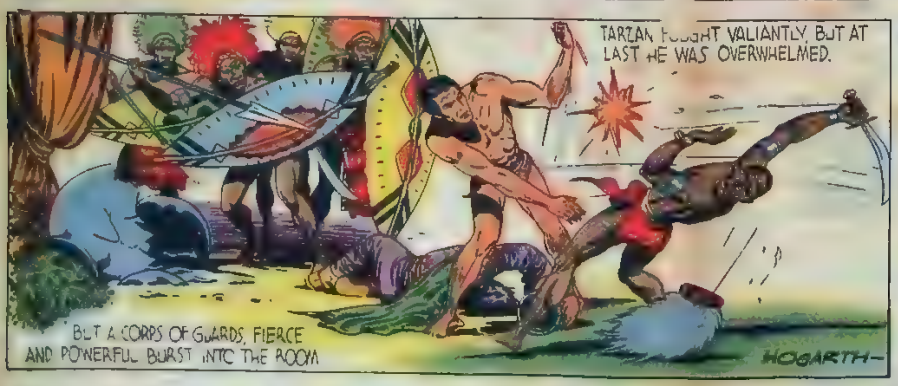



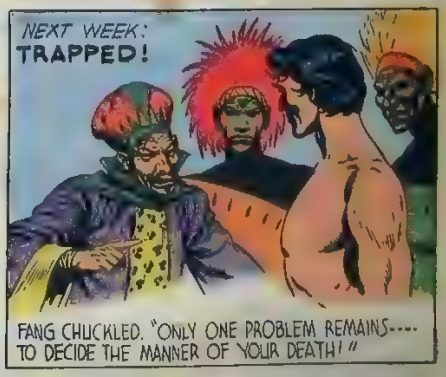




1101-11-13-38

# Tarzan

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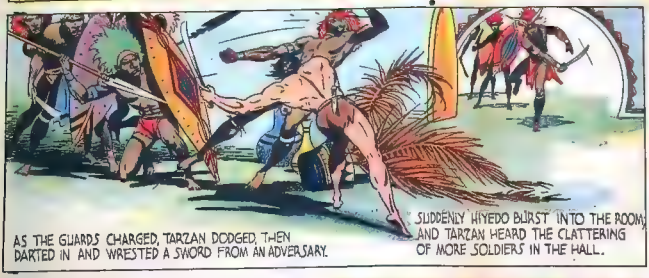
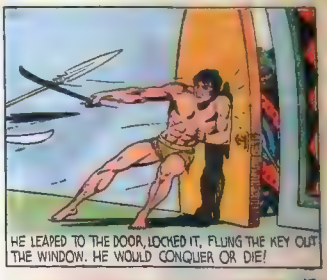
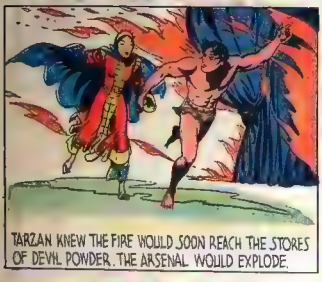
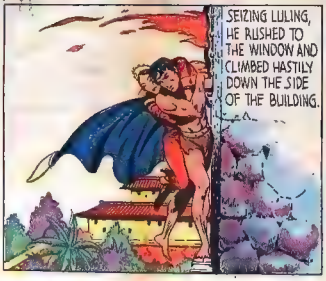
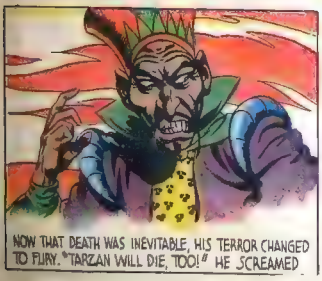
## THE LAST STAND

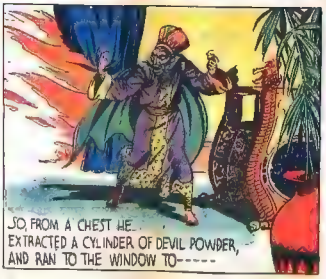


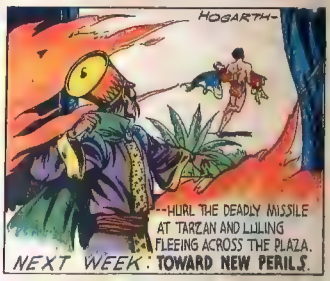








NEXT WEEK: TOWARD NEW PERILS.

NOV-11-27-38

# Tarzan

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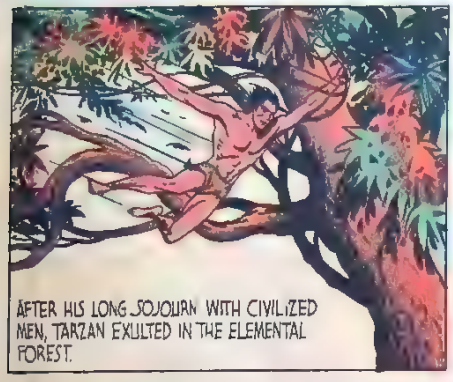
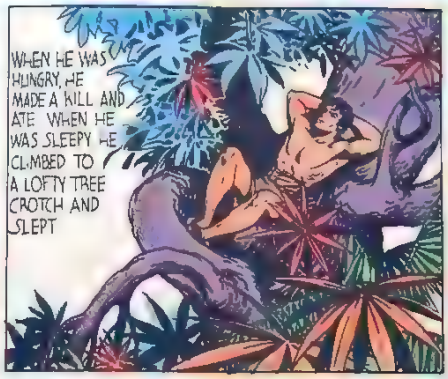
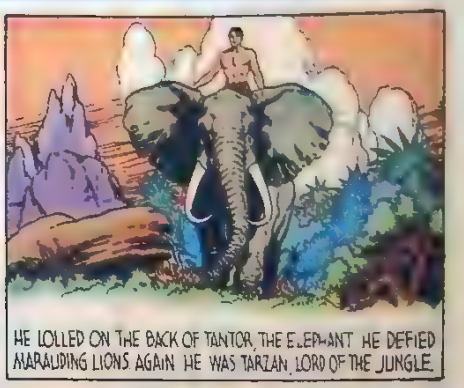
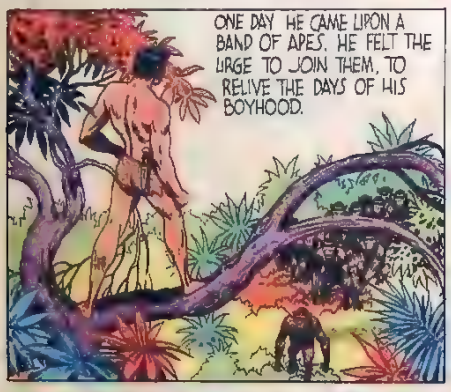
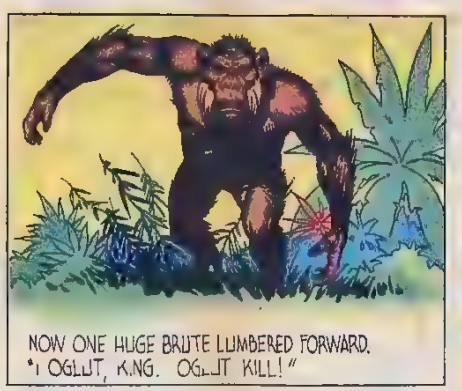
## JUNGLE COMBAT

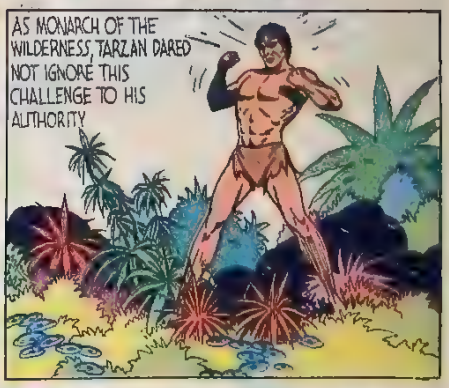


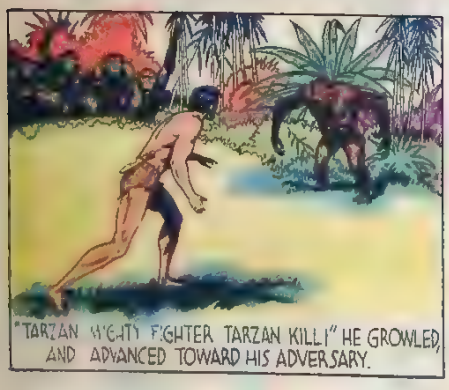



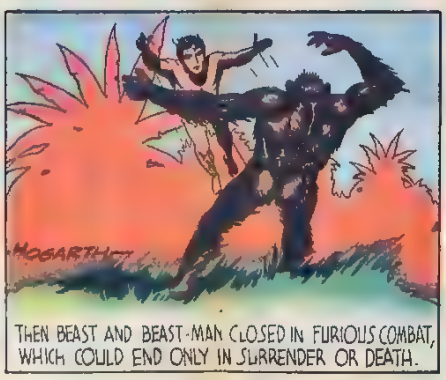



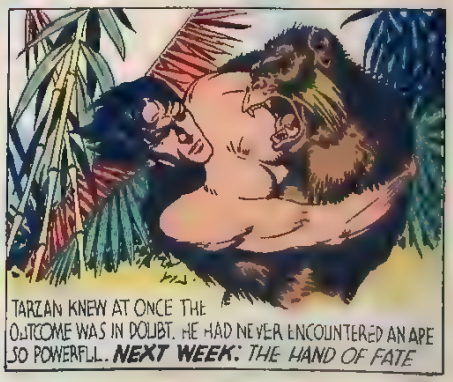





# Tarzan

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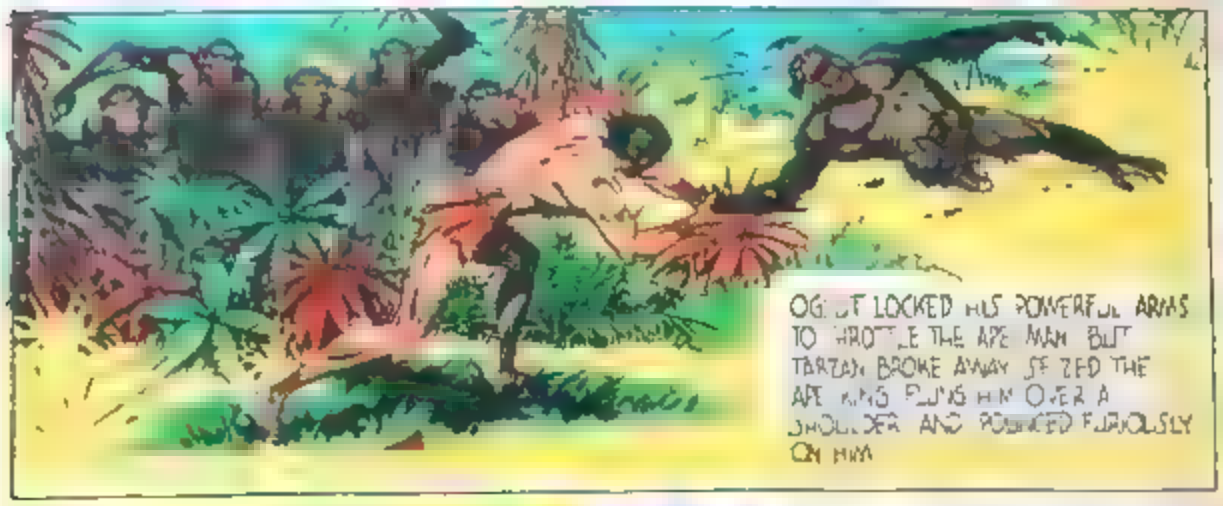
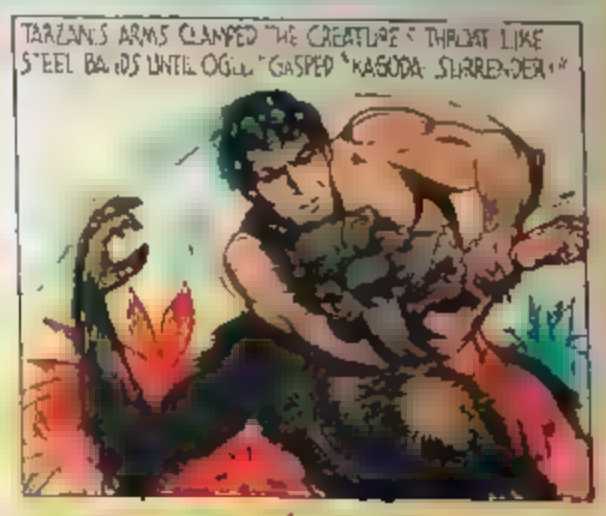
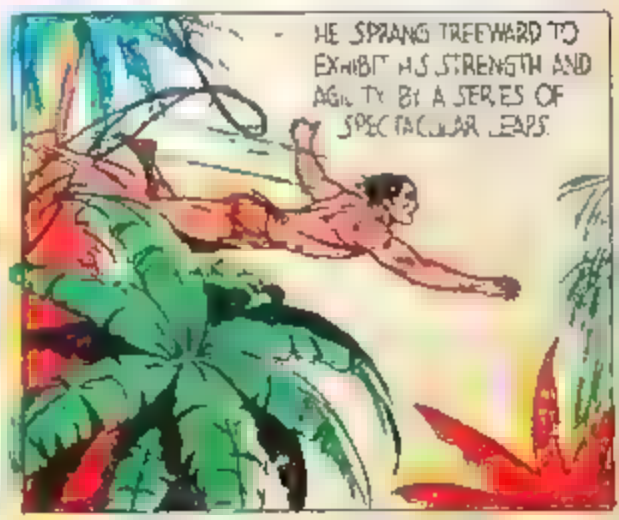
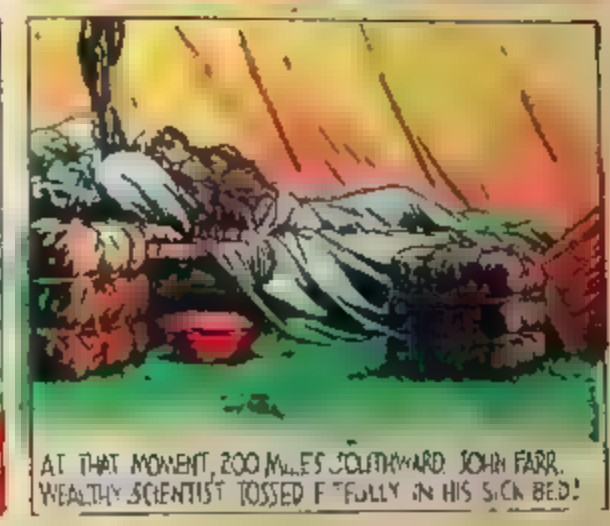
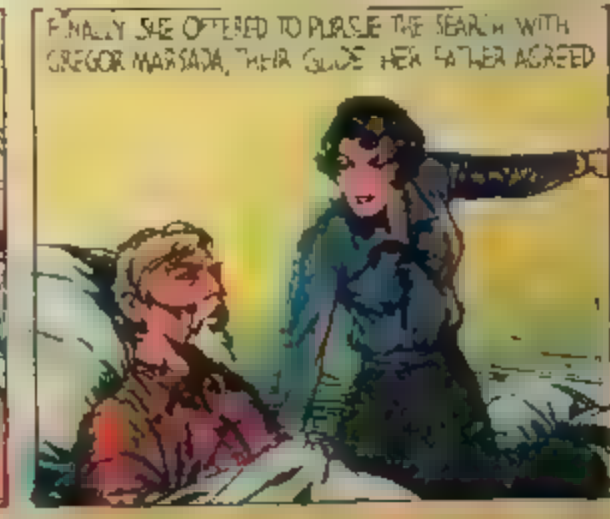
THE HAND OF FATE

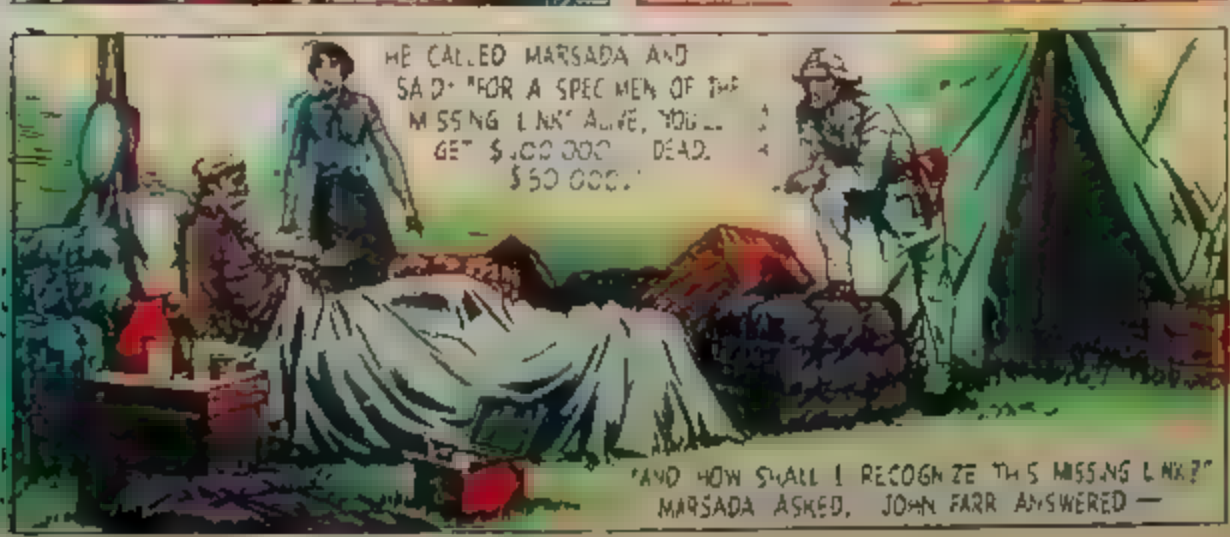


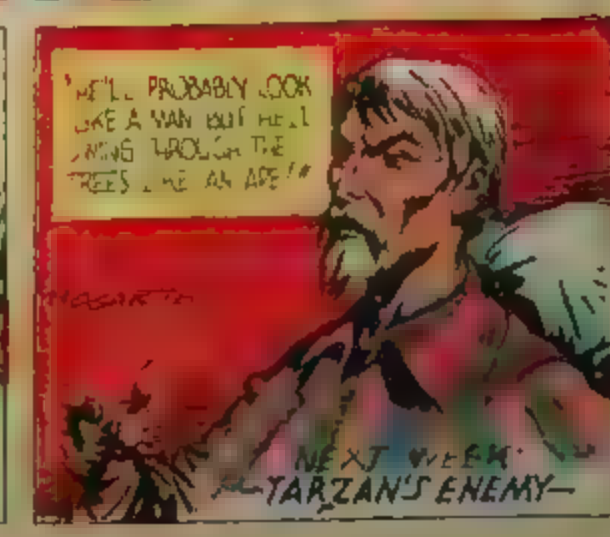





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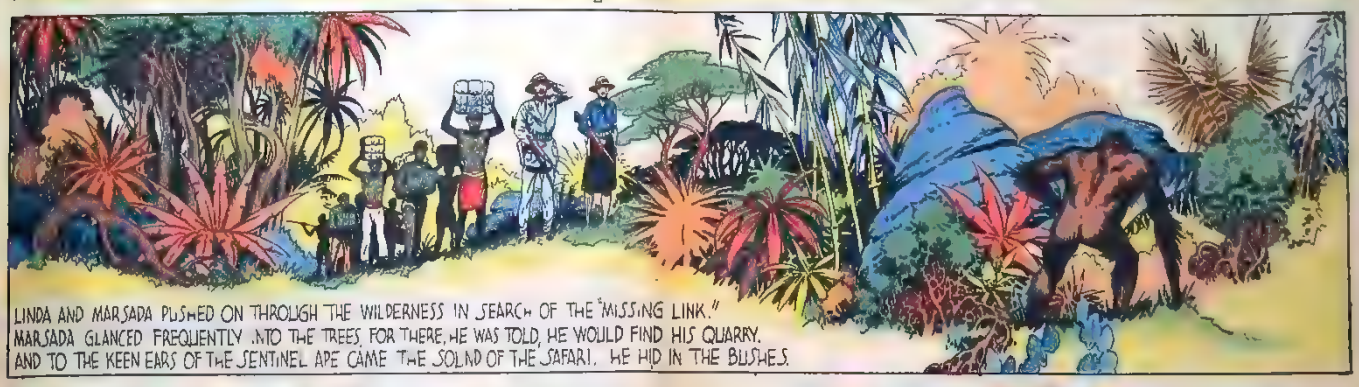
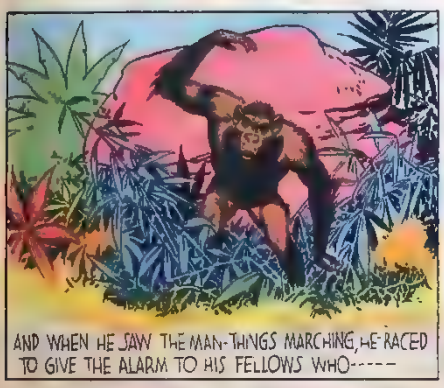
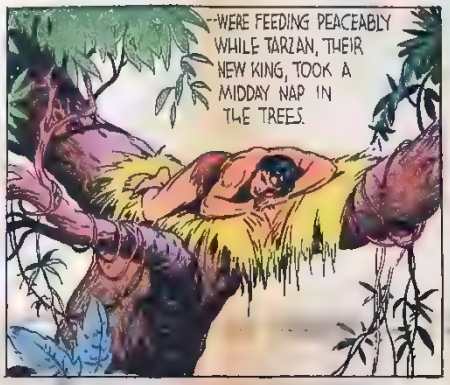
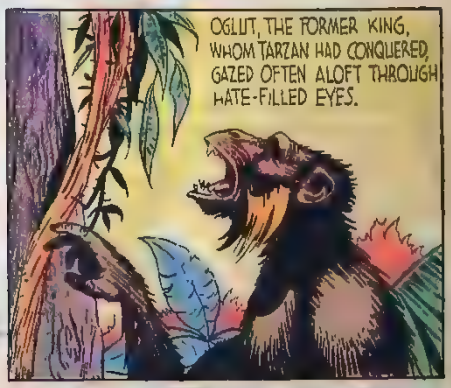
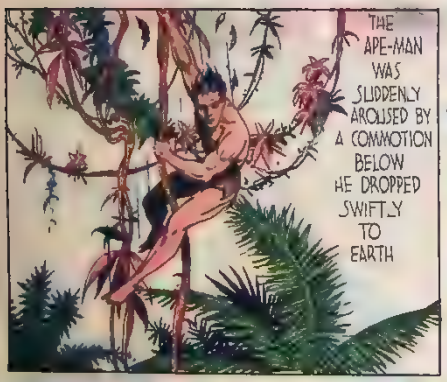
TARZAN'S ENEMY


LINDA AND MARSADA PUSHED ON THROUGH THE WILDERNESS IN SEARCH OF THE "MISSING LINK."
MARSADA GLANCED FREQUENTLY INTO THE TREES, FOR THERE, HE WAS TOLD, HE WOULD FIND HIS QUARRY.
AND TO THE KEEN EARS OF THE SENTINEL APE CAME THE SOUND OF THE SAFARI. HE HID IN THE BUSHES.

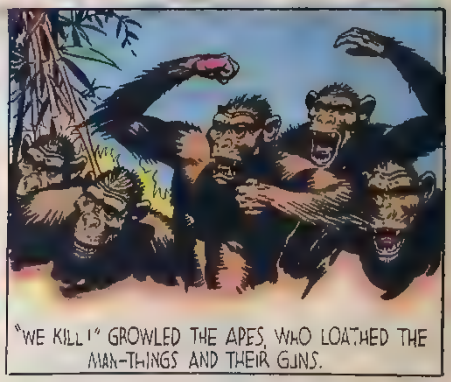

AND WHEN HE SAW THE MAN-THINGS MARCHING, HE RACED TO GIVE THE ALARM TO HIS FELLOWS WHO-----

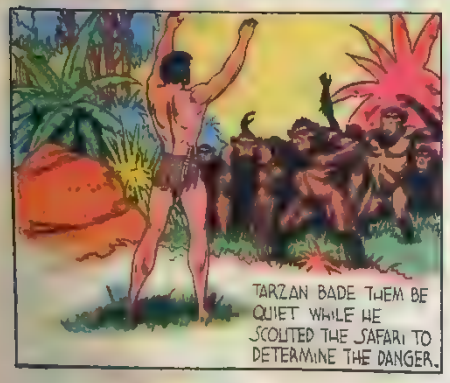

--WERE FEEDING PEACEABLY WHILE TARZAN, THEIR NEW KING, TOOK A MIDDAY NAP IN THE TREES.

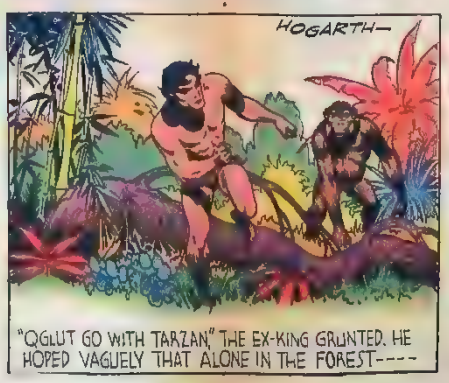

OGLUT, THE FORMER KING, WHOM TARZAN HAD CONQUERED, GAZED OFTEN ALOFT THROUGH HATE-FILLED EYES.

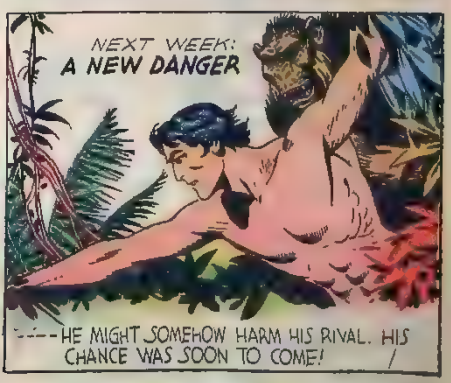

THE APE-MAN WAS SUDDENLY AROUSED BY A COMMOTION BELOW. HE DROPPED SWIFTLY TO EARTH

THERE HE FOUND THE SENTINEL CRYING THE ALARM "TARMANGANI! TARMANGANI! GOMANGANI! THUNDERSTICKS!"


"WE KILL!" GROWLED THE APES, WHO LOATHED THE MAN-THINGS AND THEIR GUNS.


TARZAN BADE THEM BE QUIET WHILE HE SCOUTED THE SAFARI TO DETERMINE THE DANGER.


HOGARTH—
"OGLUT GO WITH TARZAN," THE EX-KING GRUNTED. HE HOPED VAGUELY THAT ALONE IN THE FOREST----


NEXT WEEK:
A NEW DANGER
----HE MIGHT SOMEHOW HARM HIS RIVAL. HIS CHANCE WAS SOON TO COME!

# Tarzan

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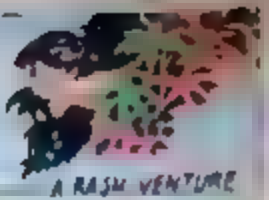
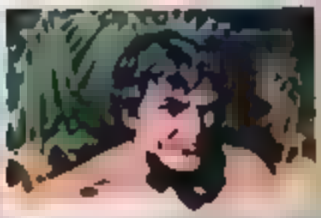
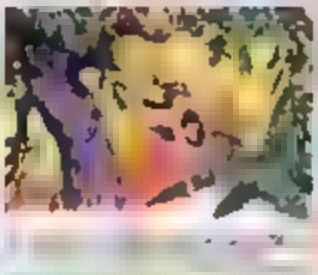
A NEW DANGER

# Tarzan

by Edgar Rice Burroughs







# TARZAN THE FEARLESS

"Help! Help! They're killing me!" Doctor Brooks' cry was a dagger of sound, piercing the heavy air of the jungle. It was a cry of physical anguish, a natural reaction to the cuffs and brutal blows which were being showered upon him by his savage captors.

The tribesmen laughed at his pain and multiplied their blows. Once more Doctor Brooks cried out "Help! Help!" The words voiced a plea for aid, but in his heart he knew that his plea was futile. In this frowning wilderness, who was there to give him help?

By chance a lazy breeze brought the cry to the ears of Tarzan, who was cruising leisurely through the trees with his friend Nkima the monkey. The ape-man, impelled by curiosity, turned and swung toward the source of the plaintive cry, which already had ceased.

When he caught sight of the mysterious procession, he felt no impulse to interfere. Perhaps the white man was justly captured. But soon a shocking incident electrified him into action, and plunged him into the strangest adventure of his thrilling career!

Curiously but with no feeling of pity, Tarzan followed through the trees. Dr Brooks no longer cried out, for his captors had ceased beating him. But it was only a brief respite. In a few minutes the warriors were again raining blows on his emaciated body.

Tarzan stiffened. The sight of deliberate cruelty was one of the few things that cracked his usual calm. By heritage and training, he was half man, half beast; but he was prouder of his kinship with the beasts, for among them the vice of cruelty was unknown.

The animals of the forest killed swiftly, for food or in self-defense. Only men killed wantonly; only men were brutal to other creatures. The jungle lord's jaw set firm. He was resolved to save the mysterious captive and punish his fiendish captors.

Tarzan was well aware of the odds against him—a score of fierce, well armed warriors. But he would have been no less determined had there been a thousand. When he had a mission to perform, he did not count the odds. The mighty Tarzan was ready for war!

Nkima sensed Tarzan's fighting mood and knew it portended danger. The timid little monkey trembled with fright. "Come, Tarzan," he urged; "let us go away into the jungle. They are terrible men. They will kill us. Nkima does not wish to see Tarzan die."

The ape-man gave no heed to Nkima's warning. Instead he maneuvered until he was just above the warriors, who were now pummeling the white man with sticks and spear-hafts. Tarzan had decided to try threats in his first effort to win freedom for the captive.

"Cease beating the prisoner," he called down. The warriors halted, paralyzed with terror at this sudden command from the skies. "It is the Tree-God," one quavered; "we must obey." "It cannot be," said another, "for the Tree-God dwells only in our sacred grove."

Among them was a reckless young warrior who boasted that he feared nothing; he would defy this mysterious presence. "We are the children of the Tree-God," he shouted boldly; "and he will allow no harm to befall us." With that he dealt the captive a brutal blow.

Despite the mysterious warning from the trees, the reckless warrior struck the captive a brutal blow. Then he looked upward, whence the voice had come, and shouted a challenge. "See! I have struck him! The Tree-God protects me. What

Tarzan knew that if he were to accomplish his purpose he could not permit this brazen defiance. Once more his voice boomed down. "Your Tree-God cannot protect you against me. I am the Demon of the Trees.

As he spoke, the invisible Tarzan fitted an arrow to his bowstring and drew it taut. The string snapped. Through a channel in the foliage the arrow sped, and pierced the arm of the haughty young warrior. A wail of astonishment and awe rose from the savages.

Tarzan was quick to pursue his advantage. "Free the prisoner!" he demanded. But the savages stood silent. If they refused, the ape-man knew he could not enforce his demand. In that case, the strange white man would remain a captive, destined perhaps to die!

Tarzan knew that there was no retreat now, stern boldness was his only hope of rescuing the prisoner from the tribesmen. Once more he called down from his invisible position. "I am the Demon of the Trees. Release the white man, or I shall become a scourge to you!"

The savages were thrown into a dilemma. They had captured the white man for a sacred purpose—to feed him into the maw of the devouring Tree-God, the strange and horrible idol which was their patron deity. If they gave him up, the Tree-God would be angry.

Yet, if they kept the white prisoner, they would bring down the wrath of this new and mysterious Tree-Demon. It was plain that the demon was at war with the god. To which should they give allegiance? Which, they wondered, was the more powerful?

"Let us flee with the captive," one suggested. "If the Tree-God is stronger, he will protect us, if not, then we shall bow to the will of the demon." In whispered chorus the other assented, and they fled in panic. Tarzan frowned. How was he to stop them?

Dragging the captive whom Tarzan wanted to save, the blacks raced along the jungle trail, fleeing in panic from the wrath of the Mysterious One. Tarzan followed. He dared not let them escape. If he did, then they would realize that he had no power over them.

In swift succession the ape-man sent five arrows winging into the fleeing band. Each buried itself in a warrior's leg. Tarzan did not wish to kill, merely to frighten. But the blacks mistook his mercy for poor aim, and those who could fled all the faster.

Now Tarzan's quiver was exhausted, and he followed through the trees, powerless to halt their panicky flight. Soon the warriors reached their palisaded village, where they poured their extraordinary story into the ears of Kagundo, witch-doctor and chief.

Kagundo snarled. "This Tree-Demon you speak of—he can be nothing compared to our mighty Tree-God. Come, let us feed the captive into his devouring maw. The blood of the victim will give our great god strength to protect us against the hostile demon!"

TARZAN THE FEARLESS

Kagundo, the witch doctor folded his arms and gazed contemptuously at the emaciated captive. "He is not fat, but he will be welcome food to the hungry Tree-God. Come bring him to the sacred grove." Roughly the white man was dragged to the center of the village.

Dr. Brook's mind was stupefied by fever, dazed by the puzzling events of the past hour, but now he was stirred from his lethargy by the scene that greeted his eyes—a colossal idol, weird and hideous, riding like a grim specter in a grove of giant trees.

The white man did not yet realize the part this grotesque image was to play in his destined fate, but he sensed the menace of its frown, the terror of its gaping mouth. This was a thing of death, a symbol of all the evil that resided in his degraded captors.

From his lofty station Tarzan also looked down upon this awful tableau, and knew that presently the prisoner would go to a horrible doom. Cautiously he moved through the trees to make his bold attempt at rescue. If he failed—he would share the captive's fate.

As Tarzan slipped warily into the trees above, Kagundo commanded the captive to mount the ladderway that led to the mouth of the colossal image. Behind the white man came warriors, prodding his exhausted body with spears, urging him steadily upward.

At last the pitiful figure, surrounded by Kagundo and a score of warriors, stood on the platform at the lip of the god. The witch doctor lifted up his voice "O Tree-God, accept with favor the blood and flesh of this sacrifice as food for thy sacred trees."

Tarzan glanced down to the base of the idol where the roots of the trees were entwined, and he realized the fate of the captive—to be hurled into the hollow interior of the image, where his decaying body would furnish nourishment for the roots of the trees.

The villagers below set up a fanatic wail, calling upon the fearful Tree-God for his mercy and protection. Then Kagundo, the witch doctor, raised a hand. The cries ceased. Tarzan knew that the fatal moment was approaching. He must act now—or never!

Kagundo started to lead the captive toward the tongue of the god, from which the white man was to be dropped into the cavernous interior. "Food for the Tree-God!" the witch doctor intoned; "food that will give him strength to protect us from the Tree-Demon."

Tarzan was ready for action. In his hazardous attempt to save the stranger he might lose his own life, but he had set himself this task, and no peril could deter him. Besides, his sovereignty over the jungle depended on constant assertion of his authority.

The ape-man dropped down to the head of the gigantic idol. Only with difficulty did he keep his foothold on that smooth, slippery dome. Fortunately the gaze of Kagundo and the guardian warriors was concentrated on the prisoner, who stood on the verge of doom.

Tarzan began warily to climb down the face of the idol to the platform, into the midst of spear-bristling warriors. Success depended on surprise. But at this critical moment one of the warriors chanced to look up, and he shouted the alarm: "The Tree-Demon!"

When the warrior saw Tarzan and shouted the alarm, the other spearmen looked up in amazement at the strange figure just above their heads. The ape-man was trapped! If he made a move to leap back into the trees, a score of spears would be plunged into his body.

No! His only chance was bold, resolute action. Since there was equal danger in retreating or advancing, he chose to advance. The blacks expected him to try to escape, they gripped their spears firmly. But instead of fleeing, he dropped down to the platform!

The warriors stood immovable with amazement. They felt that this creature would not deliberately court danger unless he were sure he could not be harmed. That proved he was really a demon, the Demon of the Trees, come to rob the Tree-God of his prey.

Tarzan laid hold of the white man and flung him across a shoulder. The witch doctor was the first of the savages to recover his wits when he saw that the captive was about to be stolen. "Stop him!" Kagundo cried: "Kill him! Spears! Spears! Your spears!"

Before he warriors could use their spears as Kagundo commanded, Tarzan, with the captive across a shoulder, leaped into the branches of the sacred trees. The deadly shafts followed him, but the aim of the spearmen was destroyed by their nervous confusion.

Soon the agile ape-man had disappeared from sight. The warriors were still in the grip of terrified awe, but the witch doctor's heart and mind were afire with rage. He ordered the warriors to the ground, where the people were wailing in fear and misery.

"The demon robbed our god of his food. The Tree-God will hurl down his wrath upon us." "The demon profaned the sacred grove," another cried; "the Tree-God will be angry. What shall we do?" "Our warriors shall find the demon and kill him," Kagundo replied.

"But a demon cannot be killed with human weapons," the leader of the warriors objected. "When a demon takes human form, he can be killed," the witch doctor affirmed; "now, go, warriors, seek him out and kill him. By your spears and arrows he shall die"

Kagundo tried to mask his dismay. For years he had held the tribe under his sway by posing as the human deputy of the all-powerful Tree-God. His own position depended on maintaining the prestige of the god as an invincible deity, supreme above all others.

So now he dispatched every able-bodied tribesman into the jungle to hunt for the bold Tree-Demon who had stolen their captive. Kagundo spurred their fervor by picturing the vengeance of the Tree-God if they failed. Never had Tarzan had a more zealous foe.

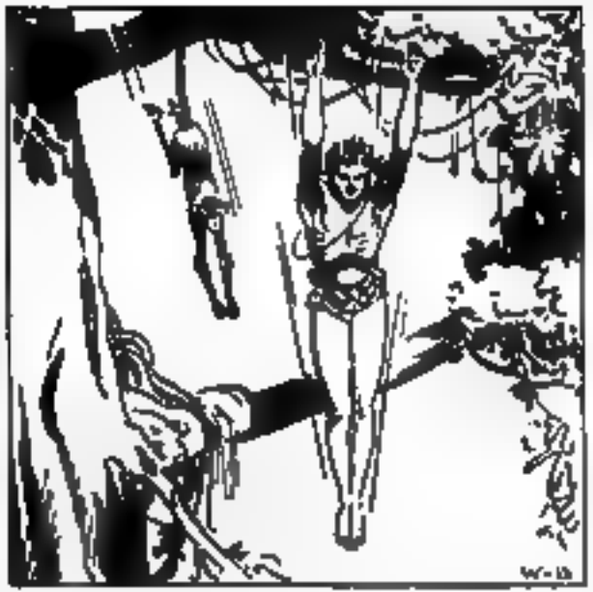
Meanwhile, the ape-man fled swiftly. Across a shoulder, as he traversed trees, lay the inert figure of the man he had saved. The stranger had fainted when Tarzan seized him, and now he hung limp, his body afire with fever. He was near death.

The man required immediate attention if he was to live. So Tarzan halted and hastily built a platform in the crotch of a tree, to serve as a pallet. They were still in the danger zone, and the searching eyes of the warriors would be turned upward to the trees!

TARZAN FEARLESS

Tarzan listened, he sniffed the air. To this natural man, untainted by the blunting effects of civilization, his senses were a delicate barometer of danger. His keen nostrils, his acute ears, could detect things hidden by the shroud of jungle foliage.

When he perceived no immediate cause for alarm, he turned to the stranger whom he had saved from death at the hands of the savages. The man lay unconscious, with eyes closed but presently his fever-parched lips quivered and began to form words: "Mary



Tarzan tried to question him, to find out who he was and how he came here. But the delirious stranger could only repeat, "Mary . Mary" The Jungle Lord turned and dropped down from the trees, hastening to find water to cool the man's burning fever.

While he was gone, Dr Brooks reached the climax of delirium. He staggered to his feet, rocking dangerously. Before his eyes swam the vision of a girl. He stretched out his arms. "Mary!" he sobbed plaintively—and tottered toward the edge of the platform!

Tarzan was returning with water when he heard the creak of the platform above. His eyes shot upward just in time to see the fever-dazed man swaying and teetering, stretching out his arms. In a few moments the unsteady figure would topple earthward.

The ape-man sprang upward, like an arrow released from a tight-drawn bow. He hoped to gain the platform before the man stepped off into space. But he was too late. Before he was half-way up, the dream-walker fell forward, and tumbled through the trees.

The mighty Tarzan, whose mind and muscles worked in perfect co-ordination, responded instantly when he perceived that the fall was inevitable. He braced himself on a broad bough and fixed his arms and shoulders like a football player about to receive a kickoff.

The man hurtled downward and struck Tarzan locked his arms around the whirling body but the uneven impact knocked him off balance. Together they fell. Dr Brooks screamed. . . In the forest the hostile warriors heard the cry, and dashed forward.

Like the tree-creature that he was, Tarzan instinctively landed on his feet, still clutching the man he had saved from death. But now Nkima, the monkey, who had seen the hostile warriors approach, raised a terrified alarm: "Tarzan! Gomangani come!"

At the same moment, the ape-man heard the black men crashing through the underbrush. He shifted his burden to a shoulder and leaped treeward—not an instant too soon, because even as he flew through the trees, spears and arrows showered around him.

Tarzan was soon out of range, but he did not slacken speed. To him the arboreal route was as smooth as a highway to civilized men. Reared from infancy by the great apes of the forest, he was as much at home in the trees as on the ground, perhaps even more.

Now he traversed a broad valley and ascended the side of a mountain where a few days before he had seen a cave. Here he could care for the sick stranger. The ape-man believed now that he was done with the savages who sought his life. He was mistaken.

Now that the trio was safe in the cave. Nkima bubbled with belated heroics. He chattered and swaggered and beat his tiny chest as he had seen the fierce apes do, challenging the absent tribesmen and boasting how he and Tarzan had saved the white man from death.

Tarzan, meanwhile, had laid the unconscious stranger on a bed of leaves. He hastened them to a near-by spring that bubbled from the hillside, and fetched water to the fever-stricken man. Slowly Dr. Brooks opened his eyes, eyes that grew wide with amazement.

Nor did his astonishment lessen when Tarzan related simply the story of his rescue. "Then you are Tarzan!" the man gasped, "I always thought you were only a legend." "Many legends of the outer world are facts in the jungle," he answered; "but who are you?"

"I am Dr. Anthony Brooks, a scientist. I wandered from my party. Those black devils captured me. You saved me; but it was useless. I'm dying anyway, of this confounded fever." His brow knit gravely. "But before I die, I want to ask one favor of you."

I shall not live long" Dr Brooks said weakly, "I have only one wish to see my daughter Mary before I die. She is waiting for me on the coast I cannot go to her—but if you could guide her here . " "I will fetch her," Tarzan declared simply.

The ape-man needed to make no preparations for the journey. He required none of the paraphernalia with which civilized men burdened the business of traveling. Like a beast, he was free and self-contained The jungle would supply his elemental wants.

But he must provide for Dr. Brooks. First he gathered roots and herbs to which the folklore of the jungle ascribed curative powers. Some of these he had seen the apes eat when they were ill. He brewed them into a medicine which he hoped would be effective.

Then armed only with his hunting knife, Tarzan killed an antelope, cut the flesh into strips and smoked it—food for the stricken man. Now he was ready. Nor was he dismayed that his path lay through the land of his foes, who were eager to kill him.

Nkima objected volubly when Tarzan assigned him to remain with Dr Brooks—to bring him water and hand him food. "The black men will come and kill us," the monkey pleaded. "Then be careful," Tarzan advised: "stay inside the cave. They won't see you."

With quaking heart Nkima saw his friend and protector go down the mountain side, wondering if he would ever return. Tarzan himself was not too sure. He knew that in the dark valley below lurked spies, watching for him, preparing to kill him on sight. . . .

Far to the south, scattered widely through the jungle, ranged more spies of the Zambeh tribe, ever on the lookout for potential captives to be fed into the devouring maw of their Tree-God. One of them, traversing the forest alone, stopped in sudden surprise.

He listened alertly to the tramp and shuffle of feet on the jungle trail, then dodged into the underbrush to wait. Soon he saw a large safari moving toward him, led by two white men—and a girl. Here indeed was luscious food for the hungry Tree-God!

TARZAN FEARLESS

The Zambeh spy watched the safari file past his eyes popping at the prospect of so many captives. When the last porter had disappeared, he left his hiding place and hurried homeward. Soon he would return with a horde of warriors to intercept the travelers.

The three whites gave little thought to danger, believing themselves equipped for all emergencies. Mary Brooks was thinking only of her father, who had gone into the wilderness and had not returned. It was she who had insisted on going in search of him.

Bob Murray was anxious to bring the expedition to a hasty conclusion. He and Mary were betrothed, they were to be married when they returned to America. But Jeff Biggers, the guide, was in no hurry. Perhaps, if he had time, he could win Mary for himself.

Jeff dropped behind Mary. He liked to watch the stride of her lithe, trim figure. And thus they marched, these three, each set upon his own purpose. And the thoughts that burned in their minds blinded them to the perils that lurked in the African wilderness.

While the safari crawled slowly northward, Tarzan swung steadily toward the south. By keeping high in the trees he managed to elude his searching foes and finally he believed himself clear of the district that bristled with their watchful scouts and spies.

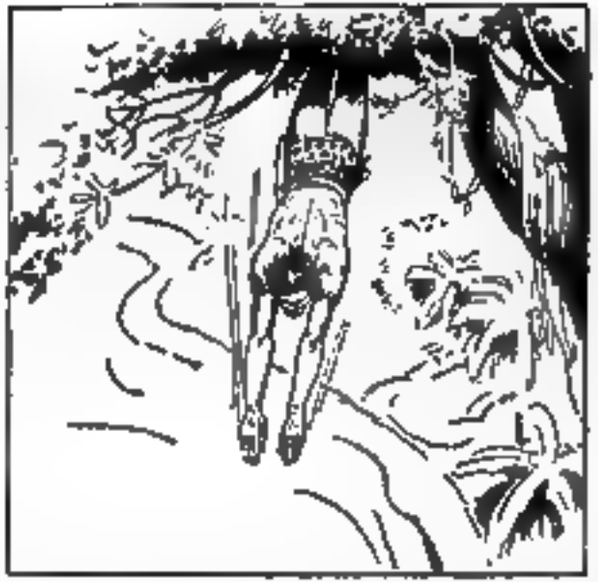
Late in the afternoon the safari halted for the day. While the men were busy with the affairs of the camp, Mary slipped away toward a nearby stream. She hoped a cool swim would refresh her tired body and soothe her weary nerves. It was a foolhardy venture.

Often Bob and Jeff had warned her not to wander into the jungle alone, but here was the confidence of ignorance. The water looked so placid, so safe, so inviting. She stepped into the stream and waded out slowly. The water crept up caressingly around her.

The girl plunged forward. Her feet lifted. Her arms swept out in graceful strokes. Like a mermaid she flitted and darted about the water. She felt happy and secure until, in midstream, a giant crocodile rose suddenly from the depths and dashed toward her!

The jaws of the giant crocodile opened wide. Mary Brooks gazed with horror into that hideous, teeth-fringed cavern. She started to sink, for her muscles were suddenly paralyzed with fear. But Mary was not the kind to surrender to death without a struggle.

In another instant she had recovered from the first deadening shock. A shrill cry burst from her lips, then she struck out furiously for the shore. It was an uneven race. Though the girl was an excellent swimmer she could not compete with the swift saurian.

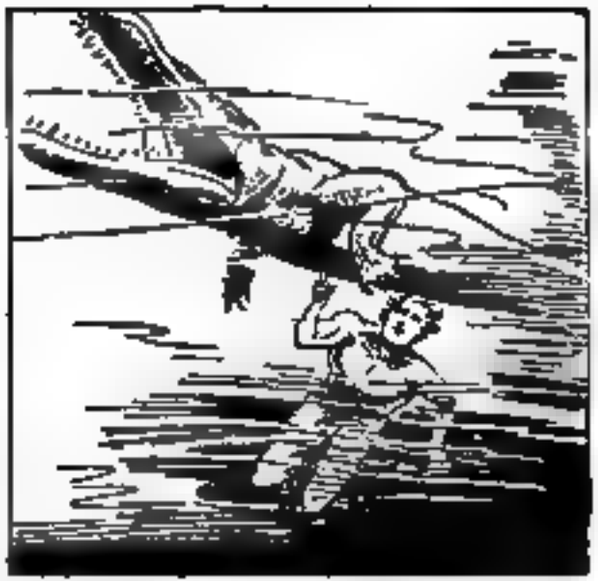


Her frantic effort brought her speedily to the verge of exhaustion. Soon the hungry crocodile was almost upon her, ready to devour her. Then Mary became suddenly conscious of a figure flashing through the air. A moment later it struck the water beside her.

A hand reached out and clutched her. It was a man's hand. Who was he? Obviously a jungle savage. Better to be devoured by the beast than fall into his evil hands. Mary struggled to free herself . . . and the delay gave a new advantage to the speeding reptile!

When the girl began to struggle Tarzan spoke sharply to her "Be quiet! I'll save you." Mary was somewhat reassured. She relaxed. But the delay caused by her foolish struggle had enabled the big crocodile to overhaul them. Already the beast was upon them!

Tarzan's mighty arm shot out and sent the girl flying through the water. At least she was safe for the moment. Then he whirled and dived beneath the crocodile His shoulder touched the clammy hide. Up leaped his knife and buried itself in the monster's belly.



Because he had to strike instantly, without deliberate care, Tarzan missed the vital spot he had hoped to hit. He struck again, but the crocodile leaped away, then whirled and dived at its tormentor Only by swift action did Tarzan elude the snapping jaws.

The agile Tarzan might have escaped, but it was his purpose to keep the reptile occupied until the girl could gain the safety of the shore. So he must fight, or die—perhaps both. And unfortunately the wound was a spur to the fighting fury of the beast.

Charge and counter-charge The flash of steel! The snap of giant jaws! The lash of a powerful tail whipping the water to a convulsive foam. Thus raged the deadly combat between Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, and Gimla the crocodile, king of the tropical deep.

The ape-man barely avoided the beast's sudden rush and dived once more beneath the surface. In a flash he locked his legs to the monster's body while with his left hand he clutched the rough hide. Then his knife slashed a long slit down the reptile's belly.

Gimla quivered and lashed and bellowed in the final throes of death. Tarzan shoved free. The battle was over. Once more Tarzan the invincible had won a victory He turned then toward the girl. At first he did not see her. Perhaps she was already ashore.

No! There she was—sinking! Her fright and frantic efforts had exhausted her. Tarzan struck out. When he reached her she was coming up again. Now she was in a wild, unreasoning panic. She locked her arms around her rescuer's neck. Both went down!

Tarzan shook off the girl's hold and brought her to the surface. But she continued to clutch at him, gasping and screaming. Mary Brooks was a brave girl, but the ghastly experiences of the past few minutes had induced a violent hysteria. Who could blame her?

The Jungle Lord realized that unless she were brought quickly under control she would drown them both. Without a moment's hesitation he dealt her a blow on the chin. The girl relaxed into brief unconsciousness and Tarzan towed her easily toward the shore. . . .

Back in the camp, Jeff Biggers noticed that Mary had disappeared. Quietly he slipped away to look for her without attracting Bob's attention. He anticipated no special danger for the girl, but he welcomed the opportunity of being alone with her in the jungle.

After a while Jeff heard Mary's frenzied screams. He dashed toward the river. Soon he saw the girl being pulled from the water by a near-naked "wild man." Obviously she was being kidnaped! Jeff raised his rifle quickly and fired at Mary's savage captor!

TARZAN the FEARLESS

Jeff fired impulsively at the "wild man" who, he believed, was kidnaping Mary. Fortunately, his very haste spoiled his aim. The bullet sang harmlessly past Tarzan's ear. But already Jeff was jerking the lever to eject the empty shell and fire again.

Whether the mysterious assailant was shooting at him or the girl, Tarzan did not know. At any rate there was no time for inquiries or explanations. The first necessity was to seek a safe refuge. The ape-man pulled the dazed girl to him and leaped treeward.

Jeff was paralyzed with astonishment at the sight of this phenomenal leap. Now he was dead certain that Mary's captor was some terrible tree creature, akin to the apes, who would bear her away to his jungle lair to hold her a slave to his savage life.

Sudden jealousy flamed in Jeff's vicious mind. If he could not have Mary, then no other man would. He'd rather see her dead than a prisoner of that ape-creature. Swiftly he jerked another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle—and pressed the trigger!

Jeff might as well have been firing his rifle at a bird on the wing, so swift was Tarzan's upward flight. And before he could shoot again, the ape-man, bearing the girl, had disappeared into the foliage. The hunter growled with rage and frustration.

High in the trees Mary came out of her daze and found herself in Tarzan's arms. "Take your hands off me," she screamed. "Look down," the ape-man smiled, "then tell me if you still wish me to turn you loose." The girl looked down into the sea of foliage.

She was terrified, not only by the fact that she was high in the trees, but also by the power of this man who had been able to bring her here. From her lips came a terrified shriek. "Help! Help!" And from below rose Jeff's anxious, bewildered answer.

Unfortunately for Tarzan and for Mary, Jeff was not the only one who heard her frantic shriek. Far away in the wilderness her cry came faintly to the ears of a Zambeh scout. His savage face lighted with pleasure. A woman captive would be welcome indeed!

Tarzan clapped his hand over the girl's mouth and stifled her cry for he did not wish her to attract the attention of enemies that might be lurking in the jungle. She quieted and he took his hand away. "Who are you? What do you want?" she demanded.

"Who I am does not matter," the ape-man answered, "but you are Mary Brooks." He had seen her resemblance to Dr. Brooks and knew that this was the girl he had sought. Mary was startled. "How did you know?" "I have come to take you to your father."

"You know where father is? And you will take me to him?" In her happy ecstasy she hugged Tarzan. Now that her fears were allayed she felt a strange delight in this man's strong arms. It was the natural reaction of a civilized woman to the handsome jungle hero.

Faintly their voices drifted down to Jeff. "Mary! Where are you? What's up?" he called. "Everything's all right. We're coming down." Jeff suspected a trick. He couldn't imagine the "wild man" freeing so desirable a captive. He held his rifle ready.

Jeff watched Tarzan descend with the girl as easily as if he had no burden at all. And he conceived a bitter hatred for the ape-like creature that held the girl to him. At last Tarzan and Mary reached the ground, where stood Jeff Biggers with rifle ready.

"Put your gun down. He's our friend," Mary explained, "he knows where father is and he will take us there." "Huh!" grunted Jeff, "how do you know he won't lead us into a trap?" "If you are afraid I'll deceive you, you need not come," Tarzan said sternly.

The Jungle Lord turned and started away. "No, no, come back!" Mary pleaded, "you must take us to father. Mustn't he, Jeff?" The hunter grunted consent. He dare not do anything to arouse Mary's ill-will for he hoped somehow to win his way into the girl's heart.

So these three started back to camp. And behind them, down wind, so that he was undetected by the Jungle Lord, moved the Zambeh scout, spying on them. Already his savage mind was busy with plans to capture them as victims for the devouring tree-god!

Back in camp, Bob Mason, Mary's fiancé, received Tarzan cordially when the girl related how he had saved her from the crocodile and how he was ready to lead them now to her father. "We'd be pleased if you'd take complete command of the safari," Bob said eagerly.

Tarzan nodded assent. Jeff Biggers ground his teeth angrily. He had been hired to guide the party and he had intended to lead it by a long course, hoping thus to gain time for his courtship of Mary. How he hated this stranger who was balking his plan.

Jeff's eyes narrowed to thin, evil slits. He'd get even with this intruder yet! Other men had got in Jeff Biggers' way and they had died, why not this one? However, this fellow was alert. The business of getting rid of him would require a bit of planning.

Next morning the safari moved on under Tarzan's guidance. Bob and Mary were elated. Now, they believed, their expedition would be brought to a hasty and happy conclusion. But the sun of happiness was only a blinding mask for the shadows of peril that lay ahead!

Tarzan commanded Jeff to walk beside him. Something about the fellow aroused his suspicion, and the ape-man had an unalterable rule never to expose his back to any man who might be his enemy. Thus they marched toward the cave where Dr. Brooks waited.

The Jungle Lord did not believe they were yet in the country of the savage Zambeh warriors. He was unaware of their far-flung system of spies who scoured the jungle for victims. It was one of these who had discovered the safari and raced homeward to report.

Excitedly he described his find to Kagundo, the witch-doctor chief. "There are four whites—and many blacks. Their flesh and blood will make a welcome meal for our devouring tree-god." As he spoke he cast his eyes upward to the ugly, open-mouthed idol.

"And there is one among them," the scout continued, "who seems both white man and savage." Kagundo's eyes lighted with fervor. "It is the tree-demon, the one who escaped us! Warriors! To arms! We shall take him again, this time she shall not escape!"

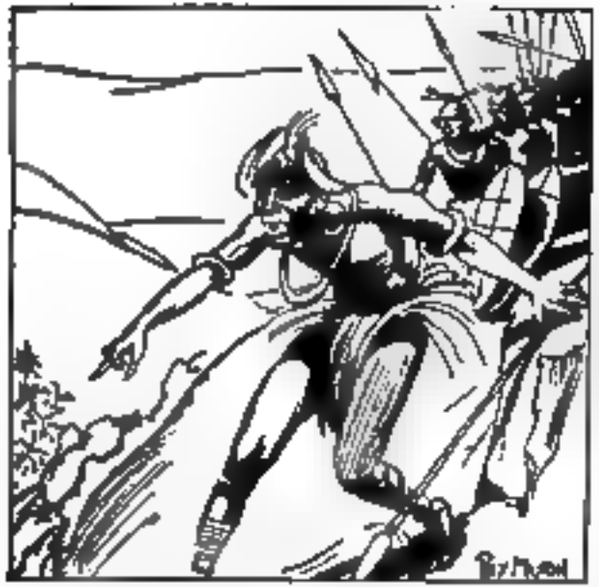
TARZAN the FEARLESS

The Zambeh warriors were thrown into a frenzy of delight. At last they knew the whereabouts of the long-sought Tarzan, whom they considered a demon of the trees, enemy of their holy Tree-God. "The demon's flesh shall appease the hunger of our god," they shouted.

Kagundo, the witch-doctor chief, gave final instructions to Balzo, leader of the fighting men. "If you return without the one who calls himself Tarzan, then you, Balzo, shall be hurled into the devouring maw of the Tree-God, to satisfy the hunger of our deity."

Kagundo then addressed the other warriors. "There are three more whites with Tarzan. If you fail to bring back all of them, three of you, determined by lot, shall die. After Tarzan, the girl is the most precious prize. She will make a tasty morsel for our god."

The warriors were undisturbed by Kagundo's threats. They were confident of success. Eagerly they took up their weapons—bows and arrows, murderous knives, and sharp spears. Then they surged into the forest, a mighty, savage horde against Tarzan's small band.



The Zambeh spy led Balzo and his warriors unerringly to the region where Tarzan's safari was advancing slowly. Suddenly the keen-eyed Balzo himself, peering down from a hillside, beheld his prospective captives marching along a winding trail in the valley below.

Screened by the forest Balzo and a few picked warriors slipped down to judge the strength of their victims. Balzo grinned when he saw that the porters and gun-bearers were coast blacks, whose fighting instincts had been dulled by contact with civilization.

Wishing to conserve the strength of his friends for more strenuous marches ahead, Tarzan commanded the safari to halt for a long mid-day rest. He advised them to relax. "There is no danger now," he said; "the savages would not dare attack us in broad daylight."

But Tarzan did not reckon with Balzo's twisted superstitions. Since Tarzan was a demon, the savage war chief reasoned, it would be better to capture him now. Anyone knew that darkness gave double strength to demons. So, Balzo concluded, now was the time to attack!

The cunning Balzo weighed carefully his chances for success. Now his prospective captives were relaxed and incautious, tonight they would be ringed around with alert sentries. Besides, he believed the darkness would confer special powers on Tarzan, the demon.

So, Balzo dispatched a messenger to bring his horde of warriors down into the valley. Warily they came without a sound for the children of the Tree-God were well trained in the art of surprising their victims. At last they deployed and encircled the camp.

Ordinarily Tarzan would have picked up the scent of the foe, for his nostrils were as keen as any beast's. But now by a strange caprice of fate, he was near the camp stove, and his nostrils were filled with the spicy aroma of a civilized luncheon in preparation.

Balzo grinned. For every member of the safari, he had five powerful warriors. It would be a simple matter to capture Tarzan and his friends. Suddenly Balzo's voice rang out. "Attack!" And with blood-curdling yells, the savage horde charged into the clearing!

It was an extraordinary thing for Tarzan to be taken by surprise, but the Jungle Lord never imagined that the savages would dare attack in broad daylight. The camp was wholly unprepared for defense, and he perceived immediately that defeat was inevitable.

The blacks of the safari were thrown into fearsome panic. They sought safety in flight. The attackers opened a hole in their circle. They were willing to allow the blacks to escape, so that they might concentrate their energies on the beleaguered whites.

"Take them alive!" cried Baiza, and the savages surged forward. Bob and Jeff, recovering from their first shock, whipped out their revolvers and opened fire. They leaped to Mary's side to protect her. Each was eager to win favor in her eyes by heroic deeds.

Both realized, however, that their efforts were doomed to failure. Then Bob called to Tarzan. "Help us. We've got to save Mary." But Tarzan did an astounding thing, a thing he had never done before. Abandoning his friends to their fate, he leaped into the trees!

As Tarzan leaped treeward, Balso cried out in consternation: "The demon—the Tree-Demon! He's escaping! Stop him!" Balso might as well have commanded his savage legion to halt the coursing sun. Once in the trees, the ape-man was beyond the grasp of human hands.

The warriors paid little heed to Balso's plight. It was he, not they, who would pay the death penalty for Tarzan's escape. So they concentrated their attention on the capture of the other three whites, who were far more dangerous now than the vanished demon.

Bob and Jeff were fighting furiously to save Mary and themselves from the monstrous savages. Their revolvers spat death into the ranks of the warriors. The attackers in front of them retreated. But at the same moment another group fell upon them from the rear

The three whites were overwhelmed as by an avalanche. They were helpless, hopeless captives. And now the brutal savages set up a cry of triumph. "The power of Tarzan, the demon, is broken. We have food for the Tree-God! The Mighty One will devour their flesh!"

The captives were jerked roughly to their feet. Then, surrounded by warriors, they began the march of doom toward the Zambeh village. Bob's face wore a hurt puzzled expression. "I can't understand it," he mused, "Tarzan deserted us, just when we needed him most."

"Huh! A fine hero he turned out to be," Jeff growled. "He's just a phoney. When he gets in a tight spot, he beats it to save his own skin." "He risked his life to save me from the crocodile," Mary answered hotly. "But he deserted you this time," Jeff countered.

Mary had no reply. Her heat was heavy. She had come to consider Tarzan a brave, noble creature, a primitive Galahad of the forest. Yet, in a crisis, he had abandoned his friends. She did not know that the Jungle Lord still watched over them from the trees above.

Tarzan was undisturbed by the accusations of cowardice. He was not interested in fruitless heroics. If he had allowed himself to be captured, he would have been useless; free, he might aid them. But how could his lone hand prevail against this fierce warrior throng?

TARZAN FEARLESS

"What do you think they'll do with us?" Bob asked anxiously. Through narrowed eyes Jeff Biggers appraised the cruel faces of their captors. "It won't be anything pleasant; you can count on that," he said. "The best we can hope for is quick death, without torture."

"Maybe Tarzan will find some way to save us," Mary suggested hopefully. "Huh!" grunted Jeff; "that guy's flew the coop." His brow wrinkled and a strange light came into his eyes as he continued: "I bet he's in league with the savages, and led us into this trap."

The captives lapsed into black meditation, penetrated by no ray of hope. They could not escape whatever fate their captors had planned for them. Through the trees, silently, cautiously, the ape-man followed the procession of doom; nor could he give them aid.

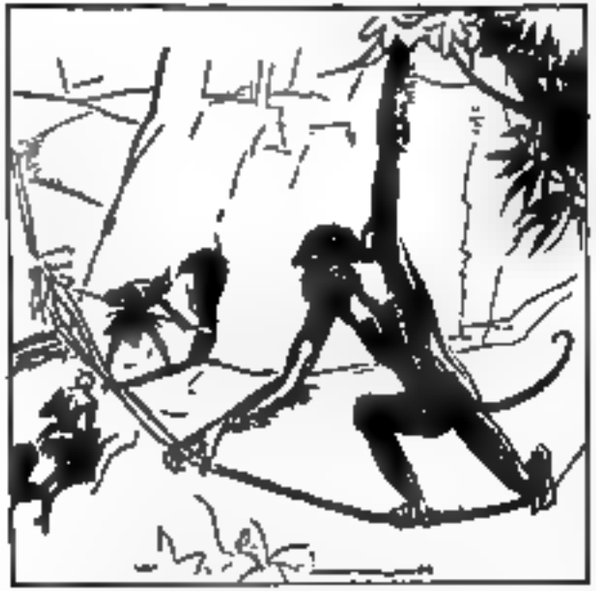
Tarzan knew well the fate that awaited them. They would be hurled into the belly of the Tree-God. In the fall their bones would be broken, their bodies torn; and there on the blood-soaked ground they would lie until death at last would end their suffering.

Since Tarzan now could see no way to aid his friends, he decided to wait until they had reached the Zambeh village. There he would make a final, desperate effort. Meanwhile he would visit the cave where he had left the invalid Dr. Brooks in the care of Nkima.

During the ape-man's absence, Nkima had been enjoying himself immensely. It gave him a sense of great importance to care for the sick man as Tarzan had instructed, to bring him food and water, and to administer the curative herbs the Jungle Lord had left.

Time passed without a sign of savage raiders. As the danger became remote, Nkima grew braver, as was his habit. Sometimes he sat before the cave with a stick in one hand, pretending how he would defend the white man if the blacks should discover the hidden cave.

But the little monkey's heroic fancies could not withstand the assault of reality. A savage patrol did come in search of the escaped Dr. Brooks. And when Nkima saw the fierce blacks, he flung down his encumbering stick, shrieked in terror and leaped into the trees.



As the terrified Nkima fled screaming into the trees, the patrol of warriors warily entered the cave. For a long time they had been searching for the emaciated white man who had been snatched from their clutches by Tarzan, the Tree-Demon. And now, there he was!

Their first elation gave way to fear when they realized that the powerful demon might be lurking in the shadows, ready to pounce upon them. Timidly they stepped forward, jabbing their spears into the darkness. At last they were satisfied the demon had gone.

Chattering with delight, they marched Dr Brooks down the hillside. Their joy was two-fold. First, they had retaken their captive. But, more important, they had won a victory over Tarzan, the Tree-Demon. "Huh!" grunted a proud warrior; "we are mightier than he!"

Dr Brooks was resigned to his fate, for Tarzan was not here to save him again. Death he did not fear, but one desire obsessed him—to see his daughter Mary before he died. Little did he dream that he was soon to see her—under the most dreadful circumstances.

When Tarzan came to the cave where he had left Dr Brooks under Nkima's care, he halted, surprised. His keen, jungle-trained eyes discerned the footprints of the raiding warriors. Then Nkima dropped down from the trees, shrieking: "Black men took him away!"

Enjoying now the security of Tarzan's shoulder, the timid Nkima grew fierce and brave again. He related a fanciful tale of how he had fought violently to defend the white man but was forced at last to retreat to the trees tops. "Nkima is a mighty fighter," smiled Tarzan.

The Jungle Lord always found the little monkey amusing, but now the smile faded quickly from his face. There was work to do—serious, perilous work, and it must be done quickly. Through the trees he swung down the mountain side, followed by the scurrying monkey.

Swift and agile was Nkima, but he had difficulty in keeping pace with the mighty ape-man. A firm resolution ruled Tarzan's thoughts and actions. Twice the savages had triumphed over him. He was determined to prevent another victory—even at the cost of his life.

Swift as the wind Tarzan sped through the jungle to overtake Dr. Brooks' captors, but they had had an early start, and they were pushing ahead eagerly to exhibit their prize to Kagundo. The ape-man was still far far behind when they arrived at the village gates.

Like an electric spark, the glad news leaped from hut to hut, and soon the village was charged with wildest excitement. The witch-doctor was quick to take advantage of the fortunate circumstances. He called his people to the holy place before the colossal idol.

Behold! he shouted, "we have won back the prisoner who was taken from us by Tarzan, the Tree-Demon. Tarzan's power is broken. And it is I, Kagundo, who has wrought the miracle through the favor of our mighty Tree-God. Great is the Tree-God! Great is Kagundo!"

As Kagundo ended his pronouncement, fresh shouts were heard from the gateway. They burst from the throats of exultant warriors, bringing Mary, Bob and Jeff to the dreadful province of the Tree-God. The gates closed. For the captives, they were gates of doom!

The new prisoners were led to the place of the Tree-God. When Mary saw Dr. Brooks, she uttered a little cry and rushed into his arms. "Father!" They stood thus in affectionate embrace, when Mary said: "I thought you were safe. Tarzan told us you were hidden in a cave.

"I was, but they found me." The emaciated man sighed dejectedly as he hugged his daughter to him. "And now . . . we shall die together." "You see it was all a trap." Jeff scowled bitterly. "this Tarzan framed this whole thing, put us right into the arms of these devils."

Meanwhile, Kagundo was furious when he found that Tarzan had escaped his raiders. He called Balzo, the leader, to him. "You shall die, as I warned." Balzo hung his head. It was what he had expected. He had never dreamed of escaping the wrath of powerful Kagundo.

"At once you shall die!" the witch-doctor shrieked. "you shall be devoured by the Tree-God, for you have offended him by allowing his enemy, the Tree-Demon, to escape. And the horror of your death, Balzo, shall be a sample of the fate that awaits our white captives!"

TARZAN FEARLESS

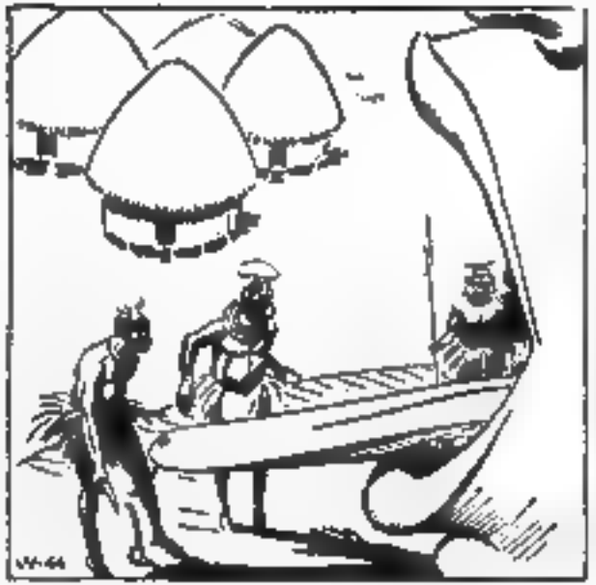
A shout of approval burst from the bloodthirsty crowd when Kagundo announced that Balzo was to be hurled at once into the devouring maw of the Tree-God. "May he suffer a thousand tortures," a villager cried, for allowing Tarzan, the Tree-Demon, to escape."

"Aye," screamed another "and his blood shall feed the roots of the sacred trees that shelter our god So, while the Tree-God children were filled with fanatic frenzy Kagundo, the witch-doctor, mounted the ladder—up, up toward the face of the hideous idol.

Behind him climbed the doomed Balzo and the ceremonial guard of warriors. At last they reached the platform at the mouth of the Tree-God. Without a word of protest, Balzo walked along the pivoted plank that led into the cavernous interior Kagundo followed.

Tensely the four white captives watched these strange proceedings. Only Jeff, who understood the language, knew their awful meaning. "What's happening to that fellow is what's going to happen to us," he said to Mary, "you'd better not look. It's too horrible."

Balzo and Kagundo walked the plank into the gaping mouth of the Tree-God. Only Kagundo returned. Balzo stood poised on the end of the plank, looking down into the dark abyss that was the belly of the god. Outside on the platform, Kagundo lifted his hand.



Below, the executioner waited the keen edge of his knife against the rope that held the plank motionless on its pivot. "Ai-ya!" Kagundo yelled, and dropped his hand as a signal. The knife bit through the rope. The visible end of the plank shot upward.

The other end, weighted by the hapless block, dropped violently, and Balzo was plummeted into the belly of the Tree-God. Screaming, he hurtled downward until he struck the bottom of the pit. Bones cracked and splintered. A thousand pains stabbed his broken body.

His tormented cries pierced Mary's mind, for she knew that she and her companions were doomed to the same fate. Though she believed Tarzan had deserted them, she sobbed instinctively, "If only Tarzan were here. . ." But the apeman was too far away to aid them now.

Balzo lay fatally injured at the bottom of the pit, his agonized cries echoing weirdly in the hollow interior of the idol. Outside, the people of Zambeh were intoxicated with delight. Balzo's every cry of pain, they believed, gave delight to the mighty Tree-God.

Weaker and weaker came the cries. At last they ceased. Balzo was dead. A great cheer rose from the crowd. Then a shrill voice called out: "Now let the white captives follow Balzo!" A hundred voices took up the chorus: "The white captives! Food for our god!"

"So shall it be," agreed Kagundo, and he descended from the high platform to prepare the victims for the ghastly rites. His evil eyes roved over the four prisoners, then his hand shot out and he levelled a finger at Mary. "The woman shall go first!" he shouted.

Bob Mason leaped forward in a futile attempt to protect the girl he loved, but the warriors, laughing deliriously, dragged him back. Mary was shoved toward the foot of the ladder—the ladder that led to death. She turned. On her lips trembled a sad "Farewell."

As Mary stood at the foot of the death-ladder, Dr. Brooks, her father, and Bob Mason, her fiance, bowed their heads in resignation. There was no hope for her now. But the crafty mind of Jeff Biggers was actively seeking some means of saving her—and himself.

Jeff had seen the giant emeralds that glittered in the fingertips of the Tree-God. In the outer world they would fetch a fortune. Even in this moment when death was near, Jeff's greedy soul ached for them. Suddenly an inspiration flashed through his thoughts.

From the talk of the savages, which he understood, Jeff had gathered that they were eager to lay hands on Tarzan. And his own hatred of the ape-man made him sympathetic to their designs. Perhaps he could make a profitable deal with them. "Kagundo!" he called.

The witch-doctor turned. "I will capture Tarzan," Jeff announced. "If you will give me the emeralds." Kagundo's frown changed into a sinister smile. "If you will capture the Tree-Demon alive, you shall have ten emeralds; if you kill him, only five!"

Jeff was elated when Kagundo agreed to exchange the fabulous emeralds for Tarzan, dead or alive. He believed that by trickery he could capture the ape-man. Now the witch-doctor turned to resume the fiendish ceremonies which would be climaxed by Mary's death.

Jeff's mind worked quickly. He wanted to save Mary, too, hoping that some day he might persuade her to marry him. "No, no!" he called out to Kagundo, "you must not kill the girl. She is attractive to Tarzan, the Tree-Devil. I shall use her as bait to trap him."

Kagundo nodded. He would do nothing to interfere with the capture of the elusive demon. With a lordly gesture he commanded the guards to return the girl to her companions. "I have saved you," Jeff boasted. Mary looked up eagerly, excitedly. "Are we free?"

"I've only won a delay," he said. "Tonight, we'll all try to escape." But the treacherous white man turned to Kagundo and said in the native tongue: "The girl and I shall leave tonight in search of Tarzan. Tomorrow you may feed the other captives to the Tree-God!"

Mary Bob and Dr Brooks were led away to prison huts while the treacherous Jeff remained to confer with Kagundo on his plan to capture Tarzan. "When the girl and I leave tonight," he said, "it must appear that we are escaping. For that I have my own reasons."

Then the renegade white man persuaded the witch-doctor to give him a rifle that had been captured from the safari. "I shall try to take the Tree-Demon alive," he said, "but it may be necessary to kill him." Kagundo's lips twisted maliciously. "Dead or alive!"

While these two plotted against him, Tarzan swung swiftly toward the Zambeh village. He was prepared to gamble his life to give aid to the four white captives including Jeff, who was his secret foe. Behind him flew Nkima, vainly begging the ape-man to turn back.

Night fell. The Jungle Lord dropped down from the trees and continued his journey afoot. Around midnight he drew near the village, where every circumstance conspired against him. Then, suddenly from behind the distant palisade, burst wild, excited shouts!

TARZAN the FEARLESS

When Tarzan heard those excited shouts, he knew that something was amiss in the Zambeh village. Perhaps the brutal tribesmen had chosen this dark hour to kill the white captives whom he sought to aid. This possibility stimulated him to a fresh burst of speed. . . .

But long before Tarzan reached the village Jeff Biggers was embarking on the sinister scheme which he hoped would bring death to Tarzan, Dr. Brooks and Bob Mason, and thus leave him free to win Mary and the fabulous emeralds. Boldly he left the prison hut.

He had nothing to fear, for his "escape" with Mary had been arranged with Kagundo and his warriors. He gave a signal to the guards before the prison huts. They feigned sleep. Jeff entered Mary's hut quietly. "Quick," he breathed, "the guards sleep. Let's go!"

With exaggerated caution Jeff led the girl out into the still air. So far all was well. Then a horrible thought assailed him. Suppose Kagundo were tricking him, playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse! Suppose the warriors should spring up and seize them!

Despite Jeff's suspicions, the guards continued to feign deep sleep. Still holding Mary's hand, he crept to the rear of the hut occupied by Bob and Brooks. "The coast is clear," he called softly to the prisoners; "Mary and I will lead the way, you follow."

Dodging in and out among the shadows to give an air of authenticity to the prearranged "escape," Jeff led Mary to the gates of the village. Behind came the other two prisoners. They moved more slowly because Bob had to give aid to the fever weakened Dr. Brooks.

Jeff reached the gates and removed the cross-bar, as the sentries nodded at their posts. He threw his weight against one of the portals. It opened enough to allow him and Mary to slip through. But as they fled into the forest, shouts rang suddenly from the village.

"They must have caught Bob and your father," said Jeff, pretending dismay. But inwardly he smiled. His plan was working. Bob and Dr. Brooks would be killed. Now only one obstacle lay in his path—Tarzan. And soon, he believed, Tarzan, too, would be dead.

When Tarzan approached he saw the girl stretched on the ground, the lioness standing over her, sniffing her curiously. He surmised that Mary had been stunned by a fall, but when she recovered and made a sudden move the beast would sink sharp fangs into her flesh.

Soundlessly, with utmost caution, the apeman circled to the rear of the lioness. Holding his knife ready, he crouched, then sprang into the air. He alighted accurately on the back of the beast. His knife plunged deep. The lioness reared, then toppled over dead.

Mary's brief paralysis passed and she found control of her muscles again. She leaped up, gazing unbelievably at Tarzan and the dead beast. Then the nerve-strained girl burst into tears, tears of happiness and gratitude. "What happened to Jeff?" she sobbed.

Together they hurried to the place where Jeff lay still. Tarzan bent over him, seeking to restore him to consciousness, trying to save the life of his secret foe. Thus, ironically, he was placing in the hands of fate a weapon to use for his own destruction!

Poor Mary sobbed in anguish when she realized that her father and fiance had been recaptured. She had not the slightest suspicion that Jeff's devilish plot was responsible. Rather was she grateful to him for what she believed was his valiant attempt to save them.

It was the uproar in the village that stimulated Tarzan to phenomenal speed. When he arrived in the trees above the shouting blacks, Jeff and Mary had already vanished, but he saw the savages seize Bob and Dr Brooks and drag them back toward the prison huts.

"What's going on?" Tarzan called down in English. Bob was startled, for he believed the ape-man had deserted them completely. But when he had recovered from his surprise, he called back "We were trying to escape. Mary and Jeff got away. But it's all up with us."

"Have courage," Tarzan urged; "I may find a way to help you." "Don't bother with us," Dr Brooks quavered; "go to Mary and Jeff. The perils of the jungle are as great as ours." Little did Dr. Brooks realize that he was urging Tarzan into Jeff Biggers' trap!

The warriors trembled when they heard Tarzan, the Tree-Demon, engaging their prisoners in conversation. Kagundo himself was uneasy, but he knew he must bolster the courage of his men. 'Stand firm!" he commanded: "the demon is powerless against mighty Kagundo."

Tarzan could not allow this boast to go unchallenged. His voice boomed out in the language of the Zambeh. "The time is not yet but soon the wrath of Tarzan, the Demon, shall fall upon you, Kagundo!" "What will you do?" the witch-doctor asked in more subdued tones.

Tarzan did not answer. He himself did not know what he would do. He dared not make an immediate and specific threat, for at the moment he was powerless to enforce it. And he knew that the very vagueness of his warning would excite new doubts in Kagundo's mind.

So, the ape-man departed. He believed that Bob and Dr. Brooks would be safe until tomorrow. Meanwhile he could give aid to Jeff and Mary, protect them against the fierce, hungry beasts which at this hour roamed the jungle, to stalk, to kill, and devour their prey.

Tarzan left the Zambeh village and plunged once more into the jungle. His purpose now was to find Mary and Jeff to protect them from the perils of the wilderness. Now and then he called softly "Mary! Mary!" Frequently he paused to listen, but in vain.

Meanwhile, Jeff led Mary slowly along a jungle trail. Exhausted by her horrible experiences, the girl stumbled. Jeff put his arm around her to steady her. How thrilled he was by this delightful proximity! Some day, he resolved, he would have her for his own.

"What shall we do?" Mary asked sadly. "We'll try to find help and save Bob and your father," the man bed. "but right now you'd better get some sleep. I'll stand guard." Jeff made a bed of leaves. The weary girl sank down and quickly fell into a deep slumber.

Five minutes later Jeff heard a voice calling from the jungle: "Mary! Mary!" It was Tarzan's voice. Jeff trembled with eagerness. It was too good to be true. Here was his chance to draw Tarzan into his trap—to capture him, to kill him, if need be!

When he heard the ape-man's call, Jeff Buggers hastened down the trail a hundred paces. He did not want to waken Mary, nor did he want her to know of his treachery. Then, when Tarzan's voice sounded again through the forest, Jeff answered. "Here we are!"

The renegade white man clutched his rifle by the barrel, and waited. His plan was simple. When Tarzan arrived, one blow of the rifle butt would knock him unconscious. Then Jeff could deliver the helpless ape-man into the hands of the savages and claim his reward.

To Mary he would explain that Tarzan had attacked him. Several times before he had tried to impress upon her that the ape-man was in league with the blacks. Jeff chuckled evilly. Luck was with him. A vast fortune and the girl he wanted were within his grasp.

Tarzan heard Jeff's answering call. He was pleased he had found the fugitives so easily, before they had fallen afoul of some jungle menace. And now he set out unerringly toward the spot whence the voice had come, never suspecting Jeff Buggers' trap.

# TARZAN the FEARLESS

Jeff Biggers chuckled softly under his breath. It was a chuckle of triumph and satisfaction. His fingers tightened on the rifle barrel, ready to crash the stock on Tarzan's head. His victim, he believed, was near. Already he heard the crackle of underbrush.

If Jeff had known the ape-man better, he would have realized that these sounds did not derive from his approach. True, he was approaching, but the Jungle Lord always traveled noiselessly. The sounds that reached Jeff's ears came from a far different source.

As Jeff awaited his prey he in turn became a quarry. Such is the stern, unchanging law of the jungle, where every creature is hunter and hunted. A lion, roaming the forest in search of food, caught the man's scent and crept cautiously toward him through the brush.

"Here I am over here," said Jeff, believing that he was speaking to Tarzan. The tail of the lion stiffened. His nostrils quivered. His fangy mouth was already moist with anticipation of a tasty meal. Then, with a mighty roar of triumph, the beast charged!

Tarzan heard the mighty roar of the lion resounding through the jungle, and he knew its meaning. Mary and Jeff were together, he believed, and the beast would kill them both. The thought was like an electric flash that quickened his dynamic body to action.

Meanwhile the charging lion bore down on his victim. A moment before Jeff had been planning to do violence to Tarzan, now he called upon the ape-man for aid. "Tarzan! Help!" he screamed. At the same time he lunged the rifle to his shoulder to fire.

But he was too late. The beast was already flying through space in a mighty spring. Vicious claws struck the rifle down. The impact of the great lion bore the man to the ground. Sharp fangs sank into human flesh. Jeff shrieked and fought, but in vain.

Then came Tarzan. A shaft of moonlight, driving down through the trees, revealed to him the struggling pair. He knew that in a few swift seconds Jeff would be dead. Into the battle he plunged, to save the man who was his secret enemy or die in the effort.

Out of the corner of an eye the lion caught a glimpse of his new foe and leaped to meet the attack. Tarzan dodged that first swift rush and tried to swing astride the beast, but the lion whirled to renew the charge, his fangs bared, his throat expelling mighty roars.

Tarzan knew the fighting methods of lions. His phenomenal agility enabled him to avoid the ripping claws, the snap of angry jaws. But he himself had had no chance to deliver a telling blow. Unless he did so soon, a lucky stroke from a claw might lay him low.

The tumult of the battle penetrated the peace of Mary's slumber. She sprang up with a start. Terror panic clutched her mind and heart. "Jeff!" she screamed, "Jeff! Where are you? What's happening?" Jeff did not answer. He lay motionless where he had fallen.

Not far away a lioness pricked up her ears. Those mighty roars told her that her mate was making a kill. She trotted forward, intent on sharing it. But as she ran, her nostrils caught Mary's scent. Here was prey near by. She would make a kill for herself!

Mary's scent grew stronger in the quivering nostrils of the lioness stalking warily through the forest. Soon she spotted her prey. She halted and gazed steadily at the girl through eager yellow-green eyes. But Mary was still unaware of the beast's presence.

Meanwhile the battle raged between Tarzan and the lion, but neither could gain the advantage. The lion roared and charged. Tarzan dodged and whirled. Several times the ape-man sought to come upon the beast from the rear as it rushed past; each time he failed.

Then the Jungle Lord did a strange thing. He stood still, inviting attack. The lion rushed in, rearing on his hind legs to lock his victim in fatal embrace. Tarzan shot forward, ducked under the brute's forelegs and drove his knife into the tawny hide.

The blade pierced the lion's heart. The great beast quivered, then slumped to the ground, dead. At that moment Mary discovered the lioness. For a few brief seconds she was paralyzed with terror. Then she screamed and ran. The lioness sprang to the chase!

Planting a foot on the carcass of the fallen lion, Tarzan was about to give voice to the ape-cry of victory. Then Mary's terror-stricken scream assailed his ears. Instantly the Jungle Lord whirled and darted down the trail in the direction of that frantic cry.

On the dark forest path, lighted only here and there by patches of moonlight, Mary could hardly hope to out-distance her fleet pursuer. Quickly the lioness, with lithe, galloping stride, was closing up the distance between them. In a few moments all would be over.

Mary thought once of halting, giving up. Flight seemed so futile. No! Her indomitable spirit would permit no such cowardly surrender. She'd struggle on as long as there was an ounce of energy left in her body. But now sardonic fate stepped in to cancel her efforts.

Mary stumbled. Her head struck the ground. She wanted to leap up, run on, to gain a few more minutes of life, but the blow on her head had paralyzed her muscles. She still retained her senses, however, and now on her skin she felt the hot breath of the beast!

When Tarzan approached he saw the girl stretched on the ground, the lioness standing over her, sniffing her curiously. He surmised that Mary had been stunned by a fall, but when she recovered and made a sudden move the beast would sink sharp fangs into her flesh.

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Together they hurried to the place where Jeff lay still. Tarzan bent over him, seeking to restore him to consciousness, trying to save the life of his secret foe. Thus, ironically, he was placing in the hands of fate a weapon to use for his own destruction!

TARZAN THE FEARLESS

Tarzan's efforts to revive Jeff soon bore fruit. Slowly the injured man opened his eyes—startled, wondering eyes. When he found out what had happened, he smiled inwardly. It was a grim joke that he should have been saved by the man he had sought to destroy.

From a certain tree Tarzan gathered a healing resin and rubbed it on the wounds which the teeth and talons of the lion had opened in the man's flesh. Then he lifted Jeff easily to a shoulder. "We shall go to a cave where he can recover in safety," Tarzan said.

The ape-man traveled slowly. Behind him Mary plodded wearily and though the mighty Tarzan was with her she could not dispel the terror inspired by the night sounds of the jungle—the scream of leopards, the roar of lions, the mocking laughter of hyenas.

Jeff Biggers, though very weak, was fully conscious. Had he been a normal man he would have been grateful to Tarzan for saving his life. Instead, his mind was busy with only one thought: how he might capture and deliver the ape-man to the savage blacks!

Dawn rode down over the eastern hills and put the night to rout. Mary breathed more easily. But Tarzan quickened his pace. Though many beasts, gorged with their kills, were retiring to their lairs, this was the hour when savage men fared forth into the forest.

The dawn brought Nkima scampering down from the highest branches of the trees. In utter terror he had followed the events of the night, but happily the memory of the little monkey was short, and the coming of day restored him to his normal playfulness.

As if he carried no burden at all, Tarzan ascended the mountain path. Mary was almost exhausted. At last they came to the cave of Tarzan's choice. He put Jeff down. Then he turned to the girl and pointed to the rifle. "If the savages come, shoot to kill!"

Without another word, the ape-man started down the hill. Jeff frowned. He must not let his quarry escape. If he could only wound Tarzan, keep the fellow captive until he could be delivered to the savages! Weakly Jeff's hand stretched out toward the rifle.

Jeff Biggers summoned every ounce of his energy to reach the rifle that lay on the floor of the cave. His purpose was to wound Tarzan, then to keep him prisoner until his own recovery permitted him to deliver the ape-man to Kagundo in return for the ten emeralds.

Jeff was extremely weak from loss of blood. His hand trembled toward the gun. He could not reach it. Then by a supreme effort he pushed his body forward. His fingers closed on the rifle. But by now Tarzan had disappeared far down the mountainside.

The man's lips twisted into a silent curse. Tarzan, he believed, was bound for the Zambeh village to aid Bob and Dr Brooks. "He'll very likely fall into the hands of Kagundo and his savages," Jeff muttered to himself; "and I'll be cheated out of my reward."

Jeff's surmise was not amiss. Tarzan was bound for the Zambeh village and he was in a mood for bold action. He was ready for a desperate gamble. To win meant life for his two friends. To lose meant death for them—and himself—in the Tree-God's maw!

Swiftly and accurately Tarzan traveled the uncharted arboreal trail. Knowing well the vagaries of savage minds, he feared that, despite his warning, Kagundo might decide at any moment to hurl the two remaining prisoners into the belly of the devouring Tree-God.

Even as the ape-man raced toward the village, Kagundo was weighing that very problem. True, he feared the wrath of Tarzan, the Tree-Demon, but perhaps the sacrifice of the captives would work some magic to lessen the power of the demon and assure his capture.

The witch-doctor grunted and rubbed his chin, he sighed and mumbled, such were the outward signs of his worried speculations. At last his bloodlust won. He clapped his hands together and shouted: "Bring forth the prisoners. They shall feed our holy god!"

The announcement threw the villagers into fanatic frenzy. To their degraded spirits the sacrifice was a pleasing exciting drama. To the prison hut the warriors rushed and dragged forth Bob and Dr Brooks. "Death!" they shouted; "death to the captives!"

From the prison hut the brutal warriors dragged Bob and Dr Brooks Then began the tragic march to the devouring Tree God, while the villagers shouted and danced in glee. At the head of the procession walked Kagundo, the witch-doctor, mumbling magic incantations.

The excitement of the occasion, the importance which Kagundo now assumed blotted from his mind Tarzan's warning that the captives were not to be killed. Even if he wished, the witch-doctor could hardly retreat from his decision now without losing prestige.

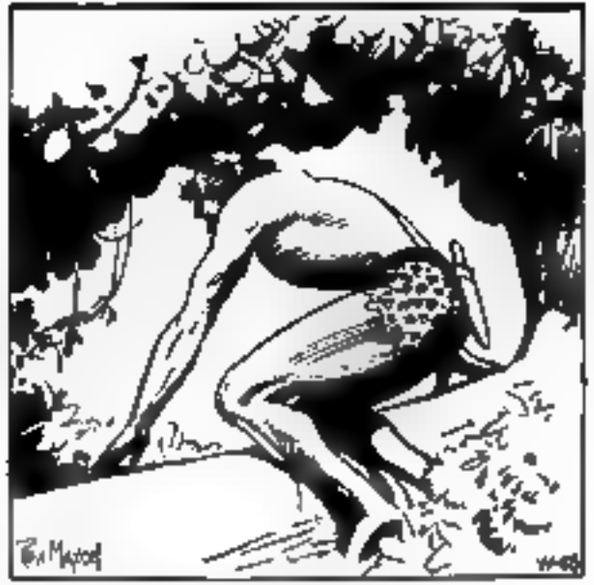
They came to the foot of the ladder Kagundo signaled the prisoners to mount Bob murmured to Dr Brooks "We've got to go. There's nothing else we can do. Anyway I'm glad Mary got away" Bob Mason placed a foot on the first rung of the fatal ladder

When Tarzan arrived in the trees overhead he saw the two white men mounting up, up, up toward the platform at the mouth of the Tree-God. He was just in time In time for what? In time to see them die, perhaps: for how could he save them from this savage horde?

At last Dr. Brooks and Bob reached the death platform. Neither could resist gazing down into the cavernous interior of the Tree-God which was soon to swallow them. Behind them came Kagundo and the ceremonial guard of warriors armed with spears and arrows.

The witch-doctor turned to the turbulent throng below and signaled for silence. Then he thundered: "Great is our Tree-God, great is Kagundo his priest. Now shall our god have food, now shall the flesh and blood of the captives nourish his sheltering trees."

The sound of his own voice fanned the flame of his vanity and now he shrieked: "Behold, the captives are here, about to die. Tarzan, the Tree-Demon, warned us not to kill them; but Kagundo has broken the power of Tarzan, the demon. Kagundo is mightier than he!"



Tarzan, invisible to the savages, appraised the scene below. The captives were guarded by well-armed warriors. If he descended to the platform he would be impaled on a dozen spears, or he might be flung into the idol's maw. Nevertheless, he must act now!

TARZAN the FEARLESS

Tarzan was ready to act, though his judgment told him he was taking a desperate gamble. With good luck he might swoop down and bear one of the prisoners away into the trees before the warriors could recover their wits. But he could not repeat the bold stroke.

The ape man's muscles tensed for the leap to the head of the Tree God. At that moment his observant eyes noticed a slight lessening of light from the sun. He glanced up. The sky was cloudless. There was only one explanation. An eclipse was beginning.

Quick to profit by this fortunate alliance of nature, Tarzan thundered in tones of confident authority: "Spare the lives of the prisoners. If you refuse, I shall wipe the sun from the heavens; the sacred trees will wither and die. The Tree-Demon has spoken!"

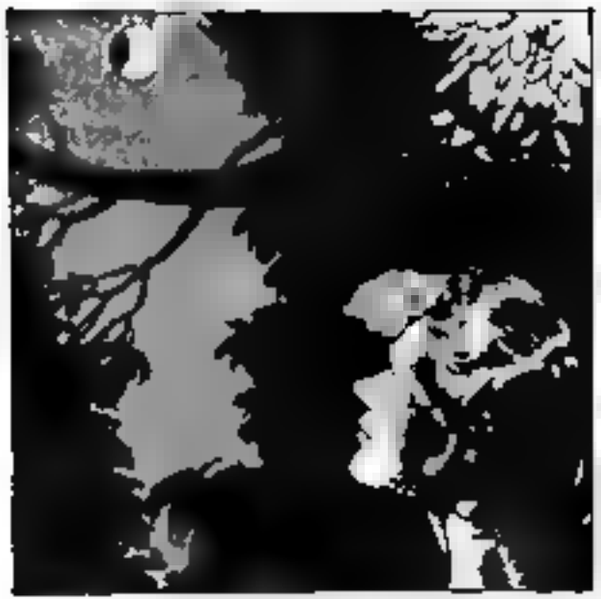
Kagundo was momentarily shocked, but by now he was in a fanatic frenzy which even fear could not penetrate. Besides, his eyes had not yet detected the fading light. He did not believe the Tree-Demon could erase the sun. "The captives must die!" he screamed.

A shout [illegible] defiance [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] he captives [illegible] dorsemen [illegible] courage and he turned to the hideous task [illegible] leading Bob and Dr. Brooks to the ravenous god.

Then Tarzan's voice boomed down once more. "Now Kagundi, shall you be punished for your defiance, you and your people. Now shall I erase the sun from the heavens as I warned. Behold, already the light of day is fading. Soon darkness will fall—forever!"

A murmur of awe went up from the assembled savages as they noticed for the first time that in fact the sun was growing dimmer. A pall seemed to fall from the skies, enveloping the whole earth in an eerie gloom. "Now will you spare the captives?" Tarzan demanded.

Kagundi knew that if he should yield to the demon, his power and prestige among his people would be destroyed. The vainglorious witch-doctor would rather lose his life than his exalted position. So in answer to Tarzan's demand he shouted a desperate "No!"



The devouring moon bit deeper into the circle of the sun. Darkness falls, a bitter cold will come upon the earth and all living things will perish," Tarzan boomed down. "Only I can give you back the sun." But Kagundo refused to spare the captives.

Now, however, murmurs of dissent arose from the tribesmen. They had seen eclipses before. Always they had visioned them as titanic struggles between the Tree-God and the powers of darkness. Always their god had won, but there was no guarantee of victory now.

"Spare the prisoners," they shrieked, "let the demon give us back the sun." Kagundo was delighted with this turn of events. He had persisted in his refusal to spare the captives only because he did not wish to lose prestige in the eyes of his fickle people.

But the witch-doctor was a politician, and now he cried down loudly: "I hearken to the voice of my people. Remember it is you, not I, who do the demon's bidding. The captives shall be spared." Tarzan had won—the first skirmish. His chief battle lay ahead.

Tarzan's problem was far from solved by Kagundo's promise to spare the lives of Bob and Dr. Brooks. The difficulty now was to remove them entirely from the hands of the savages. At first he thought of commanding that they be taken to the gates and released.

That solution, however, presented dangers. Before it could be accomplished the sun would pass from behind the moon. With the restoration of light the tribesmen might regain their confidence and violate their promise. If they did, Tarzan would be foiled.

The best plan, he believed, was to await maximum darkness, descend quickly to the platform and remove the prisoners, one at a time, to the trees. Then he could bear them away to freedom. So now he commanded the blacks: "Fall to your knees and bow your heads."

The ape-man dropped down, but in the faint light he was unable to judge his footing correctly. As his feet touched the smooth head of the idol he slipped. His shoulder struck sharply against the Tree-God, and he slid down to the warrior-laden platform!

Fortunately for Tarzan he escaped the notice of the warriors as he slid down to the platform. He was protected by the faint light and by the fact that the heads of the guards were bowed in waiting prayer. If they had seen him they would have sprung upon him.

Still his position was perilous. A stabbing pain in his left arm told him that it had been injured when he fell. He tried to move it. It was useless! And he needed two good arms to save Bob and Dr Brooks. Now he would be fortunate to save his own life.

Warily the ape-man rose to his feet, his left arm hanging impotent at his side. Already the eclipse was passing, the light grew slowly brighter. If he was to escape he must act at once. So he started laboriously to climb the face of the colossal idol.

His ascent called for every trick he had ever learned from the great apes and all the agility he had cultivated throughout his jungle career. The outcome was doubtful. At any moment a warrior might glance up—and impale him with a spear thrust!

Nerves of iron. Muscles of steel. Delicate sense of balance. Perfect co-ordination of body and brain. These were the qualities begotten of Tarzan's free and dangerous life in the wilderness, and these were the qualities which stood him now in such good service.

With his injured arm hanging limply at his side, he made his way up the side of the Tree-God's face, clutching each protuberance and drawing himself slowly higher. Had the ape-man been less calm, less courageous, he might have been tempted to hazardous haste.

Fortunately for Tarzan, the warriors and villagers still retained the position he had commanded. Their heads were bowed and from their throats came fearsome wails and husky prayers. "Give us back the sun—the sun that gives life to the sacred trees."

Tarzan was almost [illegible] Tree-God's head when one of the warriors on the platform raised his eyes by chance and saw the dim outline of the ape-man. "The demon!" he shrieked. "the demon! Kill him!" Instantly he lifted his spear and hurled it savagely!

TARZAN the FEARLESS

The spear darted from the warrior's hand straight toward the target, which was Tarzan's body. Luckily Tarzan was warned by the warrior's cry upon spying him. There was a brief interval between the cry and the toss of the spear while the black collected his wits.

That interval was sufficient for the nimble ape-man, though his injured left arm was useless. He was already near the top of the idol's head. And now, half pulling with his right arm and half pushing with his feet, he jerked himself from the spear's path.

The warrior's jaw dropped in amazement. He could hardly believe his eyes. A moment before the spear was about to pierce the demon. Then, like a lightning flash, Tarzan had darted aside and the point of the shaft buried itself in the face of the wooden idol.

But Tarzan was not yet safe. Most of the tribesmen were too bewildered to do anything but stare. They feared the demon's wrath. But there were a few natural huntsmen who were prompted by spontaneous instinct to discharge their spears at the fleeing quarry.

By now Tarzan had reached the top of the idol. He crouched. Then he sprang upward. Spears flew about him, but they went wide of the speeding target. The ape-man thrust out his right hand and grasped a branch of the tree overhead, then vanished into the foliage.

He sat there on a bough. From his lips came laughter, mocking laughter. "How foolish are the warriors of Zambeh," he called. "to think that they can kill me. I am Tarzan, the demon of the trees. No spear, no arrow can pierce my flesh. I am Tarzan!"

The ape-man fell silent while the import of his bluffing remarks sank into the minds of the blacks. Then he resumed: "Tarzan should punish you, but Tarzan is merciful. I will grant you pardon if you do no harm to the captives, who are under my protection."

Once more the Jungle Lord was tempted to follow up his advantage by demanding the immediate release of Bob and Dr. Brooks. But suppose the savages, prompted by some fanatic, unaccountable hysteria, should defy him? Then he would lose all he had gained.

Tarzan decided that he must content himself with having saved the lives of his two captive friends. He needed time to work out the strategy for their final release. The eclipse was passing now and the ape-man hastened to take credit for it in the eyes of the savages.

"I give you back the sun," he said, "but I shall wipe it forever from the skies if you do harm to the two white men." The tribesmen howled their promises and their gratitude. And as the sun shone brighter again they conducted Bob and Dr Brooks to the ground.

Tarzan noted that now the white men were regarded with the greatest respect; they were treated not as captives but as honored guests. The Jungle Lord believed he could safely leave them now and return to the mountain cave to see how Mary and Jeff were faring. . . .

Jeff was faring well—too well for Tarzan's safety. He had recovered from the shock of his injuries. He kept his rifle by him now, hoping for Tarzan's return, ready to open fire on the ape-man he hated!

While he awaited Tarzan's return, Jeff paid court to Mary trying to win her favor. "Very likely the savages have already killed Bob and your father," he said with feigned sadness; "you'll need somebody to take care of you, Mary; won't you let me try?"

"You have been very kind," the girl answered "you saved me from the savages, and I'm grateful, Jeff but I love Bob I don't believe he's dead. I'm sure Tarzan went to help him and father. If they can be saved, he'll do it. He seems to perform miracles."

"Tarzan can't be trusted," Jeff growled I don't know what his name is, but I've believed all along he's in league with the blacks. The old witch-doctor hinted as much to me You might as well give up hope for Bob. Can't you care for me a little, Mary?"

The girl shook her head sadly Jeff persisted, picturing the riches and luxuries he would give her As he talked he kept a sharp eye for Tarzan, for he expected to gain this fabulous wealth by capturing and delivering the ape-man to the devilish savages.

Force is the law of the jungle among beasts and men. By that law Jeff Biggers had lived out many years in the African wilderness as hunter and trader. And when he found himself confronted by superior force it was his practice to take refuge in trickery.

Here alone in the jungle, no law governed him and Mary Brooks. He might take her in his arms and claim her for his own. No! That he could not do. It was Jeff Biggers' only redeeming trait that he had an awesome respect for this wholesome, innocent girl.

Like many men who had wandered the corrupt by-ways of life, he looked forward to the day when he could honorably take such a girl as this for his wife, a girl who represented all the virtues he did not possess. But Mary would not listen to his wooing.

She walked to the rear of the cave while Jeff continued to watch the mountain side for Tarzan. Suddenly his eyes flashed wide. A bitter, triumphant smile twisted his lips. Tarzan was coming! Jeff fingered his rifle eagerly, awaiting the moment to fire.

Jeff raised his rifle slowly and took a preliminary sight. Tarzan was much too far away to offer an easy target. Now Nkima saw his friend Tarzan approaching and he saw Jeff's action. The little monkey knew well the meaning of the deadly thunder-stick.

Immediately Nkima set up a fearful screaming and chattering. Mary turned quickly and ran to the mouth of the cave. She, too, saw the distant Tarzan and Jeff's ready rifle. "What are you doing?" she demanded. "I'm going to shoot him," Jeff answered sullenly.

"He's our enemy, the man added. "he's probably coming to kill me and steal you." Mary was dismayed. She trusted Tarzan, she believed that in him rested the only hope of saving her father and Bob Mason, the man she loved. She must not let them die!

"Jeff," she pleaded, "spare Tarzan and I'll marry you." Jeff looked up. For a moment he weighed her decision. He wanted this girl, but he wanted, too, the giant emeralds which would be his reward for Tarzan's capture—or death. Which did he prize most?

TARZAN the FEARLESS

Slowly the Jungle Lord ascended the mountainside unaware that his life hung in the balance. He did not suspect Jeff's cowardly treachery, nor could he see his secret foe in the shadows of the cave high above him, awaiting a chance to shoot him. . . .

"Don't shoot him, Jeff." Mary repeated pleadingly. "If you spare Tarzan I'll marry you." That promise represented a terrible sacrifice to Mary, but she would make it gladly because she had faith in Tarzan's power to save her father and Bob from the savages.

Jeff looked up at her hesitatingly. If he could wound Tarzan, or kill him, and hand him over to the blacks he would win the fabulous emeralds of the Tree-God. If he spared Tarzan, then this beautiful girl would be his reward. Here was a dilemma indeed.

Jeff's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. His crafty mind worked speedily. Suddenly his impassive face cracked into a smile. "Okay!" he said. "It's a bargain." Jeff had conceived a plan whereby he would eliminate Tarzan, win the emeralds and the girl, too!

# TARZAN FEARLESS

"Let's go!" Jeff commanded impatiently. "Go? Where are we going?" Mary asked in surprise. "To the coast," the man answered. "It's the only thing to do. Kagundo has probably killed Bob and your father already. We, at least, can save ourselves."

"We don't know that they've killed Bob and father," Mary objected. "Let's wait for Tarzan. Maybe he's bringing news." "Tarzan!" snarled Jeff. "I been trying to tell you he's our enemy. I been in this jungle for years. I know a lot of things you don't."

Mary was unconvinced, but now Jeff clutched her roughly by the arm. "Come on," he barked. "you promised to marry me. You made the bargain yourself. Now, I'm boss, and you're going to do as I say." Mary saw a glint of fury in his eyes, and she was afraid.

Her first impulse was to scream, hoping that Tarzan would hear and hurry to her. But her better judgment counseled restraint. If the ape man should come dashing to her, Jeff might fire on him. Mary knew she was in Jeff's power. Sadly she nodded obedience.

TARZAN FEARLESS

With heavy heart Mary Brooks followed Jeff down the mountainside. As his path of descent Jeff chose a winding ravine so he would be invisible to Tarzan. Mary's only hope now was that the ape-man would follow when he found them missing from the mountain cave.

"Don't look so downhearted, sweetheart," Jeff chuckled, "everything's going to be just swell. We're going to be a very lovey-dovey couple. And when we get to the coast I'll organize a safari and come back to see what happened to Bob and your dad."

Mary shuddered. This man grew more and more distasteful to her. The thought of marrying him appalled her. But she had given her word, and she had a fanatic sense of honor. If only something would happen to release her from her promise! But what could happen?

Jeff was in high spirits. First, the honeymoon. Then he would organize a safari to return to the Zambeh country—not to determine the fate of Bob and Dr Brooks, but to hunt down Tarzan like a wild beast, deliver him to the blacks and claim the rich reward!

# TARZAN the FEARLESS

When Tarzan, after a slow ascent, approached the mountain cave Nkima greeted him with excited chatter. The little monkey poured into his ear a half-incoherent tale of how the white stranger had been about to shoot Tarzan with the dreadful thunder-stick.

Tarzan smiled. He knew Nkima's wild imagination. Perhaps, he thought, Jeff had aimed at an antelope. He had seen several as he came up the mountain. And now, he surmised, Jeff had gone hunting, and had taken Mary with him rather than leave her here alone.

The ape-man was undisturbed. Jeff and Mary would be back soon, he believed, and there was no danger in the vicinity of the cave. Tarzan stretched himself on the ground, like a beast at ease. A little rest would help relieve the soreness of his injured arm.

Meanwhile Jeff and Mary were far down the valley. In his exuberance, Jeff caught Mary's arm. "Now that we're engaged, practically married, let's have a little kiss." Mary tried to pull away, but Jeff, self-confident and exultant, pulled her to him.

# TARZAN FEARLESS

Jeff Biggers lost his head completely. Before, he had treated Mary with awesome respect, but since she had promised to marry him his attitude had changed. Now he was master she his slave. He only laughed at her struggles as he drew her to him in close embrace.

"Turn me loose," she cried. "Take it easy, sweetheart," Jeff grinned: "you can give me a kiss, we'll be married in a few days." Mary, however, did not cease her struggles. The man's brutality his display of possessiveness, were abhorent to her

Jeff's strength began to ebb. The injuries he had sustained in the lion's attack had cost him much blood, and the past few hours had been strenuous. Mary, on the other hand, was stronger than her appearance indicated. And she was stimulated by her fury.

Jeff had put down his rifle, the better to handle her. But now the girl broke away. With the agility and accuracy of a lioness she swooped down on the gun. Jeff dashed toward her. In a flash the rifle leaped up, its muzzle on a level with the man's chest.

TARZAN EARLES

When the cowardly Jeff saw the rifle leveled at him, he stopped short. "Don't shoot! Don't kill me! Please don't kill me!" he pleaded. "Listen Mary. I lost my head. Forgive me this time and it won't happen again. I'll be as gentle as a lamb. I promise."

"Of course it won't happen again," Mary answered firmly, "because I won't give you a chance. I know you now Jeff Biggers, for what you are—a stinking rat. Yes, I promised to marry you, but you've forfeited the right to hold me to that promise."

"But you won't shoot me, will you, Mary?" Jeff begged. Now he was interested only in saving his life. "No," the girl replied. "I'll keep you here until Tarzan comes. I'm sure he'll follow us." Jeff trembled. He could imagine Tarzan's reaction to this incident.

Suddenly Jeff's eyes grew wide. "Look out! Behind you!" he cried. The girl smiled. "You can't catch me with that old trick!" But this was no trick. In the undergrowth Jeff had seen the savage faces of Zamboh warriors. The next moment they leaped at Mary!

# TARZAN TEARS

From behind the Bambuti warriors pounced fiercely on Mary [illegible] and before they wrested her little from her, Jeff Biggers turned to run. He had no [illegible] in leaving the girl to her fate. But he ran straight into the arms of another savage band.

The blacks chattered excitedly as they enclosed their captives in a circle of spears. Mary was terrified. That run of brutal faces seemed to cut her off forever from the world. Jeff, however, tried to hide his fear and put on an expression of injured innocence.

"What's the meaning of this!" he demanded. "Magunda let me go free so I could capture Tarzan the Ape-Man." "You were not trying to capture Tarzan; you were trying to escape," declared the leader of the band. "Magunda suspected you. He sent us to watch for you."

Jeff could offer no contradictory evidence. It was plain that he had been traveling toward the frontier of the Bambuti country, intent on escaping. "March!" the sub-chief commanded, prodding Jeff with his spear, "now both of you will be laid for the Tree-God."

# TARZAN the FEARLESS

With heads bowed, the two captives trudged along the jungle trail. Jeff was trying to think of some scheme whereby he might outwit Kagunda and save his own life. Mary was utterly without hope. Even if Tarzan should find them, he could not help them now. . . .

. . . At this very moment, the ape-man was stretched motionless on the floor of the cave. He had the faculty of complete relaxation. That was part of the secret of his power. In these periods of repose, his body stored up reserves of strength to be used at will.

Time passed, and Mary and Jeff did not return. Tarzan decided to go in search of them. He rose and stretched his injured arm gingerly. It was much better. The perfect health of his body, derived from his natural existence, stimulated rapid recovery.

He had no difficulty following the trail of Mary and Jeff. His keen eyes and nostrils clarified the dim testimony of the journey. Even their scent mingled with that of Hambah warriors. Tarzan read the signs of their capture. Again his foes had won.

# TARZAN FEARLESS

Tarzan followed swiftly along the trail of the savage warriors and their captives. Just what he would do, he did not know. He would let his strategy be determined by circumstances. The girl, at least, he was resolved to save, no matter what the hazard.

Nkima aroused Tarzan's fighting mood, and knew that danger impended. Nkima was never in a mood for danger. He dropped behind. The ape man took to the trees, for this was his swiftest mode of travel. Sharp pains stabbed his injured arm. He ignored them.

Soon he heard Jeff's cries above the chatter and laughter of the warriors. "Don't! Don't beat me!" Tarzan frowned and darted ahead. Presently he looked down on the savages. They were beating Mary, too, but she bore her pain silently, with stoic bravery.

Tarzan was a man of phenomenal composure but the sight of the girl being beaten by those savage brutes stirred him to blind, withering wrath. Without counting the consequences, he dropped earthward to defend her, to face the warriors single handed!

# TARZAN FEARLESS

Rarely did the Jungle Lord act on impulse, but the cruel treatment of the girl was more than he could endure. Down from the tree he dropped. He was half-surprised himself at this unwary, impetuous action. But now that he was here, there was no retreat.

He leaped for Mary, hoping to seize her and leap treeward before the blacks could stop him. But the sudden appearance of the Tree Demon stirred them to instant action. One of the warriors thrust his spear. Tarzan clutched it and wrenched it from his hand.

"The Demon! The Demon," the tribesman shouted. "The Demon is ours! Kill him! He can't escape now!" Their certainty seemed well founded, for never was Tarzan in a more dangerous position. From every side the warriors lunged at him with their spears.

Tarzan dodged beneath one thrust, another he countered with his own shaft. Only his lightning swiftness had saved him thus far. Now a warrior in front drove at him. Tarzan felled him. At the same moment, another assailant aimed a death blow from behind.

# TARZAN FEARLESS

During the furious battle, Mary Brooks stood petrified with fear. Then she saw the warrior about to plunge a spear into Tarzan's back. The menace to her champion electrified her. Swiftly she flung herself against Tarzan's assailant. The spear went wide.

Mary's triumph filled her with zest. Her burst of activity quickened her blood. Gone now was her fear. She, too, must fight. From the ground she took up a dead warrior's spear and used it as a flail to knock down some of the shafts aimed at the ape-man.

In the first feverish flurry five of the warriors fell, and Tarzan was unscratched. The tribesmen drew back so they could hurl their spears at the demon without endangering themselves. Tarzan saw his chance to seize Mary and leap with her into the trees.

Jeff Biggers' mind was working swiftly. If he could be instrumental in capturing Tarzan, he could claim his reward from Kagundo, and save his own life. So, as Tarzan flung the girl to his shoulder, Jeff dived at him from behind and brought him down.

# TARZAN FEARLESS

As treacherous Jeff Biggers struck him from behind, Tarzan's knees buckled. He and Mary tumbled to the ground. Before they could rise, the warriors were upon them. The apeman struggled heroically to free himself, but the warriors held him pinioned.

When they had bound his wrists with strong grass rope, they commanded him to rise. Then the procession was resumed, with the warriors shouting in delight because they had captured Tarzan the Demon. They gave Jeff due credit, and called him comrade.

Jeff was pleased with the whole affair. Now he could claim the emeralds from Nagundo as his reward, and he would demand, too, that Mary be spared. "Don't worry," he called to the girl, "we'll have our honeymoon yet." "I prefer death," Mary answered coolly.

The girl turned sadly to Tarzan. "I'm grateful to you for trying to save me. But now they'll kill you, too." Tarzan smiled and shrugged. "For years I've played a game with death. A thousand times I've won. Should I begrudge him his single victory?"

# TARZAN FEARLESS

As helpless prisoners, Tarzan and Mary came to the palisade of the Zambeh village, where their captors cried out proudly: "We have captured Tarzan the Tre-Demon!" The village burst into a turmoil of excitement. The people ran shouting to the gates.

From his hut strolled Kagundo, the witch-doctor, putting on an air of solemn dignity to conceal his elation. When they saw him, Tarzan's captors yelled: "Behold, we have taken the demon; we deliver him into your hands! Mighty are the warriors of Zambeh!"

"Huh!" grunted Kagundo. "You were only the instruments of my power! It was I, the great Kagundo, who wove the spell of magic that weakened the demon so you could capture him." The clever witch-doctor never failed to take credit for any favorable event.

Fate had played into Kagundo's hands, and he was resolved to take quick advantage of the situation. Tarzan and his friends must die at once. "Come!" he commanded with a flourish. "To our Tree-God. Never has our holy one had such a feast as this!"

# TARZAN FEARLESS

Bob and Dr. Brooks were dragged from their prison hut to join the fateful procession. In the vanguard Kagundo chanted ominously. "Five shall die! Five shall appease the hunger of our god. The blood of five shall nourish the roots of our sacred trees."

Jeff Higgers raised his voice in trembling protest. "Five? What do you mean five? Am I not to be spared? Didn't the warriors tell you it was I who brought the demon down? You promised me the emeralds and my life if I captured Tarzan. I did my part."

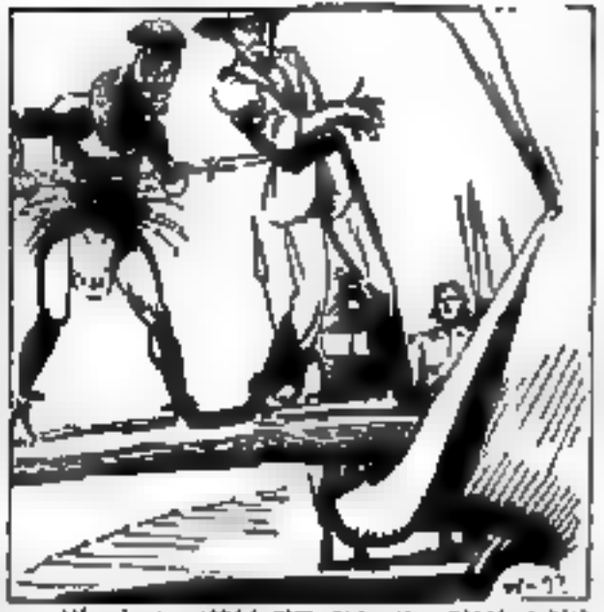
The witch doctor turned with a sly chuckle. "Does Kagundo look like a fool? Why should I give you the boy emeralds when I do not have to? You shall die with the others, and I shall keep the emeralds. That's treachery," whined Jeff. Kagundo laughed.

Presently the procession arrived at the foot of the towering idol. At a signal from the witch doctor, a guard of warriors mounted the ladder to the platform. Then the doomed captives began the ascent—up, up, up toward the mouth of the devouring god!

# TARZAN FEARLESS

As Tarzan mounted the ladder with his fellow captives, the warriors on the platform kept him covered with drawn bows. They were taking no chances on a hideous, spectacular bid to freedom. But the apeman seemed resigned to the fate that awaited him.

Soon the prisoners were assembled for the horrible sacrifice. Kagundo chose Jeff Bickers as the first to be hurled into the maw of the tree god. Jeff begged for his life, but his tearful supplications merely stimulated the bloodlust of the savages.



Warriors pushed him onto the plank which was the tree god's tongue, and Kagundo prodded him with a spear lun and the cavernous interior of the idol's mouth. The other captives, except Tarzan, trembled, for this was the fate which was soon to be theirs.

In a daze of terror Jeff walked along the plank, followed by the exultant witch doctor. Then, just before Kagundo entered the dark interior, he turned slowly to Tarzan and said: "Prepare to die, demon! This first victim will show the way. You are next!"

# TARZAN the FEARLESS

Presently, from the throat of the colossal idol rang the voice of Kagundo chanting the ritual that preceded the sacrifice. Soon the witch doctor would step back to the platform, the executioner would cut the rope, and Jeff Biggers would be plunged to his doom!

Nearby, the executioner stood tense, holding his knife against the rope, waiting for Kagundo to emerge and give the signal. Already, with keenest delight, he envisioned the release of the pivoted plank weighted at the other end by the sacrificial victim.

Dr. Brooks quaked with terror. Mary and Bob were locked in each other's arms, in a last clinging embrace. "Even death cannot conquer our love," the girl whispered. Bob nodded. "We part, for just a little while. We'll be reunited—on the other side."

Tarzan's face gave no hint of emotion, either of fear or sorrow. After Jeff, he would be the next to die. The remaining span of his mortal life could be measured in minutes. But there was still one desperate, heroic chance. He prepared to take it.

# TARZAN FEARLESS

One more chance for life!, Tarzan took it! First his gaze darted about him, above and below, making a hasty survey of his position. Then he feigned a leap upward. The startled warriors believed he would attempt to climb the face of the god and leap treeward.

But just as they drew back their spears to impale him, the lightning-quick apeman shifted his course, dashed to the edge of the platform, and swung downward. Then, with the agility of a monkey, the jungle lord scrambled down the side of the giant idol.

Peering over the edge of the platform, the warriors laughed. Tarzan was a fool. He could not escape that way. If he continued to the ground the people there would seize him. But the apeman did not continue to the ground. He had a different objective.

He leaped back to the platform where stood the witchman who controlled the mechanism of the sacrifice. The man was terrified, but his very fear inspired him to swift action. He whipped up his long, murderous knife to plunge it into the demon's breast.

# TARZAN the FEARLESS

As the executioner struck, Tarzan dodged, thrust out an arm, and tripped the fellow from the platform. Then with his own knife he slashed the rope. The end of the pivoted plank flew up—dropping Jeff Riggers and Kagundo into the belly of the tree god.

Thus did Jeff pay the price of his treachery, and thus was Kagundo punished for his evil ways. And above the cries of the dying pair the spectators were heard out: "So do the enemies of Tarzan and so will die all who oppose us. Now will you obey me?"

To the tribesmen, Kagundo's death was proof of Tarzan's supremacy and they bowed to his will. Nor was any hand lifted against him which he led his friends safely from the village, and started them on the first stage of their happy homeward journey.

DARING THAT THRILLS
ROMANCE THAT ENTHRALLS—
MYSTERY THAT BAFFLES—

*You will find all these — and more — in Edgar Rice Burroughs' new daily story—*

**TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY**

*Beginning* **MONDAY**

Presently Tarzan halted. Throwing back his head, he voiced the piercing victory cry of the apes. Thus did he proclaim that once again the mighty jungle lord had come battle with the evil forces of the wilderness—and won!

The End.

# TARZAN AND THE HIDDEN CITY

Tarzan, lord of the jungle, idling at ease on the back of Tarlo the elephant, lying in the mottled sunlight of the noonday wilderness, snapped suddenly to attention. Usha, the wind, had borne to his keen nostrils the scent of an approaching Gomangani.

The apeman relaxed as he recognized the black who came presently into view. "Why is Ogabi here instead of in his own country?" Tarzan asked. "Ogabi join white bwana's safari. White bwana send Ogabi bring Tarzan. Say he must see Tarzan very quick."

"Where?" the apeman demanded. "In big village Loango," Ogabi declared. Tarzan's answer came at once. "No!" He did not like the towns, outposts of encroaching civilization. Nor did he care to heed the beck and call of every passerby who wished to see him.

"Bwana Lavac say come," Ogabi insisted. Lavac! The apeman's face lighted. "Tarzan will come," he cried. Capt. Lavac was an old friend. His summons, Tarzan knew, was always a signal for stirring adventure—for some project strange and dangerous!

# TARZAN IN OPEN CITY

In Luango an anxious trio awaited Tarzan. "Do you really think he can find Brian, Capt. Larac?" asked Helen Gregory. The French-man shrugged. "If Tarzan can't find him no one can. But your brother has been missing two years. He may be dead."

Helen, however, refused to credit that possibility. Brian had gone on a mysterious expedition. Several of his companions had been killed, but the others had returned, bringing back weird, unbelievable stories that Brian had vanished without a trace.

The girl became suddenly conscious of a man standing before them, a bronzed, near naked white man. Her eyes widened with puzzled astonishment. "It is Brian," she whispered tensely, "yet it is not Brian." "No," Lorac smiled "this is Tarzan of the Apes."

At a nearby table, too, Tarzan was mistaken for the missing man. "It is he. It is Brian Gregory," the woman exclaimed to her stranger companion, "after all these months we've found him. Now we must get him into our power. Kidnap him! I have a way to do it!"

# TARZAN THE ONE-EYED CITY

The woman's eyes narrowed as she gazed at Tarzan, whom she mistook for Brian Gregory. "We must get him at once," she whispered to her swarthy companion. Hastily she wrote a note and gave it to a serving boy. Then she disappeared with the man into the hotel.

Tarzan read the note with a puzzled frown. "From a woman—named Magra. She wants to see me. Must be a mistake. I'll go and explain." "Careful," Larao smiled, "you are used to the wilds of Africa, but not to the wiles of civilization— or women."

A few minutes later, the apeman stood in the presence of the beautiful exotic Magra. "No, there is no MISTAKE," she purred; "you are Brian Gregory. You cannot feel such an old friend as I." "I'm not Brian Gregory, and I don't know you," Tarzan insisted.

He turned to leave, but Magra touched his arm. "You are not going, because it would be dangerous. My friend, Lal Tasik, is behind you. His pistol is at your back. You are coming with me. Lal Tasik will come, too. One little move—and you are dead."

# TARZAN in the FORBIDDEN CITY

At Magra's command, Tarzan ascended the stairs. Behind walked Lal Tsack, his revolver at the apeman's back. "What is all this?" Tarzan demanded. "Soon your memory will be refreshed," the girl smiled: "down this hall is a door, beyond that door is a man."

But Tarzan was no more enlightened when he stepped into a room where a man sat at a table —a man sinister and mysterious. "Look, Atan Thome!" Magra gloated, "I've found him at last." "Ah, Brian Gregory!" Thome exclaimed: "I'm delighted to see you."

"What do you want?" "You are Gregory," said Thome, "and you know what I want—the directions to Athair, the forbidden city. You made a map. Give it to me, or—" "I have no map; I never heard of Athair."

Atan Thome scowled. "If you will not help us, then you must not live to hinder us!" He turned to his swarthy henchman who stood at Tarzan's back. "Lal Tsack! The gun would make too much noise. Your knife will do the work quietly. Strike, Lal Tsack!"

# TARZAN IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

With lightning swiftness Tarzan wheeled upon the man who was about to plunge a knife into his back. Steel thewed fingers gripped the would-be assassin. Then Tarzan lifted Lai Tasek high above his head and hurled him to the floor. The man lay motionless.

Then Tarzan fixed his flashing gaze on Atan Thome. "You're next," he said grimly. "Wait," Thome pleaded. "Let us reason." "I do not reason with murderers—I kill." "But I only wished to frighten you, to make you give me the map to Athair." Thome pleaded.

"I have no map," said Tarzan, "and I know nothing of Athair. What do you want there?" "You know what I want at Athair," snapped Atan Thome, "you know what we both want at Athair—the father of diamonds. Will you work with me—or against me?"

Tarzan shrugged. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "All right, you fool," growled Thome. "If you won't give me the map, then you nor anyone else will ever use it." From a shoulder holster he whipped a pistol, and leveled it at Tarzan.

TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY

With the revolver aimed point blank at Tarzan's chest, Alan Thome pressed the trigger. At the same moment, Magra leaped forward like a tigress and struck up the gun. The shot went wild. "You shan't—you shan't kill Brian Gregory!" the girl cried.

The apeman sprang toward Thome, but with surprising agility the fellow stepped back thru the doorway into the other room, pulling Magra with him, and quickly locked the door. Tarzan heard him cursing the girl bitterly for her unexpected treachery.

Why, the apeman wondered, had this strange woman interceded in his behalf? But there was no time to consider such mysteries. He must go after Thome. He threw a shoulder against the door. It gave way. Tarzan stepped into the room. It was vacant!

A balcony stairway had offered easy escape. Tarzan shrugged. Let them go. He'd solve the mystery thru the Indian he had left unconscious in the other room. He strode across the threshold—to confront a new mystery. Lal Tasak, too, had vanished!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan stood staring at the spot whence Lal Tasik had vanished. Evidently feigning unconsciousness, the fellow had taken the first opportunity to escape. And now the ape-man was left without a clue to the mysterious enemies who had tried to kill him.

In his forest homeland, he would have tracked down his foes and punished them, but here in the town his jungle powers were stifled. Tarzan was caught in a whirlpool of mystery and intrigue. He accepted the challenge. Somehow he would fight his way out!

Tarzan said nothing of his adventure to his friends, for fear of disturbing them. They were planning to sail next day for Bonga, then push on to Athair, the Forbidden City. True to the tradition of her sex, Helen had some last-minute shopping to do.

"I'll go with you," Larac offered, "you might not be safe alone." The girl laughed: "I want no man around while I'm shopping, unless he wants to pay the bills. Bye-bye." Blithely she went her way—toward the trap that even then was being prepared for her!

# TARZAN FORBIDDEN CITY

While Helen hastened to the bazaar, Alan Thorne was in his hideaway torturing Magra. He was furious because she had stopped him from killing Tarzan, whom they took mistook for Brian Gregory. "Why did you do it?" he blistered Thorne. "Are you in love with him?"

"Perhaps" Magra smiled enigmatically. "Love and business don't mix!" The man snarled. "We don't try any funny stuff. You know what I do to traitors!" The girl shivered: she knew! And did she! It was imperative to make amends for crossing her employer.

"Well, let's get to business," she soothed. "Our objective is to get the route map to Atlair. Thus Gregory outfit has it. So, it's up to us to get something they want. Then, we'll exchange. For instance, the girl, Helen, Lal Tarzan can do the job."

And so it came about that while Helen Gregory wandered into the darkening bazaar the eyes of Lal Tarzan followed her every movement—eyes sharp and alert—like the eyes of some feline creature waiting a chance to spring upon its prey.

TARZAN OF THE APES—DOWN CITY

Absorbed in her purchases, Helen did not notice that night was falling. From shop to shop she wandered, collecting last minute necessities for the exciting expedition. And from the concealment of niches and doorways, the eyes of Lal Tsauk followed her.

At last reaching a certain dark and favorable place, the Indian slipped ahead of her and waited. This was the shop that served as a blind for his master's sinister pursuits. Presently Helen drew abreast of it. Lal Tsauk stepped out and seized her.

The girl struggled in vain against her assailant, whose spare physique belied his strength. She tried to scream for help, but the man clapped a pole roughly over her mouth, and dragged her to the back room of the shop, where Atan Thone bowed suave y:

"Miss Gregory, I deeply regret the necessity of this seeming discourtesy," Thone smiled; "but your party has something I want—the route map to Atlah. I shall hold you as hostage until I get it. If I don't get it—they'll never see you again."

# TARZAN OF THE ORANGE CITY

Tarzan decided to hold Helen Gregory a few hours, to give her father a there fright, then demand the map to Athair as her ransom. Magra sat in deep meditation, evolving a sweet scheme. Suddenly she rose and announced: "I'm going for a little walk.

She strolled nonchalantly from the room but once outside, hurried footsteps carried her to the courtyard of the hotel. There she cast her eyes upward to the rooms occupied by the Gregory party. As she expected, the men were in earnest council.

Magra knew they were discussing plans to search for the missing Helen. Evidently their plans were quickly made for soon they left their quarters and emerged into the courtyard, hastening toward the street. Magra found concealment behind a bush.

As Tarzan passed near her, the girl's heart fluttered. How strong and handsome, how fascinating he was! But this was no time for romantic musing. She had work to do. Stealthily she slipped into the hotel, to put her delicate plan into effect.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Meg slipped cautiously along the corridor until she came to the rooms occupied by the Gregory party. As she had hoped, in their hurried departure they had neglected to lock the doors. She glanced up and down the hall, then crept stealthily inside . . .

Meanwhile Tarzan, Capt. Lovat and Helen's father were pursuing a fruitless search for the missing girl. In the jungle the ape man would have hunted her out unerringly, but here he was utterly lost in this unfamiliar maelstrom of civilization.

They returned empty handed to the hotel to make new plans. Suddenly a window pane crashed and a missile fell on the floor, a note tied to a stone. Frederick Gregory read it: "If you want your daughter, give Allbert map to stone and throw out window."

"They can have it," he confounded map, he cried. "It's a cheap price to pay." He dashed then to Helen's room and jerked open the drawer where the map was kept. Gregory gasped. The map was not there. "The only means of rescuing his daughter was gone!"

TARZAN in the ODD-OMEN CITY

The note to Arthur was the ransom demanded for Helen, and the map had vanished. Sally Bif father reported that foot in a note and threw it out the window. Tarzan wanted to follow the messenger, but Lance dissuaded him, for fear of endangering the girl . . .

Alan Thorne was furious. "They lie!" he cried. "and they'll never see the girl again. I'll find my way without the map." Slowly the door opened. And Magra entered. "If it's the map you want," she smiled archly, "I have it, but you'll have to pay.

"How much?" Thorne demanded. "A share in the rather of Diamonds at Athar." Magra answered; "and—a promise!" "A promise?" The girl smiled. "A promise that in the race to Athar, you won't kill Brian." It was as Brian Gregory that Magra knew Tarzan.

"All right!" said Alan Thorne, grinning. "It's a go. I'll promise not to kill your handsome boy friend." His lips ceased to move, but in his mind he added an important qualification: "I won't kill him unless he gets in my way. If he does, I'll kill him with pleasure!"

# TARZAN and the LOST EMPIRE

Atan Thome quivered with delight, as he held in his hands the route map to the Forbidden City of Athair. There in the unknown mountains, guarded by a secret, mysterious race, was the Father of Diamonds. He'd take it from them, by stealth or force.

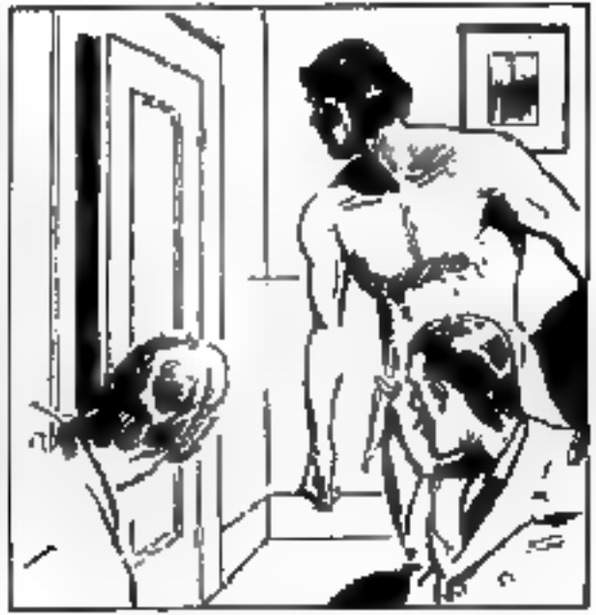
Now Thome swung into action. He called Lal Tsank. "Go tell the captain of the river boat to be ready. I've already bribed him to sail tonight instead of tomorrow. That will leave the Gregorys stranded. There won't be another sailing for a week."

Lal Tsank left. Thome turned to Magra. "You must join the Gregory party by any ruse. Contrive to delay them. I know you're strong for that bronzed Apollo; but if you double-cross me, I'll get you both. No traitor has ever escaped Atan Thome!"

He went then to the room where Helen was a prisoner. Her eyes lighted when she saw the map. "Now you will let me go!" "No," said Thome. "You'll come with me to Athair. I'll keep you as a hostage. Besides, I'll enjoy your company." Helen shivered.

# TARZAN and the FOREIGN CITY

As the river steamer swished and sloshed against the current, Helen was a helpless captive in her cabin. She glanced out to the crocodile-infested stream. No chance of escape that way, or any other. She was firmly in the power of Alan Thome.



After a night's vain searching, Tarzan, Lacée and Gregory resolved to report to the authorities. Hitherto they had refrained, lest a police net frighten Helen's abductor into killing her. As they made the decision, there came a knock at the door.

Marga entered. She looked straight at Tarzan, whom she believed to be Brian Gregory. "I'll help you find your sister," she said simply. "Where is she?" the men demanded in chorus. "Alan Thome is taking her to Athair. He sailed for Bouga last night."

"You are Thome's ally," said Tarzan. "Why do you wish to aid us?" "He tricked me! I hate him," Marga replied with a straight face. "I'll go with you and help you find him." "Good!" cried Helen's father, never dreaming he was taking a spy into his camp.

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan was reluctant to accept Magra's aid: he was suspicious of her. But he said nothing. After all, what harm could she do? He looked into her eyes, seeking some trace of deceit; but he found there only the warm glow of her infatuation for him.

Gregory was elated with Magra's offer to assist in overtaking his daughter's kidnaper. But his joy was overwhelmed by dejection when he remembered: "The boat's gone. There won't be another for a week. By then, Alan Thome will be out of reach!"

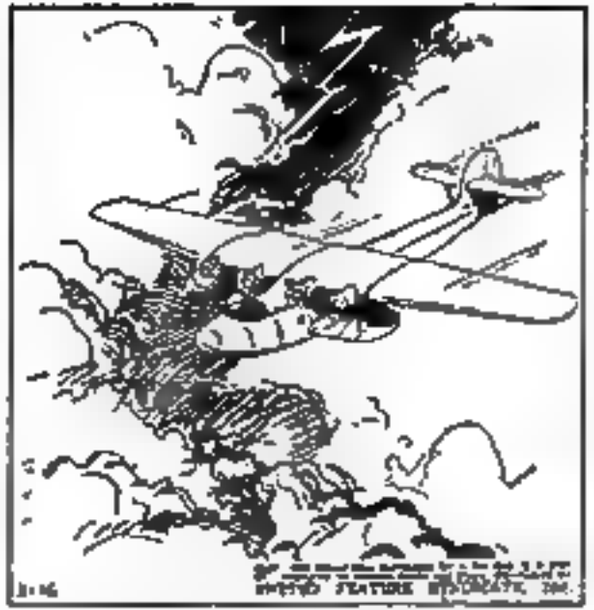
"Do not despair, mon ami," cried Capt. Lavac. "We have a naval plane here. I can get it. We shall fly to Bonga, and we shall be there when Monsieur Thome arrives. He will be surprised, no?" Only with difficulty did Magra manage to hide her chagrin.

An hour later a giant seaplane cut an invisible swath thru the tropical sky. Its throbbing nose pointed toward Bonga. But it was never to reach its goal! Already the hand of destiny hovered above, ready to clutch the man-made bird in fateful fingers!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

While the plane roared on, Tarzan sought to allay the fears of Ogabi, whom he had brought along because of the black man's skill as hunter and tracker. "But this is no place for Ogabi, Bwana, in the belly of a bird," the big warrior quavered.

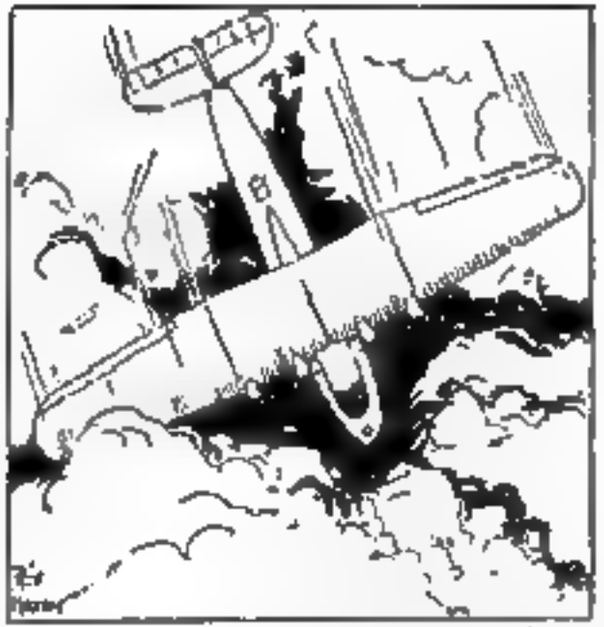
"Brave Ogabi fears nothing," the ape-man cajoled: "and he must not be afraid when the storm strikes us." "What storm?" asked Gregory. "A storm is coming," Tarzan answered simply. "How do you know?" "Tarzan always knows," Capt. Javac assured him.



How Tarzan had known a storm was approaching, not even he could have told. With the wild beasts he shared a peculiar sensitivity beyond the appreciation of men. And half an hour after his prophecy, the ship raced into the heart of a tropical gale!

Hours later, Javac called back into the cabin. "Fasten your life belts. We're almost out of petrol. If I can find a hole in the clouds, I'll come down. If I can't I'll have to come down anyway." Presently the engine sputtered—and died!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY



The passengers sat in tense expectancy as the ship nosed down thru the storm-racked clouds. They awaited death, or serious injury at best, in the jungle creek. But suddenly Capt. Lavac cried out: "Water! There's water below us. We're saved!"

A few moments later the plane glided to the bottom of a small lake hemmed in by the dismal jungle, weird and forbidding. Thru the pelting rain Tarzan and Ogabi transferred their friends ashore where the wind moaned and howled (AP) the twisting trees.

The jungle gloom did not dampen the spirits of Frederick Gregory. He was elated that they had come thru safely, and he was eager to press on when the storm had subsided. "We've got to get to Bonga before Thorne gets there," he said, "to save Helen.

"We were flying perhaps a circle," Lavac confessed, "I don't know where Bonga lies from here." "You mean we're lost?" Lavac nodded. Gregory turned pathetically pleadingly to Tarzan. "Surely you know where we are." The ape-man shook his head.

# TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD-MEN CITY

The storm passed as quickly as it had risen. [illegible] their dripping heads. The sun shone again. But there was no sun in the heart of Frederick Gregory. "Lost!" he moaned. "We'll never reach Bonga in time to rescue Helen from that devil Thorne."

"We'll start anyway," said Tarzan. "We might find some landmark I'll recognize." Magra was disturbed. As Thorne's secret agent, it was her task to delay his pursuers. Furtively she slipped into the great forest and drew from her bosom a folded sheet of paper.

This was a copy of the stolen map to Albair. She studied it intently. Yes, there was the lake. There was Bonga. Here, two trails. Replacing the map, she hailed her companions. "I recognize the lake. I've been here before. I know where we are."

She guided them along the lake shore to a well-worn path. "This," she said, "is the way to Bonga." "Bravo," cried Gregory. If only he had known that Magra was deceiving them—but this trail led deeper into the jungle, away from their cherished goal!

# TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY

"You are certain this is the way?" Tarzan asked. "Yes," Magra lied, "we're northeast of Bonga." The ape-man shrugged. One way, perhaps, was as good as another, until he found some landmark. But as they marched, each step took them farther from their goal.

They were without the elaborate equipment with which civilized men burden themselves when they venture into the wilderness. But to Tarzan, the jungle was a great storehouse, supplying every necessity. He procured bows and arrows and new food.

On the third day of their journey, he returned with a big buck antelope. Flinging it down, he strode toward Magra. The girl was terrified, for in his eyes she saw a dreadful grimness. "You lied," he said coldly, "you set us on the wrong trail!"

"How do you know?" the girl quavered. Tarzan pointed to the antelope. "I know that species. I know it ranges southeast of Bonga." The girl's frightened look was a confession of her guilt. Suddenly Tarzan's hands shot out and clutched her throat!

# TARZAN IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

To Tarzan, treachery was the blackest of all crimes. And in the instant that he clutched the throat of the deceitful Magra, he was beast rather than man; he was Tarzan, king of the apes, punishing a transgressor of the tribal code, with no thought of her sex.

In another moment he would have strangled her. But Tarzan was man as well as beast, a man of the finest human heritage. In his veins flowed the blood of chivalric knights of old England, knights who had made a mystic fetish of respect for womanhood.

Suddenly he dropped his hands. Without a word he turned and stalked away. Magra's eyes followed him. In her heart was born a new fear, a new respect for this masterful man. The elemental instinct he had revealed only increased his fascination for her.

Gregory sighed sadly as he spoke to Tarzan. "What shall we do? Can we possibly reach Bonga in time to rescue Helen from that devilish Thomas?" The apeman shook his head. "Thomas will reach Bonga today. But from here it is six days' rapid march."

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan's eyes snapped with inspiration. "Do you remember anything about the map of Ashair" he asked. Gregory nodded. "I don't recall the exact details of the route but I do know it's east of Bonga. Does that help any?" he added anxiously

"Yes. We'll strike out toward Ashair We'll try to intercept Thorne on the trail If we don't, we'll go on to Ashair Tarzan said eagerly as if he were announcing a pleasant excursion rather than a perilous assault on the forbidden city.

With new spirit the little party swung in behind their intrepid leader. That night the tireless apeman stood guard while the others slept At dawn he aroused them, and set them once more on the march, pushing relentlessly toward their dangerous goal.

The jungle thinned out to a park like terrain. Tarzan's tread became more cautious, more alert. "Keep close together" he commanded; "Capt. Lavac! And you Mr Gregory! Keep your rifles handy We're coming to lion country Cannibals, too!"

# TARZAN THE FORE-DOEN CITY

At first, Magra was strangely elated over the fact that they were in dangerous country. Now perhaps their progress would be slower, and they might not intercept Thome after all. But contrary to her opinion their guide did not slacken his rapid pace.

Once more she was overwhelmed with dismay. She loved this magnificent white giant who strode ahead of her. She knew that if he should encounter Thome, a battle to the death was inevitable. And she knew Alan Thome was a relentless, tricky fighter. . .

At that moment Thome was pushing on triumphantly into the interior, with Helen as his prisoner. "As long as you keep me," the girl said, "my father will never give up until he finds me." "Huh!" the man grunted, "those bandefeat will never catch me."

"Tarzan will," Helen declared. Thome went white. "Tarzan!" he exclaimed. "Is Tarzan with them?" Helen nodded. Excitedly Thome summoned Lal Tasak. "Put out a scouting party, and a strong guard to the rear. If any stranger approaches, shoot to kill!"

# TARZAN and the LORE-DEN CITY

"Yes," said Helen triumphantly, "the man you thought was my brother, Brian, is really Tarzan." Thorne cursed his luck for allowing Magra to interfere when he had wanted to kill the fellow back in Luango. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll get him yet!" . .

. . . Magra had already learned that the man she had mistaken for Brian Gregory was actually Tarzan. And tho she had been fond of Brian, she was madly in love with the jungle lord. The fact that he ignored her only sharpened her yearning for him.

When they made camp, Tarzan went out to hunt for meat. An hour later Magra slipped away from camp. She hoped to encounter Tarzan on his way back. Alone with him in the forest she would beg forgiveness for her treachery and vow firm loyalty to him.

Absorbed in her simmering emotions, Magra forgot Tarzan's warning that this was danger country. A hunting lion caught her scent—a great, fierce carnivore, hungry for flesh. And presently the killer beast was stalking her, on silent, padded feet.

TARZAN AND THE LORD-OF-DEN CITY

An angry snarl wrought Magra whirling around, to find herself gazing into the cruel yellow green eyes of the lion. The girl stood motionless, frozen with terror. Her very immobility intrigued the beast, which stood staring at her curiously.

Usha, the wind, brought the world scent spoor of Numa, the lion, to the sensitive nostrils of the apeman. Mingled with it was Magra's delicate perfume. To the jungle wise Tarzan, the mixture of these two odors spelled tragedy—impending or past.

He had every reason to hate Magra. Death would be no more than she deserved. But there was in Tarzan an instinct stronger than his aversion to Magra—an instinct to defend the weak against the powerful. He sprang forward, and raced thru the trees.

The jungle lord arrived quickly above the dramatic setting, and dropped down, intending to land on the lion's back. But as he plummeted earthward, the lion charged Magra. Tarzan alighted on the ground. The beast raced on toward the helpless girl!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The savage carnivore sped toward the terrified girl with Tarzan in pursuit. Swift is Numa, the lion, in short sharpts, but not so swift as the mighty jungle lord. When Tarzan drew near, he sprang suddenly upward and forward, to the back of the beast.

The instant he alighted he drove his knife into the tawny hide. Again and again the little blade sank deep, and the beast fell dead at Magra's feet. Then Tarzan placed a foot upon the carcass, and lifted his voice in the mighty cry of the bull ape.

The girl watched him, awed and thrilled. How magnificent he was! Within her surged a desire to throw her arms around him. Instead, she said quietly "I'm glad you thought me worth saving." Tarzan ignored her words. "I'll take you back to camp," he said.

Magra fell in behind him, watching his lithe movement thru the forest. "I feel so safe when I'm near you," she said. "On this expedition, none of us is safe." Tarzan answered gravely. "The jungle may overwhelm us all tomorrow—or even today."

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The spirit of gloom hovered that night over the Gregory camp. No fires were lighted, for fear of attracting the cannibals who, Tarzan knew, infested the region. Yet in the darkness, they were in danger of attack by hunger driven jungle beasts.

Fires, however blazed in the camp of Atan Thome and armed askaris stood guard. The kidnaped Helen Gregory tossed nervously on her cot, her mind filled with misgivings. She was worried by the bold familiarity that Thome had exhibited during the day.

The girl's mind turned naturally to thoughts of escape. At that moment, a lion roared out of the black, mysterious void that was the jungle night. Helen shivered. If she tried to escape, she would meet death in the forest. But if she remained—

Her thoughts were interrupted by stealthy, creeping sounds. She jumped up from her cot, for to her every sound was the signal of some menace. Thru the tent flap Helen looked out upon the camp. There, walking toward her was the sinister Atan Thome!

# TARZAN in the FORBIDDEN CITY

When she saw Alan Thorne coming toward her tent Helen whirled and crawled out beneath the back wall. She stood for a moment surveying the camp. She saw that one of the sentries nodded and yawned on his musket. She slipped past him—out into the forest.

Thorne was surprised and angry when he found Helen missing. He presumed that she had been expecting a visit from him, and had hidden herself somewhere about the camp. It never occurred to him that she would dare the dangers of the jungle night alone.

Helen groped on thru the darkness. The moon rose and she quickened her pace. Miraculously she escaped marauding beasts, and dawn found her emerging from the jungle onto an open plain. Her muscles ached, she was near exhaustion, but she stumbled on.

Nearby three cannibal warriors were hunting but not for the quarry they suddenly discovered. "A white woman!" exclaimed Chemnago; "we'll take her captive!" Stealthily the warriors crept thru the tall grass, then sprang up to confront poor Helen!

# TARZAN and the LORE-DOMIZ CITY

Convinced that the white girl was alone, the three warriors were not too careful in their ambush. Long before it was necessary, they leaped up and ran toward her, shouting and waving their spears. For a moment, Helen stood paralyzed with terror

Then, despite her weariness, she was electrified to action. She turned and fled. Lithe, athletic, she seemed in a fair way to outdistance her pursuers. If she could reach the forest, she might elude them. But now the warriors redoubled their efforts

Just when Helen's escape seemed assured, her retreat was cut off by a big lion emerging from the woodland. The pursuing warriors shouted wildly. The beast, confused, paused momentarily. And poor Helen was trapped by fatal foes in front and behind.

She swerved to the right—a brave but futile gesture of self preservation. The lion started in pursuit. The three warriors, seemingly unafraid, raced to intercept the beast. They might have succeeded, but at that moment Helen tripped and fell!

# TARZAN FORBIDDEN CITY

As Helen tripped and fell, the lion sprang upon her, but the chants of the cannibal warriors, and their proximity attracted his startling attention before he mauled her. Then the warriors closed in and hurled their spears. The beast fell dead.

Chemungo ran forward and lifted the hapless girl to her feet. She was too stunned by the frightful ordeal to feel either fear or relief. At any rate, she was alive. Later she was to wonder if it would not have been better had the great beast killed her.

When the captive was taken to the village of Mpingu, women struck at her, for they hated her beauty. Helen smiled faintly as she likened them to a roomful of fat old women in some civilized city who might have done the same, except for their inhibitions.

"She was alone," said Chemungo to his fellow, Mpingu; "no white man will know what we do with her." The cannibal chief licked his lips. "It is a long time since we have eaten white flesh. Light the fires! Set the pots to boil! Tonight we feast!"

TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Dusk in the cannibal village of Mpingu. Fires crackling. Cooking pots boiling furiously ready to receive their portion of human flesh. Women screaming with excitement. Painted warriors awaiting the signal to fling themselves into a frenzied dance.

Mpingu, the chief shouts a command. "Drums!" Slowly, sullenly at first, the tom-toms start their mournful dirge. The warriors begin their dance, the hideous dance which will end with the death of the white girl who is bound fast to a stake.

To the ears of Tarzan, roaming the forest, came the faint, ominous throb of the drums. To him they brought their horrible message of impending torture and death. And, like a radio beam, they directed him unerringly toward the village of Mpingu.

But whether he would arrive in time was a question that only fate could answer. The dance of the warriors was nearing its climax. They were drunk with the lust for blood. At any moment one of the dancers would plunge a spear thru Helen's heart!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

With the speed of the wind Tarzan of the Apes raced thru the trees, guided unerringly by the ominous throb of the tentoms. At any moment, he feared, the mournful thump of the drums would cease, thus announcing the death of the cannibals' victim. . .

Poor Helen, tied to a stake, looked out upon the savage scene thru terrified eyes. The screaming women, the shouting warriors, the glare of the fires seemed parts of a hideous nightmare. But a moment later its grim reality was borne upon her.

A warrior suddenly detached himself from the shouting throng of dancers. Evidently this was the one chosen to kill her, for he took a stance in front of her and lifted his spear. Then he pushed the point into her flesh, just hard enough to draw blood.

The sight of their victim's blood stirred the cannibals to new frenzy. The drums beat faster. The dancers leaped higher. And from the assembly rose hideous screams. "Kill! Kill! Now!" The chosen warrior jerked back his spear to pierce Helen's heart!

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan arrived in the trees that dotted the streets of Mpingu's village, and came quickly to the leafy giant that overhung the scene of impending death. He saw Helen tied to the stake, and the warrior preparing to drive his spear thru her heart.

The girl closed her eyes. The end had come. She breathed a silent prayer, and waited. An expectant hush fell upon the cannibal horde, broken only by the insistent throb of the drums. Every savage eye was fixed on the girl, to see the death thrust.

The executioner's muscles tensed to start the spear on its fatal mission. Then an arrow sped mysteriously from above, pierced the spearman's breast. He fell dead. Consternation seized the cannibal throng. Some of the women shrieked in terror.

Helen opened her eyes. She saw the dead executioner at her feet. Was this a sign that she was to be spared? No! There was another fierce warrior creeping toward her with a long spear, ready to complete the interrupted work of his dead comrade!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Crouching, scowling, the savage warrior crept toward Helen to plunge his long spear into her heart. High in the tree above, Tarzan rose to his full height. Then, lifting his face to Goro, the moon, he voiced the terrible battle cry of the ape-men.

At the blood curdling cry crashed the silence of the night, the creeping warrior halted. The others, terror-stricken, shrank from the menace of that fearsome sound. Then Chemungo spoke. "The demon of the forest comes for the white mem-sahib!"

The ape-man stopped to the ground, running to the very boldness of his move to overcome the blacks for the few seconds it would require to free Helen. But he had reckoned without the courage of Chemungo, son of Mpungu, who stood ready with his big spear.

"Chemungo is not afraid!" the black shouted, and sprang forward with upraised spear. Then Tarzan did a strange thing. He had finished severing Helen's bonds and now he returned his knife to its sheath, ready to meet Chemungo's charge with bare hands.

# TARZAN & THE GREEN GODS CITY

As the angry black charged, Tarzan pushed the spear aside, seized him and lifted him high above his head. "This man dies," he growled, "unless you open the gates and let the girl and me go free." The warriors snarled, and prepared to defy the stranger.

"Do as he says," the chief commanded; for he feared the demon would kill Bil Sen. And so Tarzan and Helen passed out of the cannibal village into the black jungle night. It was past dawn when they were welcomed gaily back to the Gregory camp.

When Helen had poured out the story of her abduction and her perilous adventures, her father's jaws set firm. "Atan Tsome shall pay for this!" he vowed. "He should die for it," Lord declared hotly, "and I should be glad to be the one to kill him."

"From Helen's description of the country, I know about where he is," Tarzan said grimly. "We shall overtake him soon." Magra frowned. He heard quivered. Her mind whirled. If only she could thwart Tarzan in his design to overtake Atan Tsome!

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When Helen had poured out the story of her abduction and her perilous adventures, her father's jaws set firm. "Atan Thorne shall pay for this!" he vowed. "He should die for it," Layac declared hotly; "and I should be glad to be the one to kill him."

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# TARZAN TOOR-DOUR CITY

As Thorne stood gazing at the volcanic mountain which enclosed the forbidden city, the headman and his porters rushed up to him, and repeated excitedly: "Boys no go further. Tum-Baka taboo. They afraid. Many bad things there. Kill everybody. You too."

Alan Thorne chuckled tolerantly. The sight of his goal made him more patient, more confident. And tho it was still early in the afternoon, he commanded that the camp be made here. "I'll talk to the boys. They may feel braver tomorrow," he added.

. . . Thorne's early halt might have been advantageous to the pursuing Tarzan, except for an unfortunate occurrence. The spaniard himself had ranged afield to hunt meat, for the wind had brought him the scent of an antelope. Meanwhile, his friends pushed on.

The advance of the travelers disturbed Ungo, the king ape, and his fierce bulls. From the concealment of the bushes Ungo watched eagerly thru slow set, bloodshot eyes. Now was the season of the dundun, and a victim was needed for the dance of blood!

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

Ungo, king of the ape tribe, gazed savagely upon the advancing party of man things. One of the shes he must select to make a pleasing victim for the dundum, the hideous rite by which the great apes provided a blood sacrifice in honor of Oero, the moon.

The king ape grunted a command to his company of fierce, eager bulls. Then, without warning, they leaped upon the surprised safari. The little party fell back in dismay. Then the men opened fire. Three of the huge, lumbering creatures fell dead.

Ungo seized Magra in his great hairy arms. Lerac, Gregory and Ogabi stood helpless. They dared not fire again, for fear of killing the captured girl. So the apes vanished into the forest with their victim as silently and suddenly as they had come.

Thru the jungle they dragged her swiftly, until they believed they were out of range of pursuit. Then they slackened their pace, pausing frequently to admire their captive, to touch her soft white arms, to anticipate the frenzy of the dundum.

TARZAN and the LOST CITY

The she knew her struggles were futile, Magra fought instinctively against her uncomfortable captor. For a time the powerful beast paid little attention to her turbulence, but at last he became annoyed, and cuffed her, almost knocking her insensible.

It was past dark when they arrived at the natural arena where the apes were accustomed to hold their horrible dumdum. Dogo, the king ape, flung the girl to the ground, then bustled about his preparations for the ghastly sacrifice and dance of blood. . .

When Tarzan returned to his friends, he found them in a frenzy of excitement. All of them tried to talk at once. "Gorillas attacked us!" "They were not gorillas!" "Anyway they were as big as gorillas!" "One of them carried Magra off under his arm!"

Tarzan waited to hear no more. He set out to trail the raiders. But the wind was at his back. He could not follow them by scent. So he must almost creep along the ground, hunting for their spoor. He knew he would overhaul them, but would he be in time?

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Tarzan's pursuit of the apes was a slow process, because he had to watch the ground diligently for signs of their course through the jungle. Here was a broken bush; there a dim footprint. But when darkness fell, he knew his task was well nigh hopeless. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, the great hairy apes sat sullenly in a circle around their victim, who lay on the ground awaiting whatever fate was in store for her. Finally, when the first pale rays of the moon filtered through the eastern darkness, the apes leaped up.

Two of them lumbered to the ceremonial earth drum and began to pound it violently. To this ghastly music of death, the other apes started to dance. When the moon reached its zenith, they would make their kill, then tear their victim limb from limb. . . .

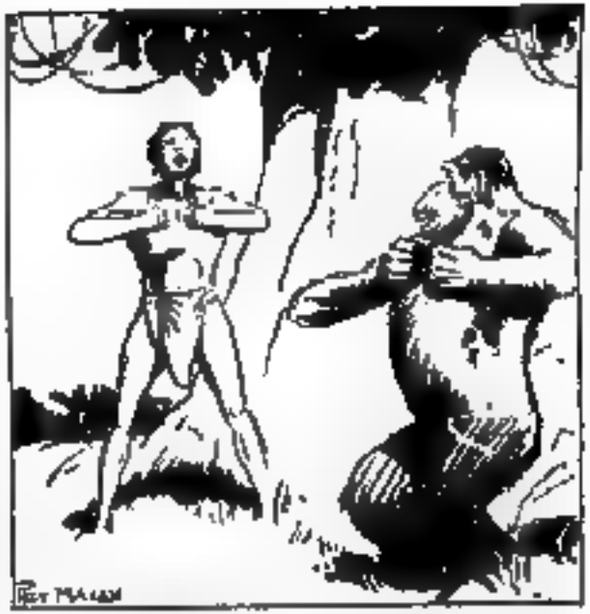
. . . The dull thump of the earth drum came faintly to Tarzan's ears. He could follow through to its source as easily as a sailor steers to port by a compass needle. But could he reach the fatal spot before the apes vented their savagery on Magra?

# TARZAN The FORBIDDEN CITY

The jungle lord's swift journey thru the forest was a race with the moon and death. When the revolving planet reached its highest point in the sky the moon mad apes, he knew, would set upon Magra, their sacrificial victim, and beat her to death.

The moon was almost at zenith when he arrived in a tree above the horrible scene. The apes were in a savage frenzy. In such a state they were fierce and fearless. Yet TARZAN dropped down among them, to challenge and defy the whole powerful tribe.

As he plunged downward he voiced the ape cry of warning, "Kreegah!" The giant beasts gazed in surprise at the tarmangani who had appeared so suddenly among them, speaking their own tongue. But they were not afraid, for he was one, they were many.



According to custom, it was the king ape who spoke to the intruder. He beat his massive chest and growled: "I am Unga. I kill!" Then the jungle lord beat his chest and answered: "I am Tarzan of the Apes, mighty hunter, mighty fighter. I kill!"

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Magra lay hopeless and helpless on the ground, her eyes closed, awaiting death at the hands of the apes. Then she heard Tarzan's voice as he challenged Ungo. Astounded, she opened her eyes, to see the man she loved defying the beast that had captured her

Tarzan and the king ape circled each other, crouching, alert for an opening. In another moment they would clash in mortal combat. "Tarzan! Run away!" Magra shrieked; "he'll kill you! Don't risk your life for me, Tarzan, let me die. You must live!"

The jungle lord paid no head to the girl. His attention was centered on his opponent, and Ungo's bloodshot eyes in turn were fixed on him. Suddenly Tarzan darted forward. He seized Ungo's waist, turned and hurled the powerful ape over his shoulder

Ungo whirled thru the air and struck the ground heavily, but instantly he was on his feet again. He was stung with humiliation because Tarzan had won the first skirmish. And now, with renewed fury, roaring and growling horribly, he charged.

# TARZAN and the LOST EMPIRE — OPEN CITY

Like a mighty engine of destruction, Ungo, the ape king, charged down on Tarzan. Around the fighting pair were ranged the bulls of the tribe, growling encouragement to their leader. "Kill! Kill!" And Ungo stretched out his arms to seize his adversary.

Swift as Ara, the lightning, is Tarzan, agile as Sheela, the panther. Dodging and ducking beneath Ungo's great arms, he whirled, leaped upon the hairy back, and locked the thick neck of the ape in the crook of his arm. "Kagoda!" he demanded.

But Ungo scorned the command to surrender. He did not believe that small hairless arm could harm him. Together the combatants fell to the ground. Tarzan's steely thews proved lightly. Ungo screamed in pain. In another moment his neck would crack.

"Kagoda!" he gasped: "I surrender!" The apemen sprang up. "Tarzan is king," he cried. He waited! for it was the privilege of any bull ape to dispute his title, and force him to defend it. If several challenged, Tarzan might be worn down to final defeat!

# TARZAN OF THE APES — DAILY

By his victory over Usha, Tarzan had won the kingship of the ape tribe. But some of the strong young bulls stirred restlessly. It was the privilege of any of them to challenge the new sovereign to combat. One big brute growled and lumbered forward.

Tarzan did not fear him. But he knew that if one after another challenged him he might at last be overwhelmed thru sheer fatigue. He must try to check that fatal torrent of events before it started. So now he growled fiercely "Tarzan kill!"

Then he darted forward in a terrific charge. When the challenger beheld the mighty man thing rushing down on him, he was stricken with fear. He turned to run, but Tarzan would allow no retreat. The authority of the king must be asserted firmly.

Tarzan seized the beast, lifted him up easily, and flung him to the ground. The hostility of the ape tribe turned quickly to admiration for their mighty new king. And Tarzan conceived a plan to use them as allies in the dangerous adventures ahead.

# TARZAN and the LOST CITY

Magra ran to Tarzan, threw her arms around him and pressed close to him. "I'm afraid," she quivered; "the apes will kill us." "No," Tarzan answered. "I am their king now." He pulled away from the girl, and stepped forward to address the ape assembly.

"Tarzan is king," he said. "you are Tarzan's people. Tarzan goes to strange land—land of danger. You go with Tarzan, fight with Tarzan. The apes grunted assent. "We go," said one. "Tarzan mighty fighter. We fight with Tarzan, kill Tarzan's enemies."

The spectacle started thru the jungle, the apes following and Magra at his side. "You saved my life again," the girl said happily, "that shows you do not hate me." The jungle lord answered gravely. "I would have done as much for any human."

Next morning the Gregory party received them with amazement, for they had never expected to see Tarzan and Magra again. The Roman wasted no time in explanations. "We must be on the way," he urged; "the route to the forbidden city is hard and perilous."

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The jungle lord urged his friends onward, hoping to overtake Atan Thume before he reached the mysterious forbidden city. Tarzan's ape allies ranged the forest near the trail, ready to respond instantly to the call of their king in case of danger. . .

Thume, however, was already in sight of his goal...the mammoth volcanic crater in which the fabulous city was concealed. But when he arose that morning, he looked about him in dismay. His porters and askaris had fled, afraid to venture further

"What shall we do, master?" cried Lal Tarik when he, too, awoke and realized their predicament. "We'll go on!" Thume shouted. "The fabled of diamonds is somewhere there in Abbala. I won't get this near and then turn back. Come on. Let's get going!"

Trembling, Lal Tarik followed to the river where Thume turned upstream. With each step Lal Tarik's foreboding increased. The heavy, silent air was laden with fearsome mystery. It seemed they were entering another world, a world of unknown terrors.

Thome and Lal Tasak came finally to the mouth of a deep gorge. "There, according to the map, is the trail to Athair," chuckled Thome. He pointed to a rough, narrow path winding upward. It was no more than a scratch on the face of a colossal cliff.

"We can't follow that," the Indian objected, "even a mountain goat couldn't do it." "Nevertheless, we'll do it," Thome growled. "Remember the father of diamonds." Lal Tasak took a firm grip on his nerves and fell in behind his master on the tiny trail.

Steadily upward they mounted, clinging to a precarious footing. At nightfall they rested on a wide, wooded shelf, a seemingly safe haven in this forest of jagged peaks and abysmal canyons. "I've a feeling we're being watched," Lal Tasak quavered.

"Fool!" grunted Thome. "What could be watching us?" "There, Allah have mercy!" Lal Tasak screamed, and fell to the ground as if he had been clubbed. Thome glanced up in the blackness to see a glowing death's head floating eerily in the trees.

TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Atan Thome was no coward, but he trembled violently when he saw the glowing death's head floating in the dark trees. Then a hollow sepulchral voice boomed out in the Swahili tongue: "You are approaching a forbidden realm. At dawn you must turn back."

Thome was not so easily to be dissuaded from his goal. He whipped out his revolver and fired point blank with quivering hand. But the ghastly spectre remained, and the ominous voice spoke again: "You cannot kill me. I am Death. I am deathless!"

Atan Thome was seized with terror. He was ready to admit defeat. "At dawn we'll turn back," he promised. As he spoke, the phantom vanished. A few minutes later Lal Tasak recovered from his faint, and the two men sat huddled together in fear.

At dawn they started back down the dangerous trail, both shaken by the experiences of the night. "We're not giving up," growled Thome; "this is just a strategic retreat." Suddenly he chuckled. "I'd like to see the great Tarzan when he meets that ghost."

# TARZAN OF THE APES

Alas Thuma and Lal Tasah safely negotiated the perilous back trail to the mouth of the gorge. They heaved a sigh of relief, but their elation was premature. Suddenly a dozen strange white warriors sprang from the crevices and surrounded them.

Meanwhile, Tarzan urged his party onward until they came within sight of the stupendous Tuen-Baka. "That's it!" cried Magra. "The forbidden city lies within its crater." "How do you know?" Tarzan asked. "I've seen it on the map," the girl replied.

Tarzan set out to reconnoiter. In his thrilling jungle career he had encountered many strange perils, and conquered them all. But he had never confronted anything like the mysteries and horrors that lay ahead.

Once across the river he threaded his way upward among peaks and crags. Suddenly his attention was attracted by an ominous hissing and roaring. He looked quickly below. There he saw a white warrior facing such a creature as he had never seen before.

TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan's narrowed eyes were fixed on the extraordinary beast below. It was plainly a member of some terrible prehistoric species which had survived through the ages in this mountain locked realm. The ape-man's gaze turned to the plumed warrior.

This fellow, he surmised, could serve him well as hostage or as a source of information about the Forbidden City. If the dinosaur killed him, however he would be valueless. So, acting as quickly as the though had seized him, Tarzan dropped down.

The warrior saw the near naked bronzed giant drop down as from the skies onto the back of the charging dinosaur. And a moment later he saw the stranger clinging to the neck of the beast, his knife striking futilely against the thick armored back.

The terrible creature lashed its tail, swung its head, trying to dislodge its assailant. For a moment the warrior watched in utter fascination. But quickly recovered his wits. Now was his chance to flee, leaving the stranger as prey to the beast.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The warrior's first impulse was to flee, for he knew well the strength and savagery of the beast. But this black-plumed soldier was a man of valor. The stranger had volunteered aid. It would be neither just nor manly to abandon him to his fate.

As the warrior rushed into the battle, Tarzan found a vulnerable spot in the monster's throat, and drove his knife home again and again. But the great beast, tenacious of life, like all the reptiles, was far from overtorne. Then the warrior thrust his spear

As Tarzan severed the dinosaur's jugular vein, the sharp spear, impelled violently, found its heart. The evil beast fell, and tho it continued to quiver, its vital force was spent. And now the two conquerors faced each other across the carcass.

They sought a common language, which they found in Swahili. "I am Thetan of Thotos," said the warrior. "I owe you my life. How may I repay you?" "Lead me to Athair," Tarzan answered simply. Thetan gasped in astonishment, then shook his head, frowning.

# TARZAN IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Thetan frowned and shook his head violently when Tarzan asked to be led to Athair. "I am a Thoktan. The Atheirians are our enemies. Even if I could, I would not take you there. And the Atheirians are a cruel, fiendish people. They would kill you." . .

Meanwhile, the white-plumed warriors had captured Alan Thone and Lal Tanik. At the point of spears they herded their prisoners into a big barge propelled by galley slaves. "Home to Athair!" shouted the leader, and the barge crawled up river.

Later the boat passed thru a natural tunnel in the cliffs, and emerged upon a lake that lay at the bottom of the huge crater of Tuen-Haka. Forest and plain, and two splendid, fantastic cities rose up before the astonished eyes of Thone and Lal Tanik.

Then, looking down thru the clear, transparent waters, Alan Thone beheld a magnificent temple built upon the bottom of the lake. His jaw fell open in utter amazement. But he had only begun to see the magic wonders of this incredible realm.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

As Thome gazed down thru the water, he saw a grotesque figure emerge from the submarine temple—a figure that bore partial resemblance to a man. And as he watched, the gnome-like creature swam toward a big fish and speared it with a trident.

Thome's awed speculations were interrupted by the scraping of the barge against a dock. The prisoners were prodded ashore. "To Queen Atka," the captain commanded. So Atan Thome and Lal Tresk were led thru a splendid street to the royal palace.

There the queen observed them coldly. "Why came you to Athur?" she demanded. "By accident, Majesty," Atan Thome lied. "We were lost." "It was a fatal accident," said the queen with a cruel smile. "We have no further need for slaves, so you will die."

Under the stress of impending doom, Thome's mind worked rapidly. And now he conceived a scheme that might serve a triple purpose: save his own life, gain the favor of Queen Atka, and destroy the hated Tarzan before he could reach the forbidden city.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

"If you will spare our lives," pleaded Atan Thone, "I will give you valuable information —information that may save your city from disaster." Aika could imagine no sped threat to her impregnable realm, but that only whetted her curiosity

She nodded assent, and Thone's eyes blazed happily. "A powerful band is on it way here," he cried. "They plan to steal a great diamond they believe you to possess. Their leader is a mighty warrior called Tarzan. He is my enemy and your enemy, Majesty."

Aika smiled. "You two are granted the freedom of Athair," she said, "but do not be beyond the walls. The people of Thohor, across the lake, are our foes, you would fare badly at their hands. Nor must you try to go beneath our city, where lie the secrets of Athair."

As Thone and Lal Tsask left the throne room, Queen Aika called one of her captains. "Take a strong party of warriors and intercept the invaders. Pay special attention to their leader Tarzan. Capture him or kill him, but do not let him escape!"

The captain saluted Queen Alla smartly. "Be assured, Majesty, that the invaders will meet defeat at the hands of your brave warriors. Their leader, called Tarzan, will be brought back a captive, or we shall leave his corpse on the battlefield!"

Meanwhile, Tarzan was returning to camp, accompanied by the friendly Theetan warrior he had rescued from the dinosaur. "You should go back to your own land," Theetan advised. "Even if you should succeed in entering Athair you'd never return."

Tarzan answered grimly. "Tomorrow, I shall go into the forbidden land of Athair." Theetan shrugged. It was useless to argue with a man so contemptuous of danger. And so they walked on in silence, and reached the Gregory camp long after nightfall.

Tarzan assigned Ogabi as sentry, and himself lay down to rest after a strenuous day. It was almost midnight when Ogabi voiced a terrified scream. And he had good cause for terror. Near him a dozen glowing death's heads floated eerily in the air!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

It never occurred to Ogabi to discharge an arrow into the circle of death's heads that floated so weirdly before him. He deemed them immune to physical harm. But at last he found his voice, and the cry of "Demons!" rasped from his fear-tightened throat.

Like a *dagger* his cry stabbed the thin film of Tarzan's sleep. The ape man's muscles were trained to instant response, otherwise he would long since have met death in the savage wilderness. And now he sprang up, wide awake to behold the ghostly array.

"Demons!" Ogabi panted. "We cannot kill them, Bwana, let us beg for our lives!" Tarzan's answer was quick, unhesitant action. He sprang into the night toward one of the grinning skulls. Meanwhile, Ogabi's cry had startled his friends to wakefulness.

The glowing death's heads suddenly darted toward them. For a moment all was confusion. Gregory and Lavac fired point blank. Thetan hurled his spear. Then, as swiftly as they had come, the ghosts vanished, just as a woman's scream rose above the turmoil.

# TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY

As Tarzan sprang into the night toward one of the eerie death's heads, the thing vanished. But the ape-man's sensitive eyes caught the dim outline of a figure running away. He leaped forward, thrust out his hands, and clutched a flesh and blood man.

He whirled the figure around, and there, once more, was the grinning skull. But there was nothing ghostly or unsubstantial about the fierce battle that ensued. Tarzan found himself engaged in conflict with a powerful warrior. At last the ape-man conquered.

He dragged the fellow back to camp. "See, Ogabi, it was a trick!" he said, pointing to the phosphorescent mask his captive wore. "He is an Athairian," said Tarzan, "they often wear such masks to terrorize their enemies." Tarzan turned to the warrior.

"Go! Rejoin your comrades. Tell them they cannot frighten or halt Tarzan!" The warrior obeyed gladly. Then the ape-man asked, "Who screamed while I was in the forest?" At that moment Magra ran toward them, crying, "Helen is gone! They got her!"

# TARZAN and The FORBIDDEN CITY

The little camp was thrown into a flurry by Magra's frantic announcement that Helen had been captured by the Athairian raiders. "I am afraid you will never seen her again," Thetan declared gloomily. "What will happen to her?" Gregory asked anxiously.

The Thobotian warrior sighed. "They will probably take her to the Temple of the Father of Diamonds. There she will become a handmaiden to the priests. No stranger who enters the temple ever comes out alive. Tomorrow she will enter the temple.

Tarzan's jaw set firm, his brow furrowed in determination. "Come, Thetan," he said gravely. "we shall pursue them." "No use," the warrior answered. "They have surely reached the river by now. There a barge awaits them. We have no means to follow it."

Then Thetan's eyes lit up. "They'll probably camp tonight this side of the tunnel that gives entrance to Lake Horus. There's a land trail that leads there. It is hard and dangerous." "No matter how hard or dangerous," said Tarzan. "we'll follow it."

# TARZAN AND THE FOREIGN CITY

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# TARZAN IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The Athairians camped at the travel that led to the mystic Lake Horm. Poor Helen lay awake, wondering what fate would befall her in the Forbidden City. At dawn her eyes were staring into the forest, where suddenly she saw apes and men approaching.

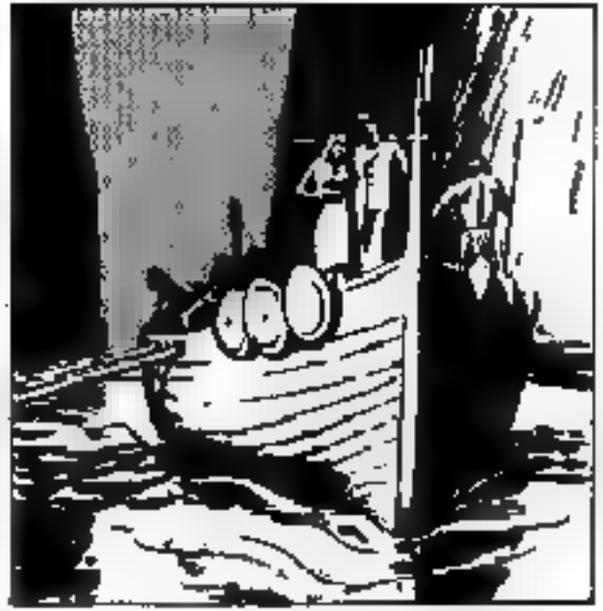
She was scarcely able to restrain a cry of happiness when she recognized Tarzan. At the same moment the lone sentry detected the invaders. From his lips burst a cry of alarm. Instantly his companions sprang up, spears in hand, ready for battle.

Tarzan charged at the head of his strange battalion. Thus the two forces clashed in furious, deadly combat. The mighty Jungle Lord thrust his spear effectively. The apes clutched Athairians in powerful arms, and sank sharp fangs into their flesh.

In the wild melee, an Athairian warrior seized Helen and dragged her toward the barge, hoping at least to save this trophy from the debacle. Lavac ran forward to intercept him. At the same moment another swift spearman charged Lavac from behind!

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Lavac's revolver brought down Helen's captor, but his own life was threatened from behind. Tarzan saw the spearman racing down on Lavac. Knowing he could not overhaul the man in time, he cast his spear. The shaft passed thru the Athairian, he fell dead.



Now with all the enemy accounted for, Tarzan commandeers the barge and orders the galley slaves to row down the river. Lavac put his arm around Helen. "I thought I'd lost you, darling," he said. The girl sighed happily and snuggled closer.

A few hours later, while the barge glided peacefully down the river, a battered Athairian warrior knelt before the throne of Queen Atka. "They left me for dead," he panted. "but I was only stunned. Apes fought against us, and a mighty naked warrior.

"The mighty one was Tarzan," Atka smoked. Her eyes blazed with cruel anger as she called a captain to her and commanded. "Man six galleys with the strongest and bravest warriors. Search out Tarzan and his people, and bring them to me, dead or alive!"

# TARZAN and the LORE-LOBEN CITY

When Queen Atka had commanded six galleys to pursue Tarzan, she called Atali Thobe to her and said: "Your enemies shall be taken. If any of them survive the battle, they shall taste the wrath of Brulor, our god, who resides in the temple beneath the waters!"

Torson, however, returned safely to camp, where he reported to Frederick Gregory: "I have good news. A galley slave told me that a strange white man was held prisoner in the submarine temple at Athair. It may be your son, Brian, whom we came to rescue."

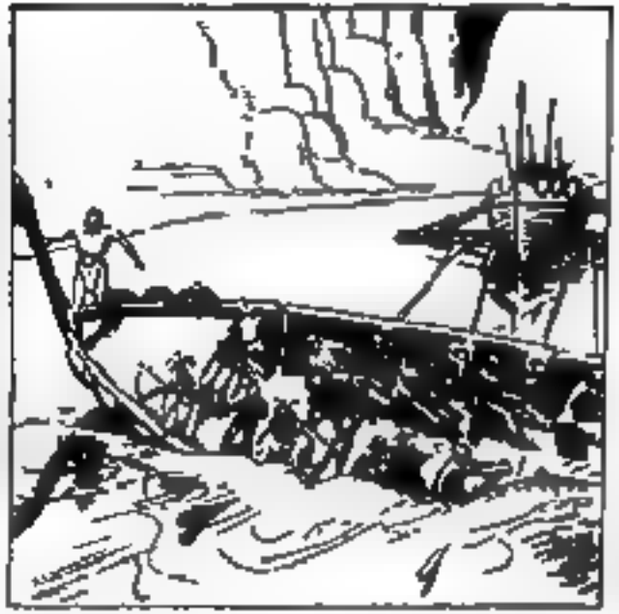
"But how can we reach him?" Gregory asked excitedly. "It will not be easy." Tarzan answered gravely: "But Thotan believes his uncle, King of Thebes, may give us refuge. From Thebes we might risk a foray on Athair. But the way to Thebes is hazardous."

Tarzan directed his friends to board the commandeered barge. The apes he left behind until he could formulate plans for invading Athair. The barge turned upstream. Two hours later, rounding a bend, it came prow to prow with the galleys dispatched by Atka.

# TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan's brow furrowed when the six Athairian war galleys loomed up ahead. "We'd better turn back," Gregory advised. "No use," sighed Tiptan. "Their boats are faster. They'd soon overtake us." "There's nothing to do but fight," the apeman declared gravely.

Tarzan entertained no hope of success against the vastly superior numbers of the foe, but if he was to die, he would die fighting. As the galleys swooped down on the long barge, the jungle lord snapped out a quick command for a volley of arrows and bullets.



In the excitement, Tarzan's people sprang to the side of the barge that offered the best vantage point for their fusillade. The craft tipped dangerously, shipping water and spoiling their aim. At the same moment, an enemy galley shot toward them.

The Athairian vessel, sped by 30 oars, rammed Tarzan's barge amidships. Already listing crazily, she tilted and began to sink, leaving her passengers floundering in the water and her slaves fettered in their chains. Tarzan was vanquished.

# TARZAN OF THE LOST CITY

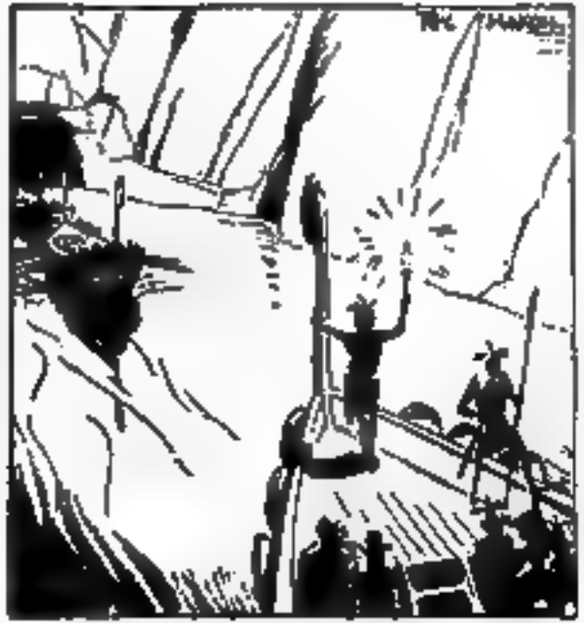
When the Athairian galley struck, the barge began to sink, and Tarzan's friends found themselves tossed into the water. Lavas and Helen were dragged into the enemy craft farthest upstream, which turned immediately and set out toward the forbidden city.

Already night was falling, screening the fate of the others from these two captives. "I'm glad we weren't separated, darling," Lavas said tenderly. Helen nodded and sighed. "But we shall not be long together. I'm—I'm afraid, dear, that this is the end."

Meanwhile, the remaining galleys circled the other survivors of the crash. Tarzan might have dived beneath one of the vessels and escaped. But he did not wish to abandon his friends. If he remained with them, he might still find some means of help them.

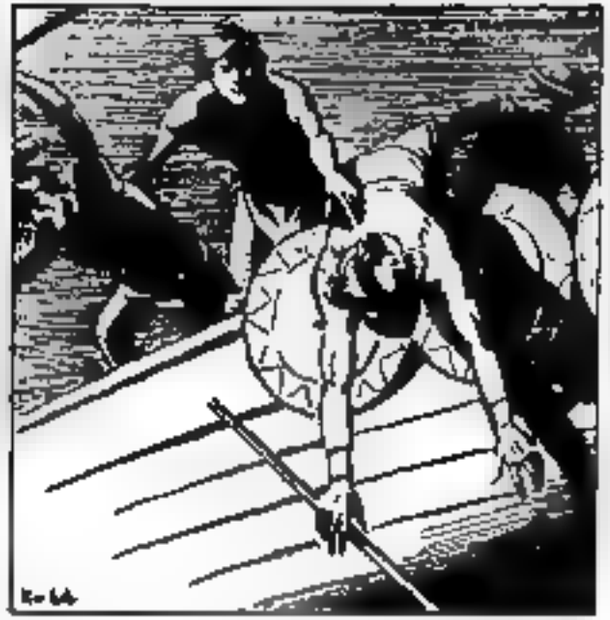
So, the apeman, together with Magra, Gregory, Thetan and Ogabi, was pulled into a galley, which fell in behind the others. The Athairian captain laughed when Tarzan was pulled aboard. "Our queen will be pleased. For you she plans a special doom!"

# TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY



Slowly the procession of galleys approached the tunnel that led into Lake Horus. Tarzan turned to Gregory. "It will be dark in there. Each of us will pick a couple of warriors. When I give the word, we'll throw them overboard, then go after more."

Gregory nodded eagerly as Tarzan continued "We may have a chance to take the boat. Anyway, it's our last chance, and we must make the most of it." Unfortunately he could not inform Ogabi and Thetan of his plan because the Albinians understood Swahili.



Soon the darkness of the tunnel enclosed them, except for the torch in the bow. Tarzan gave the word. At the same moment he hurled two warriors over the side. Gregory followed suit. Ogabi and Thetan, seeing the turn of events, sprang into the conflict.

Now Tarzan called to the galley slaves: "Help us, and win your freedom." The bondsmen rose up swiftly and began to club their masters with their oars. It seemed the apeman was destined for victory, but then a warrior hinged at him suddenly from behind.

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

Aboard the galley the conflict raged furiously. It seemed about to end with Tarzan's death when a foeman lunged at him from behind. But Magra, alert for every menace to the man she loved, seized the fellow's ankle and tripped him. He fell overboard.

The girl's quick action turned the tide of battle, and presently the last of the Athairians was hurled into the river. At Tarzan's command, the slaves fell to their oars, and followed the Athairian galleys thru the tunnel, out onto sacred Lake Horus.

There Thelan ordered them to turn toward his native Thobos, but there was a note of hesitancy in his voice. Then he said to Tarzan: "I hope I can persuade the king to spare your lives. I am not certain. It is our ancient law that strangers must die."

Shortly after dawn they neared the quay of Thobos, where a party of warriors was assembled. The Thelan stood in full view the soldiers scowled belligerently. "It seems," sighed Magra, "that we've merely jumped from the frying pan into the fire."

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The Thetan and his party were finally allowed to land, the leisting warriors surrounded them. "You know, Thetan," said ops, "that according to our laws all strangers are enemies, and must die. We'll arrest them, to await the pleasure of our King."

When they were brought to him, King Herat decreed: "Since you saved Thetan's life, I'll spare you—on condition that one of you conquer an Athairian in the arena! Until one of you slay a wild lion, and that you bring me the father of diamonds from Athair."

The monarch ordered the three men to the dungeons, where they lay chained all day and into the night. Next day came a guard and demanded: "Who will fight the Athairian?" "I," Ogabi volunteered bravely. "No, I," declared Gregory. "I am old and useless."

Then Tarzan spoke up with commanding authority, "I shall fight the Athairian, and I shall not be conquered." "Come then," replied the guard, shaking his head ruefully; "but I pity you, stranger. The Athairian is a giant and a famous killer of men."

# TARZAN of the ORBIT OF CITY

Tarzan was led to the arena of Thobes, where he was to engage in mortal combat with a captive Athairian. An electric thrill ran thru the assembly as they observed his magnificent, jungle trained physique. This could be a battle worth watching.

Promptly, thru a small doorway beneath the royal box, the apeman's antagonist entered the prong—as huge and mammoth a fellow as he had ever seen. This was the famous killer of men. As he walked out, Thetan shouted down: "Good luck, Tarzan!"

"He'll need it," chuckled King Herat, "but even good luck will do him no good in the end. I'll wager you 1 600 to 1 he dies." "Taken!" cried Thetan, but his confident voice belied the fear that was in his heart—fear for his friend's defeat.

Tarzan stood still, appraising with practiced eye the strength and weaknesses of his foe. The giant circled slowly around him. "I have killed many mighty men," the Athairian boasted contemptuously; "and I shall take great pleasure in killing you!"

TARZAN of the APES — O-H-Y

As the giant Athairian circled him, Tarzan only growled, as early training and environment had taught him to do. But that growl filled the heart of his adversary with fear, for it was the warning, belligerent growl of a lion. Still Tarzan made no move.

Neither man was armed. No one was to conquer the other by sheer muscular power. Now the Athairian, believing the attack was the best defense, charged furiously, but upon crushing his opponent in one mighty embrace, the agile jungle lord sprang to meet him.

Powerful arms encircled him, but Tarzan's jungle training served him well. He sought to sink his teeth into the Athairian's neck. The giant broke away, thoroughly terrified. "What are you, man or beast?" he cried. "I am Tarzan of the Apes," growled Tarzan; "I kill!"

Desperately the Athairian charged again, butting Tarzan with his head and knocking him down. Then he leaped high in the air to crush his fallen foe to death. A shout rose from the royal box. "I win the wager!" cried King Merat; "Tarzan is finished!"

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Leaping high in the air the giant expected to drop his whole weight upon his foe and crush him to death. But Tarzan's responsive muscles, trained by jungle necessity, served to jerk his body spontaneously from the path of the descending colossus.

At the same instant his right hand flew up like lightning and clutched the fellow's ankle. A quick pull, and the giant fell sprawling. The apeman leaped to his feet. The Athairian, too, rose instantly—and whipped a hidden dagger from his sash.

From the lips of Queen Meutloh issued a half suppressed scream. With keen admiration she had watched every move of the handsome apeman, and in her cry there was something more than pity for him. King Herot turned upon her a jealous, suspicious glance

Now the angry Athairian charged once more, eager to plunge the dagger into the heart of his foe. He had broken the rules of the contest, which forbade weapons; but his only thought was to kill the dangerous beastman before he himself should be slain.

# TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY

As his foe charged, Tarzan dodged, seized him from behind, lifted him high, and hurled him to the ground. He could have killed him then, but he waited to see what the giant would do. If he remained unconscious, Tarzan thought, the battle might be over.

But the Athairan scrambled up and fled, with Tarzan in pursuit. Driven to frenzy by terror, the giant turned at bay and drove the dagger into his own heart. "You lose, Herat," smiled Thetan. "But your Tarzan did not kill him," objected the king.

"He frightened the fellow to death," said Thetan. Herat laughed. "You win. Tarzan is free." Then he ordered Tarzan's friends, Gregory and Ogabi, brought to the arena. "Now which of you will fight the wild lion?" the king demanded. "I," Tarzan declared.

"No, no!" cried Queen Menihab; "you are free, Tarzan, you need not fight." Herat turned angrily upon his wife, his eyes ablaze with jealousy. "So—you have taken a fancy to the fellow. In that case he will fight—and not merely one lion, but two!"

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

A trumpeter sounded a call. Gates were flung open in one side of the arena, and two victims were dashed out. The Arabian knew that this might well be the end of him. One lion he might conquer but how could he withstand a simultaneous attack by two?

Meanwhile, Helen and Capt. Lavac, who had been captured by the Atholrians, stood before Queen Atka, as she pronounced sentence upon them. Helen was to be a slave to the priests in the temple of the father of diamonds beneath the waters of Lake Horus.

Lavac was to spend his life in a cage in the throne room of Sruler, living god of the Atholrians. Both were taken down a shaft by a crude elevator to the vast chamber at each side of which they saw men caged like beasts. Suddenly Helen cried out.

That haggard, unkempt figure there—that was her brother Brian. The man turned startled eyes upon her. "Helen!" "What are you doing here?" His voice drifted to a low hopeless moan. "Oh, Helen, I'd rather see you dead than in this horrible place!"

Lavac was thrust into a cage next to Brian's. But Helen was led away. "What will they do with her?" asked Lavac. "One knows nothing here." Brian answered gloomily, "one merely lives and suffers. The best that can happen is to be chosen for a sacrifice."

Presently a grotesque figure entered the room. "Mon Dieu!" What is that?" asked Lavac. "A ptome with our dinner." Brian replied. "The ptomes are fishermen and lesser priests. With their water suits, they are thoroly at home in the holy Lake Horus."

The ptome left the raw fish for their dinner, and departed. Then Brulor, flying god of the Athairians, entered the room, attended by priests and handmaidens. He seated himself on the throne before the CHEST THAT CONTAINS the sacred father of diamonds.

"Bring forth the new girl!" Brulor commanded. A door swung open and Helen entered, clad in the scant costume of a temple girl. "You," Brulor pronounced sternly, "shall be slave to Zylheb, and obey his every wish!" Brian Gregory moaned.

"What's happening?" Lavac asked anxiously, staring at Helen as she stood before Bruler. "The old devil has assigned Helen as slave to that beast Zytheb," Brian answered angrily "and here we are, ongod up like wild animals, unable to help her."

A low, hopeless moan issued from Brian Gregory's lips as he continued. "You don't know what this means to me, her brother." "And you don't know what it mean to me, Brian," Lavac returned. "I love Ma!" Both men fell silent, watching the fateful ritual.

Finally the ceremony was over, and Zytheb, Keeper of the Keys, commanded the girl to follow him. He led her thru a gloomy corridor to his own submarine apartment. Fearfully, Helen paused just across the threshold. "I'll go no further," she declared.

Zytheb's eyes blazed furiously. "Come here! You are my slave. You'll do as I command." "No!" cried Helen. From his belt, Zytheb drew a short sword. "It is the privilege of the master to kill a disobedient slave!" he shouted, and dashed toward the girl.

# TARZAN THE TERRIBLE — OPEN CITY

With horrified eyes, Helen watched the furious Zytheb rushing at her with sword drawn to strike her down. To try to escape was useless. Even if she ran back down the corridor, Zytheb would overtake her, or she would be trapped by the other priests. . .

At this moment, TARZAN, too, was in peril of his life. In the arena of Thoboy, two wild BONI were charging him. One he could have conquered; he had done it many times. BUT two! The given a knife, even the mighty Jungle Lord couldn't HANDLE a double assault!

The occupants of the royal box watched the impending tragedy with varying emotions. Thoian's heart was heavy, for he knew his friend would die. King Meriat leaned forward eagerly—lips parted, eyes dilated. He model this to be Tarzan's execution!

The ape-man stood still. He had conceived the only plan that might prove effective against the two great beasts, but it was a doubtful plan. Presently, the leading lion came upon him, and reared above him. Queen Meriteb hid her eyes and screamed!

# TARZAN OF THE LOST CITY

As the leading lion reared above him, Tarzan leaped to one side and behind the beast. Then he seized it and hurled it into the face of the second charging lion. This startled brute, thinking the other had attacked him, tore furiously into his fellow.

With hideous roars and growls they fell upon each other, rending with powerful talons and sharp fangs. This was precisely as the cunning Tarzan had planned. For the stronger lion quickly dispatched the weaker, then turned with savage roars upon the man.

Tarzan, with knife drawn, crouched, growling, awaiting the charge. Leaping upon the beast, he drove the blade into the savage heart. As the lion fell, he placed a foot upon the carcass of his kill, and voiced the weird victory cry of the great ape.

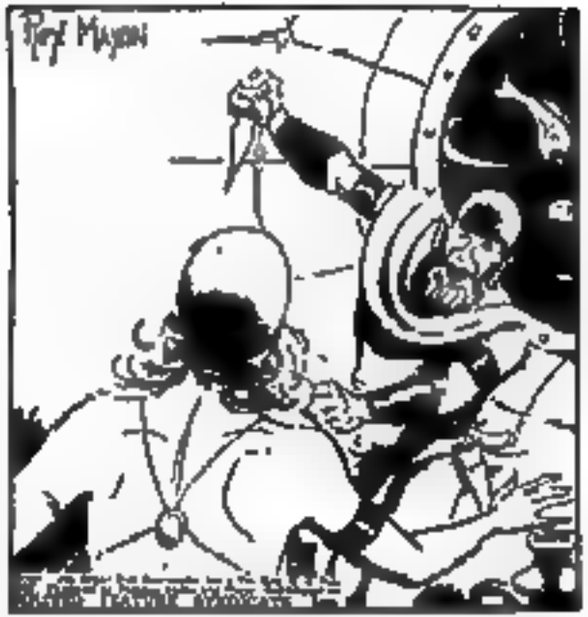
"You have won your freedom," King Herat called admiringly. "No," Tarman answered: "I must go now to Athair to bring back Broler and the Father of Diamonds." Herat frowned. He regretted to see so brave a man undertake a journey that meant certain death.

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

When Tarzan insisted on going himself to Athair King Horat said "We'll send soldiers to help you. It is a task no man can accomplish alone." "Nor a hundred men," sighed Queen Mootheh; "we've tried it." The apeman shook his head. "I shall go alone."

But Tarzan could not resist the pleading of Ogabi, who wished to share the perils of Athair with his beloved Bwana. Ogabi was an expert tracker and hunter. He might indeed prove a valuable aide.

"But my son and daughter are there," the old man quavered, "it is my duty to do what I can to help them." Tarzan answered firmly, grimly: "If they are still alive, I shall bring them back. If I fail to return, you may count us all among the dead." . . .




. . . At that moment, Helen Gregory was alive; but it seemed that the future span of her life could be calculated in seconds. The priest Zytech, to whom she had been assigned as slave, was rushing down on her with drawn sword. Farajo seemed impassible.

# TARZAN IN FOREBODEN CITY

As the furious Zythab rushed at her Helen acted instinctively to save her own life. Without thinking, she seized a vase from a table and hurled it at his head. As the priest fell to the floor, she knew she had killed him. She had no regrets.

But what was she to do now? There could be no escape from this frightful place beneath the waters of Lake Huron. But she must go on, she must try. Quickly she took Zythab's keys and moved. Then crept out into the corridor searching for the throne room.

Finally she came to a door. Was this the room? Would she find priests or armed guards beyond? She hesitated a moment, then opened the door. Here was the throne room, deserted except for the sleeping prisoners. The girl hastened to Lavac's cage.

Lavac awoke, startled. "How did you do it?" he asked, amazed. "Quiet!" the girl cautioned; "let me get you and Brian out, then we can plan." Lavac shrugged hopelessly. "What good will it do to get us out of the cages? We can never escape from the jungle."

TARZAN IN OBI-OGEN CITY

As soon as the key clicked the lock, Lavac pushed open the door and threw his arms around Helen, smothering her with fervent kisses. But the ardor of their love did not blind them to the perils of their situation. "What do we do now?" Lavac asked.

"There is a secret exit from the temple," Brian explained; "the priests use it when their windless elevator is out of order." "Where is it?" Lavac demanded eagerly. "I don't know," Brian answered; "but one of the prisoners here is a former priest.

"We'll liberate all the prisoners," Helen suggested, and she went from cage to cage, unlocking the doors with the keys she had taken from the dead Sythek. "That is Markaf, the former priest," said Brian, pointing to an emaciated figure emerging from a cage.

Markaf knew the secret passage and he was willing enough to lead them to it, but he warned that they would probably be captured before they could reach it. "It is death by torture if we are caught," he sighed, "and a life of danger if we escape."

TARZAN IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Herkuff, the former priest, led his fellow fugitives by the secret passage from the submarine dungeons of Athair. "It's good to breathe the air of freedom," Helen exulted. Brian and Lavac remained silent. They knew their freedom was a shadowy thing.

All night the escaped prisoners trudged through the canyon. Shortly after daylight Helen whispered in alarm. "I hear voices. Someone is coming." The others cocked their ears. "Athairians!" Herkuff confirmed. "we'll turn off the trail and hide here."

A few minutes later six hurrying warriors came to the spot where the fugitives had turned off. "Their tracks are plain," said the leader; "we shall soon lay hands upon them. Come." The warriors followed, with utmost stealth, to recapture the refugees.

Soon the Athairians burst in upon the startled little band. Some tried to run. A shower of spears fell upon them. Helen, Brian and Lavac stood still. They knew they could not escape. Now the Athairian warriors had caught them in a tight trap!

Helen trembled. Lavac and Brian stood calm and resigned. They all knew the fate that awaited them when their captors took them back to the temple that lay beneath the waters of the sacred lake. Here they would undergo frightful tortures—and death . . .

Meanwhile Tarzan and the faithful Ogabi were bound for Athair armed with newly made bows and arrows. Suddenly the ape man stopped and tested the air with his sensitive nostrils. "Men ahead," he said laconically. "Maybe men of Athair." Ogabi frowned.

Along the arboreal path he sped. The scent spoor became plainer. Presently he detected the delicate aroma of a white woman. Then he heard screams of the trapped fugitives—the death cry of him who had been transfixed by a spear.

The Athairians were belaboring their victims with spears. One threatened Helen. Lavac knocked him down. Instantly another raised a shaft to drive it through the Frenchman's back. Then Tarzan arrived—to defy the brutal warriors single-handed!

Helen screamed when she saw the warrior about to drive his spear into her sweetheart's back. Then, suddenly an arrow pierced the warrior's heart. Shrieking, he fell dead. The other Athairians looked about, wholly mystified and terrified.

Only Lavac guessed the truth. "It must be Tarzan," he whispered to Helen. None knew better than Tarzan of the Apes how to harass an enemy. He had seen the surprise caused below by his mysterious messenger of death. A grim half-smile touched his lips.

He drew his bow again, and selected another victim. The arrow sped downward and struck. Another Athairian screamed and fell. "Who is it? What is it?" the warriors cried. "It is the god of the outside people," Lavac roared, "he will kill you."

The Athairians were afraid, but they knew that death awaited them at the hands of their Queen if they should return without the fugitives. So now they sought to herd their prisoners into the backtrail toward Athair, to escape the strange killer.

TARZAN OF THE APES — OPEN CITY

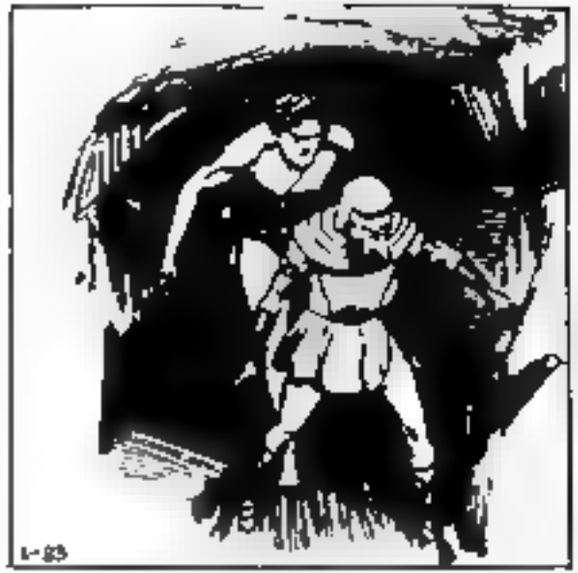
As the warriors attempted to hurry away with their prisoners, a deep voice boomed down "I am Tarzan of the Apes. Go, and leave my friends." "If we leave them, our Queen will kill us," the leader cried to the others. "We must try to escape with them."

With the rapidity of machine-gun fire, four arrows sped from the trees and brought down the remaining Atharians. Then Tarzan dropped down into the clearing among the grateful fugitives. "Now you will lead us from this dreadful place," cried Helen.

The ape-man shook his head. "I go to Athair. I must obtain the Father of Diamonds before your father and Magra can be freed." "Then I'll go with you," Lavac volunteered. Brian, Herkuff and Helen added their voices to his. Tarzan frowned.

He decided, however, that they would be safer with him than alone, so he beckoned them to follow. At last they came to the secret entrance to the Temple of Brulor, a dark and eerie passage. Already the eyes of a sentinel priest were upon them!

passage, it was agreed that Herkuff should go with Tarzan as guide through the maze of dark corridors. When they entered, the sentinel priest, who had been watching them, turned and ran to report their coming.



Through the gloomy tunnel crept Tarzan and Herkuff. "If we can hide in the little room behind the throne, we can get Brulor when he comes out, and I can take the casket," Herkuff explained. "It is a risky business. If we fail, it means certain death."

Just behind the door they were approaching, a band of warriors awaited them. The sentinel priest had done his duty well. "Be ready!" warned the captain of the soldiers, "and remember the Queen's command—take them alive. They will die by torture."

Tarzan was aware of the risk, but there was no sound or scent to disturb his hopes of success. The musty odors of the corridors concealed from his nostrils the presence of the ambushed warriors. Herkuf opened the door. The two men stepped into the trap!

TARZAN THE ONE-DOWN CLUB

As Tarzan and Herkuf stepped through the doorway, the warriors set upon them. Fending flailing spears, Tarzan seized the foremost assailant and hurled him across the room. Herkeuf grappled with another, but he was weak from his long confinement.

The mighty Lord of the Jungle fought with the strength and desperation of a beast at bay. His two hands were powerful hammers, striking the chins of his adversaries. His arms pumped and swung. His feet danced lightly as he ducked and dodged . . .

At this moment, another detail of warriors swooped down on Tarzan's friends who were waiting at the entrance to the passage. Helen's heart sank. She was terrified by the thought of returning to Brulor's temple. Even death was preferable to that . . .

Now Herkuf was struck down, and Tarzan was left to fight alone. Already the ape-man had accounted for three opponents. As he was about to dispatch a fourth, another warrior aimed a blow from behind. The odds against him were too great even for Tarzan!

# TARZAN THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE

Tarzan battled furiously, bravely, desperately for he knew the consequences of defeat. He fought with the strength of ten men, but the odds were too great. At last he went down under the attack of the Atlantians. A blow from behind ended the conflict.

The apeman recovered quickly from the knockout blow, only to find his wrists bound behind his back. Then he was jerked to his feet and marched with Herkuf thru a corridor to Orutor's throne room. There he saw that his friends were captives, too.

A little cry burst from Helen's lips, a cry of terror and alarm. With the mighty Tarzan a prisoner, she believed all hope of escape had vanished. Perhaps she would be assigned once more to be a slave to some hideous priest of the submarine temple.

An officer of the guard surveyed the captives with an insolent air of ownership. "Into the cages with them!" he snapped. "All but this fellow here." He nodded toward the apeman with an enigmatic smile. "Her majesty, the queen, wishes to see him!"

# TARZAN AND THE LOST CITY

"Take him to the queen," repeated the captain of the guard, nodding toward Tarzan. As he spoke, a maniacal laugh burst from the darkness of one of the cages. It was the voice of Alan Thome. "Take him to the queen. That she devil. Ha! Ha!"

The jungle lord's sharp eyes made out the form of Lal Tasak, too, in the cage with Thome. As if in answer to his unspoken query, Lal Tasak said gloomily: "We had her favor of the queen, but we lost it. One does not hold her favor long. Now we're doomed."

Alan Thome resumed his wild screaming. "Here we are, all united at last—all of us who sought the great father of diamonds. There it is—in that casket. But don't touch it. Don't touch it! It's for me!" His voice trailed off in a mad laugh.

The warriors prodded Tarzan with spears and hustled him away. Up the elevator they took him, to the room where Queen Atha sat in regal splendor. For a moment her eyes lighted, then reverted to the cold stare which was the outward sign of her cruelty.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

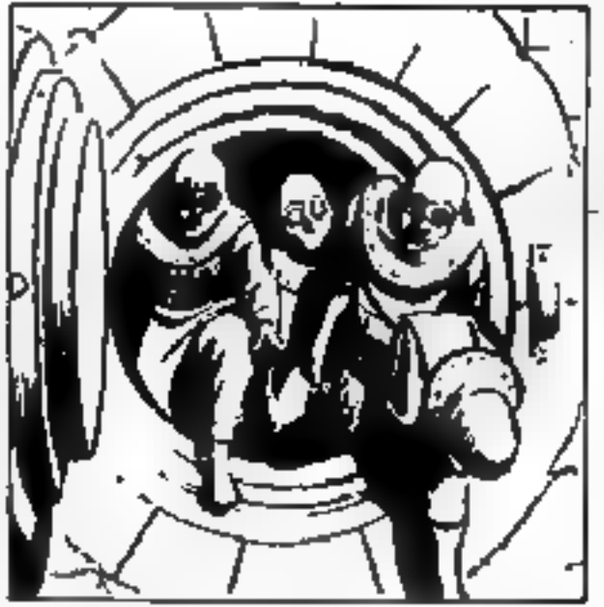
"Why did you come here?" Queen Atka demanded of the handsome stalwart prisoner. "To free my friends," the apeman answered. "You killed many of my warriors," Atka snapped. "I would have killed many more, had they fought fair," Tarzan said defiantly

The queen's eyes softened. How magnificent was this man who called himself Tarzan of the Apes, how proud and fearless. "Let us be friends," she said dreamily. "I have heard how you fought on the river. You would be valuable to me, if loyal."

The queen leaned forward confidently as she continued. "Swear loyalty, and you shall go free." "And my friends?" "They must be punished." "Then I shall not swear!" Atka's whole being flamed with anger. "Take him away!" she screamed.

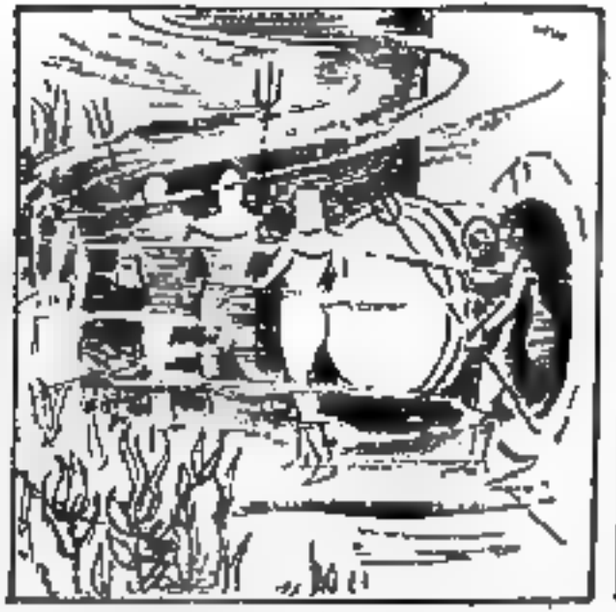
Later Atka came to the submarine temple to pronounce judgment on the prisoners. She turned to Helen. "This girl shall be taken to the little chamber, there to drown slowly. The others shall be offered as sacrifices, each in his turn, and with slow torture!"

TARZAN AND THE LORD OF DEN CITY



When Queen Atka had pronounced doom upon the prisoners, three grotesque creatures emerged from the gloom. These were pluvies, who wore underwater suits that enabled them to roam at ease thru the submarine wilderness of secret Lake Horus

The pluvies dressed Helen in a suit like theirs "What will they do with her?" Lavac asked fearfully. Herkuf answered. "They will take her to the little chamber out in the lake. They will take her suit away. The water will rise slowly, and drown her!"



The weird creatures led Helen thru an air chamber out into the lake, where other pluvies were tending gardens of submarine plants which served as delicacies for the Atheirians. The girl was numb with terror, wondering what horrible fate awaited her

Lavac was desperate, too helpless. He heard Tarzan questioning Herkuf, but he paid no attention. His beloved Helen was gone forever. Nothing else mattered. Why did Tarzan keep asking so many questions? He, too, would soon be dead!

TARZAN FROM ZEMBOEN CITY

The ptomes took Helen thru the ceiling trap-door of a small room at the bottom of the lake. Roughly they removed her water suit and left her. Soon a tiny stream began to trickle into the room. When the water rose high enough, she would drown. . .

A death like silence lay upon the throne room, broken only by the faint whispering of Tarzan and Herkuf. "Now is the time," Herkuf was saying "do you think you can do it? The bars are strong." "Not so strong as Tarzan," the apeman replied. "watch!"

Tarzan seized two bars and spread them apart so he could squeeze thru. Then he pushed them back into place and thanked Herkuf. "You're as strong as a bull elephant!" gasped Herkuf. Tarzan answered impatiently, "There is no time to waste. Lead on."

Stealthily the conspirators crept across the throne room toward a closed door. Behind that concealing portal were the mysterious ptomes, guardians of this strange world beneath the lake. If the ptomes slept, all might be well. If even one were awake—!

# TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

Anxiously, Tarzan and Herkul pushed open the door. Fortune was with them. The pionos were asleep on their hard benches, their water suits hanging from pegs, their tridents in a rack. They slept without sentries, for the temple was considered impregnable.

Taking three suits and tridents, the two conspirators crossed the room and entered an other, where they were confronted with a water tight door. Here each donned a suit. "If we can pass safely thru the air chamber, the worst will be over," said Herkul.

They entered the chamber and closed the door. Herkul opened a valve. Water poured in until the chamber was full, but the two men were protected by the miraculous water suits. Presently they opened a trapdoor, and stepped out into the submarine wilds.

Thru the gardens and over forests of the pionos, Herkul led Tarzan toward the watery cell where death was creeping relentlessly up on Helen Gregory. About them, dark, sinister shapes glided eternally in this mysterious world of silent perils.

# TARZAN in the FORBIDDEN CITY

Slow was the progress of Tarzan and Herkul as they breasted their way thru the impeding waters of Lake Horus. Each walked as in an exasperating dream—plodding, trudging, lumbering, with so little headway. It seemed that they would never reach their goal.

Tarzan watched warily the dark, mysterious shapes that hovered about them—terrible creatures of the submarine wilderness. Suppose they should attack! Many times he had conquered the beasts of the jungle, but could he triumph over these monsters of the deep?

Even if Tarzan and Herkul reached safety, they might be too late. Slowly but steadily the little stream was trickling into the chamber where she was imprisoned. Soon the water was up to her neck, advancing relentlessly toward her lips for the final kiss of death.

The poor girl was without hope, but instinct prompted her to cling stubbornly to the last few precious moments of life. She ascended the ladder to the light-sealed trapdoor. Her hand touched the ceiling. She could go no further. But the lethal waters pursued her.

# TARZAN The Lord of the Jungle

At last Tarzan and Herkuf came safely to the air chamber above Helen's execution cell. The upper chamber was filled with water, but Herkuf started the pump. Tarzan knew, however, that the water was still rising in Helen's cell. She might already be drowned.

Finally the air chamber was emptied. Anxiously Tarzan bent over and grasped the big iron rings on the trapdoor, by which he could gain access to the chamber below. He heaved mightily. The door refused to budge, even before Tarzan's Herculean strength.

At that moment, in the temple, a plume awoke and rubbed his eyes. Immediately he noticed that three water suits were missing from their pegs. He sounded an alarm. His fellows leaped up. All ran at once to Brulor's throne room, seeking a clue to the mystery.

They found the clue readily enough. Tarzan and Herkuf were gone. "But three suits were taken," cried a plume. "They have gone to the little chamber to free the girl," exclaimed another. "After them!" shouted the leader. "In the name of Atka, quick!"

# TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

In frantic haste, six pirates donned undersea suits and hurried out into the waters of Lake Horus. They had a double mission: to prevent the escape of Helen—if she still lived, and to bring Tarzan and Jerkul back as his cages. They were sure of success.

Now Tarzan, stimulated by desperation to supernatural strength, tugged again at the trapdoor. This time it yielded. Anxiously the ape-man peered into the gloom below. There, floating apparently lifeless on the water, he espied a face—Helen's face!

Meanwhile, in Thebes, across the lake, the other remaining member of the ill-fated safari paced the floor of a luxurious apartment. This grandeur was a fit setting for Magra's exotic beauty, but she would have exchanged it gladly for Tarzan's company.

Tho she was treated with every consideration, she was still a prisoner. Presently she heard footsteps in the corridor. A moment later, the door opened and the gross form of King Herat crossed the threshold. With a sinister smile the monarch approached Magra.

TARZAN and the FOREIGN CITY

As King Horat approaches, Magra fixed him with a cold bitter glance. "Go!" she commanded. Horat chuckled. "It is not fitting for a captive to command a king. It is I who shall give orders." He opened his arms to embrace her. At that moment the door opened.

The jealous Shrewish Queen Nenthob stood on the threshold. "Get out of here!" she screamed at the king: "and tomorrow this girl must die. Hear?" Horat sputtered and fumed, but at last he nodded consent. In the land of Thobor, the queen was king.

Magra was left alone to contemplate her certain fate on the morrow. If she was to die anyway, she would risk escape. She would follow Tarzan to Athair. The jungle lord had spurned her, but she loved him still. To be with him was the zenith of her wishes.

That night Magra pleaded with Thetan. "I'll help you," he agreed: "because you are Tarzan's friend, and Tarzan saved my life. Follow the trail on the west side of the lake. It leads to Athair—and probably to death at the hands of the savage Athairians."

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

Thelan's knowledge of secret passages enabled Magra to reach Frederick Gregory's cell unseen. Eagerly her fellow prisoner agreed to join her in the risky attempt to escape. Any activity, no matter how perilous, was better than this lingering uncertainty.

Once out of the palace, they followed the trail that led to Alhair. They believed they were marching into the arms of death, but they did not care, so long as they could die with those they loved. Magra with the magnificent Tarzan, Gregory with his daughter Helen.

Frederick Gregory would have been horrified had he seen Helen as Tarzan saw her, seemingly lifeless in a watery tomb. The ape-man pulled her up. She was alive! She had merely been floating face up, to profit by the few remaining inches of air in the chamber.

Now the two men helped her into the water suit. Then Herkof led the way across the floor of the lake. But the pursuing pirates discovered them and hurried to overtake them. In the silence of the watery depths, no warning sound reached the ears of the fugitives.

# TARZAN of the APES — BOOK ONE — CHAPTER ONE

Silently the ape people pushed their way down the water giving no warning to their quarry. Had [illegible] the wary jungle beast he would have been dead years ago if he had not learned in his lonely childhood that silence was the price of survival.

To him it was not [illegible] to place one foot behind him. So it was that he saw the [illegible] flight in [illegible] was useless. Meta was [illegible] from her harrowing experience. And the [illegible] were more at home in the water than they. To fight was the only hope.

Meta had been [illegible] and had been taken from [illegible] number. Now [illegible] she had not [illegible]. Tarzan [illegible] had been saved by the [illegible] from one death to be taken to another more horrible.

[illegible] the [illegible] painted [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] be [illegible] New Tarzan [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] fight [illegible] back to [illegible] the [illegible] Confidently the [illegible] pressed on.

# TARZAN FORBIDDEN CITY

When they saw the ploms turn to fight Tarzan, Helgo and Herkuf started to the aid of their friend. Like monstrous robots, held back by an invisible hand, they stalked forward. But their effort seemed in vain when Tarzan fell and the ploms lunged at him.

Before the knife reached his breast, however, the mighty apeman twisted his body. The ploms missed his blow, and before he could aim another, Herkuf's trident pierced him. The fugitives were safe now, but their security was destined to be short lived.

In the submarine temple waited Brutor, satanic high priest of Alhair. An hour passed and the six ploms had not returned with their prisoners. Finally a plom ventured the suggestion that they had been overcome by demons. Brutor flew into a rage.

"They are no demons, but mortal men, and mortal men may die!" he screamed. "One is Herkuf, the renegade priest. The other is the man called Tarzan. Go, all you ploms! You are ten times six! You shall trap the fugitives and bring them back, dead or alive."

# TARZAN OF THE APES

While the grotesque priests of Kerkor Beulon's temple to pursue them, Tarzan, Helen and Herkuf trudged across the bottom of the lake. Presently they entered a vast valley, a submarine wilderness inhabited by strange and mighty monsters of the deep.

Suddenly a serpent-like creature swam silently from the lair to attack them. As the three city humans faced its horrible jaws with their puny weapons, its long, sinuous tail writhed in spirals above them, as if signaling their impending destruction.

Its protruding eyes glared. Its forked tongue darted from ranged jaws. Then suddenly it wrapped its tail around Helen and darted away. Tarzan sprang up. He managed to seize Helen's ankle. He tried to wrest her free. But the coils only tightened about her.

Tarzan climbed to the monster's back and drove his knife again and again into the cold body. Painfully but not seriously wounded, the saurian dropped the girl and turned in screaming fury upon the man-thing that dared thus to question its supremacy.

# TARZAN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Bleeding but infuriated the monster turned to destroy its tormentor. But with the strength, agility and daring that belongs only to him, Tarzan climbed steadily toward the great throat, feeding those snapping fanged jaws with his sharp knife.

The lion, the leopard, the antelope—all these Tarzan had killed by severing the jugular vein. Why not the creature, in which blood flowed, too? At last Tarzan realized his goal and accomplished his purpose. The monster quivered, writhed and died.

The victorious apeman sank to the floor of the lake and signaled his companions to resume their journey. Once more they threaded their way thru the weird, watery jungle. Tarzan's eyes darted about him, on the alert for new perils of the deep.

The travelers sensed the presence of other strange monsters upon them, and momentarily they expected another attack. But equally as dangerous were the 80 men who roamed the bottom of the lake in search of them. Of this hazard they did not know.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

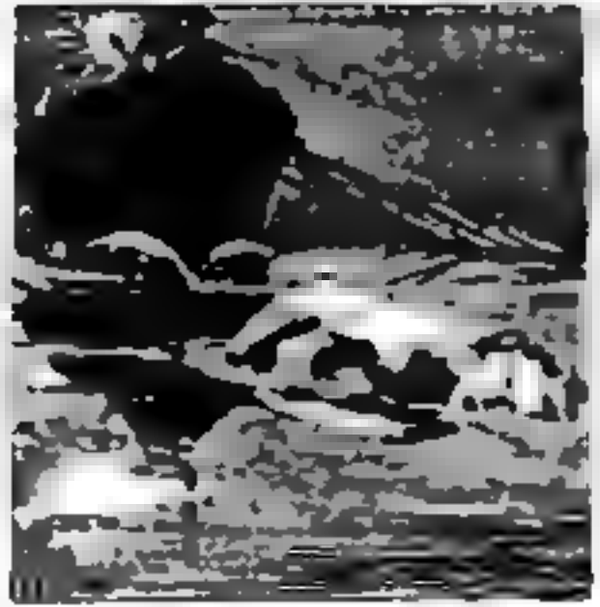
By great good fortune the fugitives crossed the lake safely. Helen and Herkul were almost exhausted. Tarzan, fresh and refined, helped them ashore. There they recovered their cumbersome helmets. Helen cried out in surprise as she recognized Tarzan.

"But I might have known it was you," she exclaimed. "For who else could have done what you have?" Without answering, Tarzan pointed to a nearby cave. "You and I shall remain there while Herkul finds the boat he believes is hidden in the shore nearby."

But Herkul soon returned with the intelligence that the boat he had coveted on was gone. Tarzan waited until nightfall, then emerged. He would swim the lake and seize a boat at the quay of Athair. Helen and Herkul hid in vine to distract him.

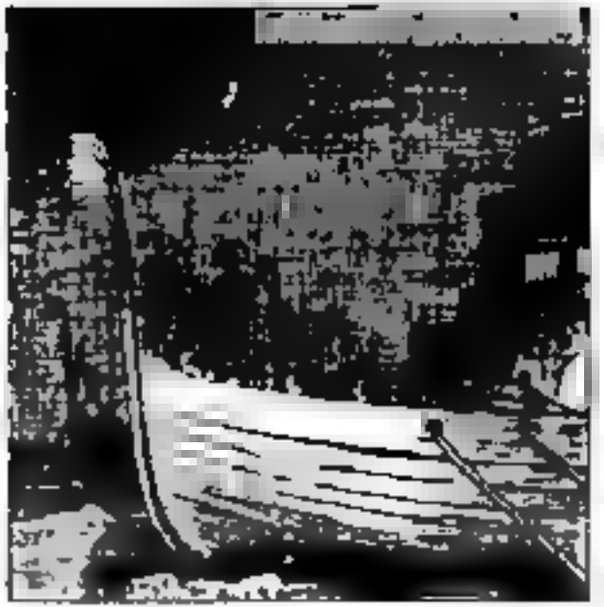
Tarzan plunged into the water and swam strongly toward the forbidden city. Halfway across, he saw the flare suddenly lighted in the bow of a galley. A moment after the galley's course was altered toward him. Tarzan realized he had been discovered!

# TRANSMOGRIFICO CITY



# TARZAN LOOM-DOOM CITY

As the warriors dragged Tarzan into the galley, he saw the black plumes of Thobot and heard a familiar voice call his name. It was Thetan, his friend. And Thetan quickly agreed to pick up Helen and Hornet from the rocky shore where Tarzan had left them.



But luck for one which had served the ape man so well fled from him now. At this very moment his galleys were pulling out from Alibar to join the Thonian craft which had been sighted by a sentry. "Tonight we'll have a prize," the warriors cried.

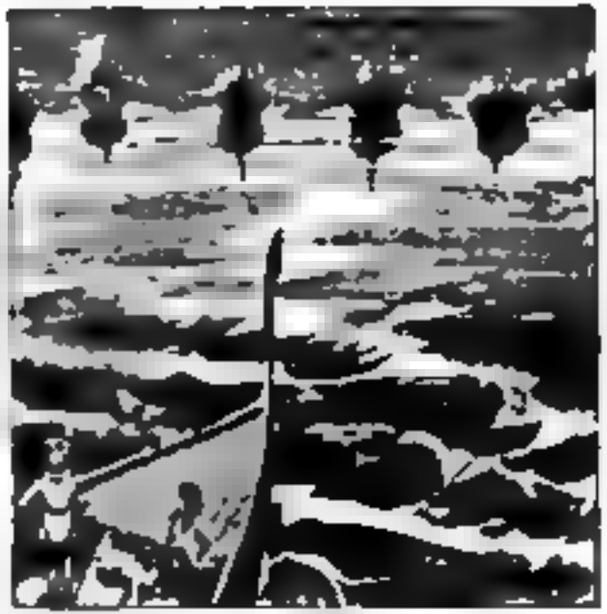
Meanwhile Magra and Frederick Gregory pursuing their search for Tarzan came to a great cavern. Here they believed they might rest from their exhausting journey. "We'd better explore it," said he, "to be sure it's safe," Gregory suggested. They entered warily.

As they braved the cavern, high-vaulted corridor, Magra shuddered. "There's something creepy about this place," she whispered. "I can feel we're not alone. Something's near us. I'm afraid I know we're being watched—by unseen evil eyes."

As Tarzan's wonted shout [illegible] Magno's fingers [illegible] Sydney [illegible] and sprang into the water, where stood the prince [illegible] Magno was [illegible]

[illegible] patted [illegible] be given. His [illegible] hand darted out, [illegible] jagged [illegible] into the dark [illegible] for [illegible] the name of the man who might save him from the terrible fate. Tarzan

But Tarzan would be fortunate if he would escape with his life from the pirates which were closing in around him. Tarzan's galley [illegible] which he was a passenger, was [illegible] picking up [illegible] and Herron from the [illegible] Then [illegible] turn back around

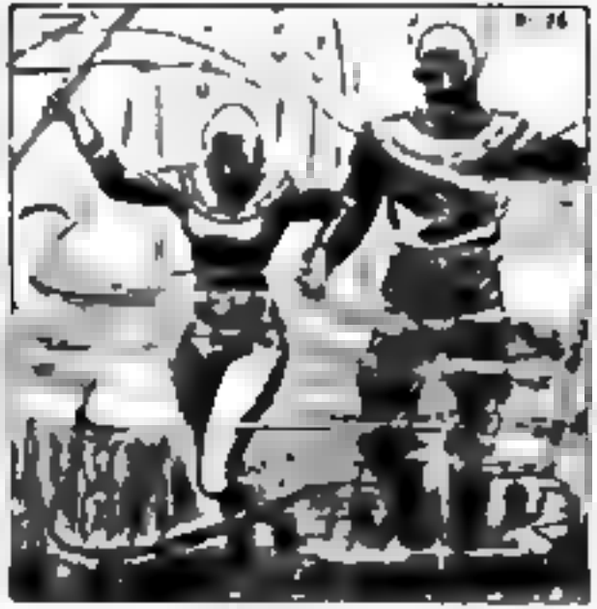


As the last galley [illegible] the [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] galley

# TARZAN of the LOST CITY

As the evil [illegible] pirate [illegible] to the [illegible] the Thuvian craft, Tarzan realizes the [illegible] of capture and death for himself. He had no fear, but the lives of Helen and Herbert were under his protection. To them he was to relive [illegible]

They put on their water suits. Tarzan [illegible] Herbert. Then he grasped Helena's hand and jumped overboard. Herbert followed. As they sank into the dark waters of the current the Thuvian [illegible] galley darted forward to escape the western [illegible]



Tarzan and Helen [illegible] where they sighted [illegible] the darkness they [illegible] Herbert. But when daylight [illegible] only there he waters. They were [illegible] and they set out once more on their hazardous journey.

Tarzan's pistol [illegible] A fish [illegible] but no [illegible] was [illegible] pride. He would have Helen [illegible] in this submarine wilderness. There he and Herbert would dart to have [illegible] the [illegible] of their [illegible] in the [illegible] guarded temple of Brolar.

# ローン・ウルフ

The aroused pirates stared blinkingly for a moment at Tarzan and Herkuf then sank back to sleep. He had mistaken them for fellow pirates. And now the two intruders continued to the end of the dormitory where Tarzan lifted two water suits from their pegs.

They passed then in the room of the captives. The mighty Tarzan bent the bars of the cages, and released them one by one. Brian and Lavac were ordered to don the water suits, the others were instructed to seek freedom as best they could by the secret passage.

But the half mad Atan Thane had come to Athair in quest of the fabulous father of diamonds. He would not leave without it. As soon as he was released from his cage, he leaped forward to Hrulor's altar, snatched up the jeweled casket, and hugged it close.

Instantly Lal Teagh and Brian Gregory rushed at him to wrest the precious casket from him. Atan Thane screamed a wild, mad scream. A moment later a horde of pirates, aroused by the sound, poured into the throne room, their tridents ready for slaughter.

# TARZAN AND THE LOST CITY

Savagely the prisoners rushed at to quell the prison break by killing the members of Lekemary. The captives fought as best they could, with tridents, sticks of furniture or bare hands. They were determined to die rather than return to their cages.

It was Tarzan, mighty fighter of the jungle, who now the secret of the [illegible] in the temple beneath the waters of Lake Mona. As their most dangerous opponent the pirates reinstituted their attack on him. Time after time they charged him fiercely.

Each time, the apeman drove back the man-[illegible] and [illegible] again but. Many of the other prisoners died, but Brian, Lerac and Merkut managed to beat off their assailants. The battle swung then in the balance when Bruior burst into the room.

Tarzan upon the profaners of the temple. Bruior screamed: "Death to them! Death to him who has defiled the casket of the father of diamonds!" Rushing the warriors, Tarzan knew that the sword of the warriors would spell doom for him and for his friends.

# TARZAN IN FORBIDDEN CITY

Obeying Brulor's command a plume slipped away to bear news of the battle to the queen. Atka's eyes flamed with anger as she dispatched her fiercest warriors to the temple. "These captives have caused us trouble enough," she screamed. "Now they die!" . . .

While Tarzan and his companions seemed thus hopelessly trapped, Magra and Frederick Gregory were faring no better. After she had been seized by a mysterious arm that shot out from a dark niche, Magra was dragged, despite her struggles, thru a long corridor.

She was taken to another splendid cavern. At the far end, an empty throne stood upon a dais behind an empty altar. In the center of the cavern was a pool of placid water. In contrast to this sleeping beauty stood a dozen sinister figures, robed in white.

When Gregory was dragged in, one of the figures spoke. "Who are you who dare enter the temple of the true god?" Minions of Atka? Spies of false Brulor? Know then, that when our true god returns, you shall earn your fate and the manner of your death!

# TARZAN OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY

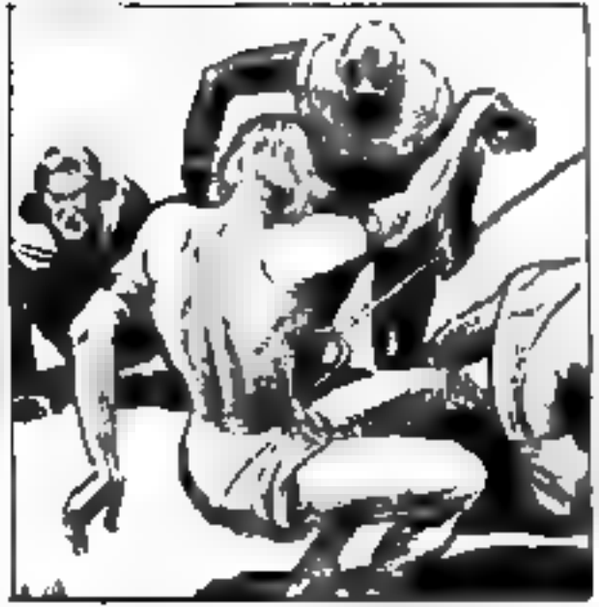
Magra stood staring at the strange, white robed figure, so silent, so sinister, and in the empty throne. "We've done you no harm. Why do you keep us? Why do you want to kill us?" A deep voice answered. "When the true god returns, you will know all."

At this moment, from the waters of Lake Horus cruised a figure dressed in snow white water suit and helmet. Above the garden of the pleasure, it suddenly stopped, then darted swiftly downward like a hungry fish pounced upon its helpless prey.

Helen Gregory, waiting in the garden of the pleasure where Tarzan had left her, felt a hand seize her from behind. She turned to see a white figure confronting her. "Into thing what ever it was, meant to capture her. She plunged her trident desperately at its heart.

Dodging the blow, the strange figure reached in and wrested the trident from Helen. Then it seized her by the wrist and swam upward. The girl struggled in vain, but the creature was powerful. Up, up, it pulled her, toward some new, unpredictable fate.

Up and up, thru the ruins of Ithron, Helen was dragged by the ghastly figure, until at last they came to the summit on a rocky precipice above. Here the creature pulled its prisoner into a dark cavern, a den of horror for the girl.



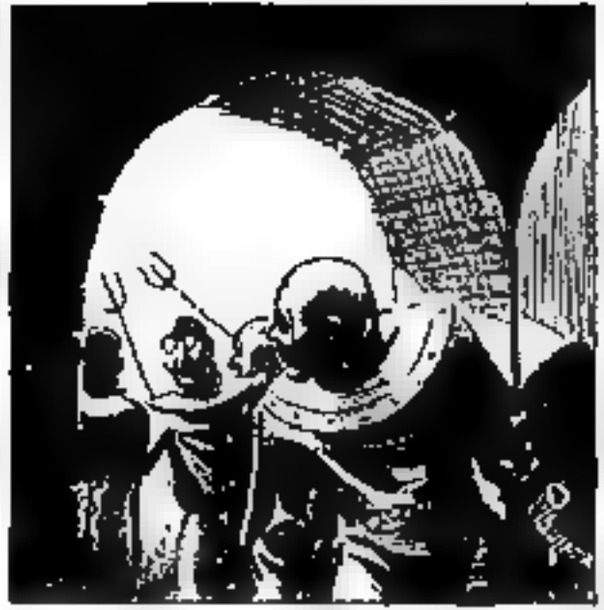
Meanwhile, Tarzan and his companions fought furiously and successfully against the hordes of savage pitmen. One by one, the grotesque denizens of the temple died under the terrific onslaught of Brian, Herkul, Jaxec and the mighty jungle lord.

Herkul leaped to the dais and drove his sword thru the heart of Brutor, high priest of Ithron. "Die, impostor," he cried. "For years I have lived for this moment. Then I die now. I shall die happy. The true god has been avenged."

With Brutor dead, the few remaining pitmen were seized with panic. Tarzan and his friends started toward the air chamber to escape. At that moment, the fierce warriors of Athor charged into the room, with spears leveled to throw.

# TARZAN IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

As the Athalrian warriors swarmed into the room, Tarzan feared there would be no time to escape thru the air chamber. He and his friends must stand and fight, tho the odds were overwhelming. Defeat and death, it seemed, were inevitable.



Tarzan, Brian and Lavac accepted the situation with resignation. They were prepared to sell their lives dearly. But Herkul, to the surprise of the other three, turned and fled thru the door at their backs. Was he abandoning friends?

Once inside the throne room, the warriors hesitated, appalled by the bloody shambles that met their astonished view, and confused by the fact that the three who faced them appeared to be priests of the temple. But their hesitation was short.

"There! Those three!" a priest shouted. Then the warriors charged. The spearman met the leader in a duel of spear and trident. The numerous Athalrians expected a quick victory. The jungle lord shared that view, but he was resolved to die fighting.

# TARZAN OF THE APES — OPEN CITY

Confidently the Athenian warriors surged forward to be Tarzan and his companions. And it seemed that they would accomplish their purpose easily. Then suddenly, there came a gushing hissing sound and a stream of water poured into the [illegible] room.

Instant had thought and acted quickly, throwing open the door of the air chamber. He had turned the valves to let the waters of Lake Norus into the temple. Safe in their water suits, Tarzan and his friends watched the horrent foes back their savage foes.

Cursing and jeering, the warriors fought to club over each other in their mad panic to escape. Now that the threat of death had passed, Brian Gregory looked about him, and saw that Alan Thorne had vanished with the casket of the Father of Dinosaurs.

Brian quickly removed his helmet, and signaled Tarzan to do likewise. "You get Helen," he cried. "I'm going after Thorne! I get that casket, or die!" Tarzan tried in vain to dissuade him, but Brian turned and dashed toward the secret passage.

# TARZAN & THE ORB-DOOR CITY

As Brian left, a pursuit of Allan Thome and the quest of the Father of Diamonds, the waters rose rapidly in the temple. Most of the Lothonian warriors were drowned. Tarzan and Larne turned gladly from the sight and strode to the air chamber.

With Herrut they went out, back into the hall to the spot where they had left Helen. But she was gone. Tarzan was dismayed. Where in all this submarine wilderness might he look for her? Those who passed thru the waters of Lake Horus left no trial.

While Tarzan searched hopelessly for Helen, Magra and Gregory waited fearfully beside the pool in the cavern of their captors. The silence was deadlike. Suddenly, as guard surface of the pool was broken and two human forms emerged, one white, the other dark.

When the helmets of the two figures were removed, Frederick Gregory cried out "Helen! It is you. Thank heaven you live." His ecstasy was interrupted by a booming voice. "Now has the true god returned, and now shall you all be judged and punished!"

Unbelieved. Helen's captor stood gazing at her in surprise. "A girl!" he cried. "since when has the false Brahm made planes of girls?" "I do no plane," Helen replied. "I merely adopted this method of escape." "Perhaps and lies," a voice boomed solemnly.

The bearded creature who had risen from the depths gazed long and hard at Helen and Magra. "Aye," he nodded, "but again they may speak the truth. If I said that these two girls be not our enemies, they shall become hand-maidens to serve me."

The man's cold eyes reached the faces of the girls as he continued. "And if they be enemies, they shall die." "But how will you know?" Helen demanded. "I shall know when the man dies on the holy altar. The victim in his hand will tell me."

As he spoke, the mysterious man drew a long knife. Helen screamed a piteous protest. "He's my father! You cannot kill him!" The bearded one scoffed. "I am Chon, the true god. Chon has spoken. Priests of the true god, prepare the sacrifice!"

Then Dang-ler-mone [illegible] the priests of Chon pulled her away. Then Chon spoke again. The man stood [illegible] the body either of the last Father of Diamonds. And the oracle in his hand shot out the only secrets I wish to know.

[illegible] Chon [illegible] search for [illegible] was fruitless. But the ape man and his friends soon [illegible] the wilderness of Lake Mafuk, guarding as little the FAMADOR emblem which menaced them mutilatedly.

Their caution however did not avail entirely. But one hornet, much larger than a man, caught sight of them and began an attack. As the [illegible] approached they brought their hands to engulfs their victims as horns that pulled from their mounts.

[illegible] the [illegible] of the hornet's face and plunged his trident into its body. But these creatures had the instinct for [illegible] and now the other five circled quickly around to encompass their [illegible] and cut off retreat.

Tarzan killed two of the savages and harmless Herkuf and Lavac each accounted for one. The other two whirled and swam away. Then the three universe wanderers disembarked in their search for Helen, trudged to the rocky shore of the lake to take counsel.

"Hrular is dead," said Tarzan, "and the Father of Diamonds stolen, so I cannot take them back to Horat as I promised. But to keep my word I must go back myself." Herkuf paddled to the island he had searched. "This remains the true Father of Diamonds."

Herkuf smiled and continued. "Years ago Chon, the true god of Thoton, was towing the lake. Queen Atha attacked and sank his galley. Then was drowned. I was taken prisoner. You freed me. Then we found the wrecked galley. This casket was in it."

Tarzan nodded. "Take the casket to Horat. He may help us. Lavac and I will continue our search." Herkuf hesitated to leave his friends in this awful country. "Go!" Tarzan commanded. Herkuf turned away, wondering if he would ever see them again.

# TARZAN and the FOOD-BOOM CITY

As Herkuf strode sadly toward the lake the Jungle Lord called after him "Tell Herat that I shall come back as I promised." Tarzan would not have been so confident of his return to Thobos had he known of the mysterious hazards that lay in his path.

Meanwhile, Atan Thome escaped from the temple with the casket he had stolen from Herkuf's slave. But Lal Tanah pursued him, bent on wresting the treasure from his former master. The mad Thome screamed and blaspheed, hugging the casket to his breast.

Attracted by the scuffle, a band of apes looked down from a hillside. These were the apes Tarzan had brought with him to this land of horror. He had forbidden them to attack men unless they were attacked, but there was no interdiction in joining their games.

To the apes, this appeared an interesting game. They bounded down the slope toward the two men, who fled in terror. The action of the apes seemed inconsequential, but it started a chain of events which was to shackle Tarzan in its fateful grip.

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

Believing the two monkeybings were playing a game, the merry apes galloped down the slope to join it. Alan Thorne and Lal Tasak fled in terror. But Ungo, the ape-leader, easily overtook Thorne, wrested the casket from him, and ran, hoping someone would chase him.

Lal Tasak, furious at the loss of the precious casket, fell upon Thorne to wreak a terrible vengeance. But at that moment, Brian Gregory, who had followed them from the temple, rushed between them, crying: "This is no time to fight. We must work together.

Impelled by his mania, Thorne broke away and ran screaming in the direction in which Ungo had disappeared. Meanwhile, Ungo, with the fickleness of his kind, had grown tired of his new bauble and tossed the casket carelessly to the ground. There Thorne found it.

The man's mad screams upset the short tempers of the apes, and now at the sight of [illegible] and Lal Tasak racing toward them, they seized them. They charged. "Run!" shouted [illegible] "Those beasts mean business! Look! That cave! It's our only chance!"

TARZAN — SUNDAY ONLY

To escape the charging apes Brian and Tarzan dashed into the cave. Their only hope was that the beasts would be afraid to enter the dark interior. At the same time they recognized that to fight in nothing into a dead end from which there was no escape.

Whereupon the [illegible] apes had a chance to escape. Frederick Gregory in the caverns of the temple of Chon, seemed doomed. The white robed priests dragged him on the altar. Chon intoned a weird chant, and raised the sacrificial knife aloft.

[illegible] Never [illegible] to her hand down you are wrong. Chon [illegible] said. "You claim to seek the Father of Diamonds. To us it is the emblem of godhood. [illegible] you a thing of price. But the Father of Diamonds has [illegible] at the bottom of the sacred lake."

"We came for no diamond," the girl screamed. "You may speak the truth, you may not." Chon frowned. "But the sacred stone in the blood of the sacrifice will speak the truth. When the stone dies, I shall know many things." Chon gripped the knife to strike.

Fleeing from the angry apes, Brian and Lord Tarzan ran stumbling thru the gloomy caverns, and he at suddenly — to the temple of Chon. The god recoiled, dropping the knife hand to his side. "In my home — how dare you interrupt the sacrifice?" he shouted angrily.

Helen whirled in the direction of the commotion. "Brian!" she cried. The man started across the room toward his sister, but half a dozen priests sprang forward and seized him. "He is my brother!" Helen called to Chon. "He'll tell you why we are here."

But Chon would listen to no explanations. "Let there be no more interruptions!" he commanded. "There are many questions to be asked of the oracle in the blood of the sacrifice." Once more he poised the knife above the body of Helen's hapless father.

Only the great Tarzan might have halted the death blow, and he been there, but at that moment he was on his way to Achair with Lavac, to continue their apparently hopeless search for Helen. As always, the ape-man was alert. Suddenly he halted, puzzled.

# TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Tarzan pointed to a cave. "A couple of Gagas apes just went in there. Ordinarily they're not interested in caves. Must be something unusual there to attract them." "They're not interested in apes," said Lavau. "I'm interested in everything." Tarzan replied.

Now Tarzan and the vanguard of his band in frenzied pursuit of Brion and Tasoli, burst in upon the scene of imminent sacrifice. Once more Chen lowered the knife which was about to drank Gregory's blood. In terror he gazed at the hairy beast men.

The incomprehensible [illegible] incited the apes. Forgetting Tarzan's injunction not to attack men, they sprang upon the Tarmangani. Perhaps a minute later a commanding voice rang out. "Dango, mangani!" The voice was the voice of Tarzan.

The apes halted their frenzied assault. Tarzan surveyed the scene quickly. "We are all here except Helen and Magra." "They were here a moment ago," said Brian. "They must have hidden." Tarzan called loudly, but there was no answer. The girls had vanished.

# TARZAN IN THE LOST BIDDEN CITY

There was good reason why Helen and Magra did not answer Tarzan's call. At the beginning of the temple mesa, they were seized by two great apes and dragged to a small cavern overlooking the lake. In this calmer atmosphere, the two apes were gripped by doubt.

"These women's sick, [illegible] Tarzan kill us." "Ugghh!" grunts Ga-un in disgust. "Look at them. Ha-e no [illegible]. Mouths too little. Shes ugly. No good." "We kill and throw in water," said Zo-the. "Then Tarzan not know we stole his shes."

Agreed upon their plan, the beasts lumbered toward the girls, who backed away in terror. "I believe they mean to kill us," groaned Magra. "I can almost hope so," Helen replied. "Then we'll choose our own death," Magra said with grim resolution. "Follow me!"

As Magra spoke, she turned and ran toward the opening overlooking the lake. Helen followed. Zo-the and Ga-un sprang forward to seize them. They were too late. Without hesitation, the girls leaped out into space over the waters of the lake far below.

Only their experience in diving enabled Rokoff and Magra to clear the waters of Lake Horus safely. They were surprised themselves that they still lived. But they were not safe yet. A moment later an Atlantian galley rounded a bend and headed toward them.

Quickly the girls were taken aboard by eager and splendid warriors. The captain gazed at Rokoff. A cruel, triumphant smile twisted his mouth. "Queen Atka will reward us well for your capture. And this time you shall not escape her ARTW EUPY!"

When the girls fa[illegible] Tarzan set out to search for them. His keen nose soon showed him their path. But at the end of the trail he found only Zu-the and Ga-ion. "Where — where?" Tarzan demanded. "Shee jump," one of the apes responded.

Tarzan looked out over the lake to see the hostile Atlantian galley rowing away. There was one chance in a hundred to save the girls. He turned to leave the cave. But there, at the only exit, stood Chon and a band of his priests, all armed with tridents.

# TARZAN and the LOST EMPIRE

As Tarzan faced the menacing tridents, one of the white robed figures called out. "Hail, in the name of Chon!" "Chon?" exclaimed Tarzan, "but Chon is dead." "I am Chon," one of the figures replied. "What do you know of me?" "Herkuf told me."

Now it was Chon's turn to be astonished. "Herkuf!" he gasped. "Is Herkuf a man?" "Yes," Tarzan answered. "He is on his way now to Thebes with the casket of the father of diamonds that he found in your wrecked galley at the bottom of Lake Horus."

Chon sighed reminiscently. "When Atlai's galleys attacked me, I donned my water suit and escaped. And with me escaped a few of the faithful. Here we have dwelt these many years, awaiting our chance for revenge on Queen Atlai and her savage Atlairians."

Tarzan thought quickly. In his mind he outlined a scheme to enlist Chon's aid in an expedition against Atlair. Helen and Magra might yet be saved from the wrath of Queen Atlai. Tarzan's was a dangerous scheme, but the mighty apeman knew no fear.

# TARZAN and the FORBIDDEN CITY

When Tarzan announced his plan to raid the forbidden city in an attempt to save Helen and Magra, Chon commanded the priests to join him. And so Tarzan led his strange band, apes and men, on the perilous venture from which none might ever return.

When they came near to Athair the jungle lord scouted ahead. He saw sentries pacing the walls of the city. A surprise attack would be impossible; yet he dared not wait until darkness fell. He must risk all on a daring, desperate assault—now!

Even if he succeeded in his remarkable undertaking, it was doubtful whether he could force an entrance to the city in time to rescue Helen and Magra. Already the two girls had been taken by their captors into the presence of cruel Queen Atka.

"There are many ways for you to die," shouted the queen; "and within the next hour I shall decide which will give you the greatest pain, and me the greatest pleasure. Meanwhile, you shall spend your last moments in the dungeons of the palace!"

# TARZAN THE LORD-DOOM CITY

Queen Atha waved her hand imperiously. Warriors seized Helen and Magra and dragged them to the dungeons where they were to spend the last dark hour of their lives. "Now" raged Atha [illegible] "we Tarzan and put him to death by torture!"

Meanwhile Herul returned the sacred casket of the father of Hanuvia to Herul, explaining that [illegible] Tarzan had made possible the recovery of the holy emblem. "And now" Herul added "Tarzan and his friends are in great peril, great Alisan."

Herul commanded that the galleys of war be [illegible] "We shall avenge the wrong that Atha did to us and our god," he vowed "and we shall save those who are our friends." But King Herul did not know how desperate was Tarzan's plight.

The jungle bird and his band of apes and men emerged from concealment to storm the forbidden city. Sentries on the walls sried the alarm. Scores of warriors hastened to meet the strong rampaging. Tarzan's daring attack seemed a rash, futile gesture.

TARZAN OF THE APES

The warriors were more amused than frightened when they discerned the titanic form of Tarzan's hand streaming toward Atha's throat. Now they laughed, could the attackers hope to scale the lofty walls which for decades had protected them against all enemies.

They were astonished, however, when they beheld the hairy beast men among the assailants and they were utterly appalled when the apes, at Tarzan's instructions, catapulted Chon's guards to the top of the wall. Then Tarzan and the apes clambered up.

The attackers dropped down inside the wall. They hit the ground fighting. Heeding Tarzan's example and exhortations, every member of his band, apes and men, fought furiously. But they were outnumbered fivefold by the fierce and powerful Athanians.

Suddenly Atha appeared on a balcony to witness the battle. She was sure that her warriors would soon overcome the invaders. "The man who kills TARZAN can claim his own reward," she shouted. A score of warriors rushed in to win Chon's rule: a bounty

TARZAN THE ONE-ONLY

At the moment when it seemed that Tarzan's company would be wiped out, a sentry sighted Herat's fleet, which was coming to save Tarzan and his friends. "Order out every war galley!" Atka shouted. "today the power of Thobos shall be destroyed!"

. . . Half an hour later the two armadas clashed amid the war cries of the opposing forces. Quarter was neither asked nor given, for each side knew that this was a battle to the death, to determine for all time the right to rule this strange valley.

Meanwhile, the demands of the fleet had drawn many warriors from the city. And though Tarzan's cohorts were still outnumbered, they managed to fight their way to the doors of the palace. For the first time, Atka realized defeat was upon her.

"They have come to save the girls," she muttered. "but they shall not succeed." She turned to one of the warriors of her bodyguard. "Harten to the dungeons. Kill the girls from the outer world!" The warrior hurried away to do her bidding.

# TARZAN OF THE APES — CITY

At a word from the lightning Tarzan and his men to arrive into the palace and saved Helen and Magra. Then Flexal's forces, having destroyed the enemy fleet, entered the city in triumph and offered galleys to bear Tarzan and his friends homeward.

All gave praise to the mighty Tarzan to whom they owed so much. Magra gazed longingly at him but he appeared not to see her. Suddenly the gathering was disturbed by two warriors dragging in Alan Thorne who had been wandering idly in the nearby jungle.

Thorne hugged close the casket he had found. "I killed Lal Tesh for it," he raved. "It's the father of diamonds." Flexal smoothed. "There can't be two of them." He grasped the box and opened it, revealing a lump of coal. Thorne fell dead of shock.

*Beginning Monday —*

## Tarzan and the Elephant Men

The mysterious diamond of the Zoo, the great mounds of the Zeh — strange stories that have involved Tarzan in exciting adventures — we take the opening again to the City of Gold into the conflict of the Lion Men and the Elephant Men. Watch for this new Tarzan thriller in this space

**BEGINNING MONDAY**

For that false and accursed thing we have all suffered and many have died, said Jemm, and the irony of it is that this piece of carbon is indeed the father of diamonds." "Men are strange beasts," mused Tarzan of the Apes.

The End

# TARZAN & THE ENCHANTMEN

Engulfed by the dark, chill African night a contented company sat before a roaring fire in Tarzan's bungalow. There was every reason why they should be content. Here at last was a haven of peace and security after a series of terrifying and perilous adventures.

Gonfala, daughter of Lord and Lady Mountford, had been rescued from the land of the Kaji women warriors. There she had been a captive, under the malign influence of Mafka, who ruled by a strange magic derived from two great gems, a diamond and an emerald.

Gonfala suddenly shuddered. "I shan't feel safe until we are out of Africa," she sighed. Stanley Wood put an arm around her. "There is no need to be afraid. Tarzan saved us all, and tomorrow he will give us a strong safari to take us to the coast."

"You will travel safely." Tarzan nodded. Thus it seemed that their adventures were drawing to a happy ending. But the invisible hand of fate already was preparing to write another chapter—more perilous, more harrowing than any that had gone before!

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As the dawn of a new day erased the gloom of the night, as the sleeping jungle awoke to the uncertain rhythm of life, Tarzan bade his friends farewell. But he was to see them soon again, under circumstances fraught with most frightful peril for them—and for him

As the safari moved away into the forest Gonfala trembled. "What's wrong, darling?" Wood inquired anxiously "Mafka—and those two evil gems, the great diamond and the emerald," Gonfala sighed "I don't seem able to shake off their dreadful influence."

Her fiance smiled. "Mafka is dead; the gems had no power of their own. It was only Mafka's hypnotic skill that made them appear magical. They're lost now anyway. Spike and Troll stole them; and Spike and Troll probably died in the hostile jungle.

But Spike and Trol were very much alive. With six native porters, they were making their way thru the forest. And with them, wrapped in skins, they carried the fabulous gems, which were to play a sinister role in this new drama of the African wilds.

TARZAN ENTERTAINMENT

Spike and Troll made camp with their meager safari. The blacks spoke in whispers. "The beggars are scairt stiff," observed Spike. "Cannibal country," Troll explained, "and they know it." But Spike was lost in contemplation of the two skin wrapped packages.

"I'm scairt myself," he said finally, "scairt of these things. They's a curse on 'em." Troll shrugged. "They're worth 6 million pounds, and I could take a lot of cursin' for that. But what worries me most is this bloke, Tarzan. He's a tough un."

"Yeah, and he said . . . we, pulled anything crooked he'd get us." The two men fell silent. From deep in the forest came the roar of a hunting lion. "Being without a gun makes me nervous," complained Spike. "I couldn't hit an elephant with a bow and arrow."

Darkness closed in, adding to their discomfort. Suddenly there was a frightened cry. "Swana! Look . . . One of the blacks pointed trembling toward the forest. The white men wheeled as they rose to their feet. Coming toward them were a dozen black warriors.

As the warriors came toward them, Spike stopped to pick up his bow and arrows. "Lay off!" warned Troll. "They ain't enough of us to resist. Besides they may be friendly." The strangers were approaching cautiously, their weapons ready. Then they halted.

The grim visaged leader surveyed the meager safari arrogantly, contemptuously. "What you do in country of Bantango?" he demanded. "Look for guides," Troll said. "big safari behind us—many guns." "You lie. My man follow you two days. No big safari. No guns."

"I guess we're done for," quavered Troll as he gazed at their fore-filed teeth, the mark of cannibals. "No!" a companion exclaimed. "We get one more chance. The big diamond. Maybe if we touch it, we can make those guys do what we want like Mafka used to do."

True, in the land of the Kaji they had seen Mafka enforce incredible commands by touching the magic jewel. Hastily Spike unwrapped it, and revealed the great stone shimmering and scintillating in the dancing light of the fire. The chief gasped in astonishment.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

As Spike unwrapped he gazed at the sparkling diamond. The hostile chief recoiled in astonishment. He did not know what it was, but its brilliance awed him. Troll laid a hand on the jewel and commanded: "Go away! Lay down your weapons, all of you, and go away!"

The warriors stood fast. As nothing happened they regained confidence. "Me like, me take," said the chief, pointing to the big diamond. Perspiration broke from the brows of the two trembling white men. And from the shadows a great lion watched curiously.

"It won't work," quavered Troll. "Here, let me try." Spike insisted. He placed a palm on the stone and shouted threateningly to the savage warriors: "Drop your weapons and beat it! Get out of here quick before our big medicine kills you! Get going!"

Instead, the chief stepped forward and bowled Spike over on his back. The warriors rushed in with fierce war cries, brandishing their spears. Then from the outer darkness came a thunderous, earth-shaking roar, and a great lion charged into the melee.

# TARZAN & THE GIANT MEN

As the lion burst in upon the melee, Troll was quick to grasp the opportunity to escape. He gathered up the great diamond, shouted to Spike and the bearers, then fled into the forest. All night they trudged thru the jungle, and at daylight halted to rest.

"Well the big diamond didn't have any magic — it didn't work," Spike moaned. Troll made no answer. He was lost in deep thought. Suddenly his eyes blazed. "Say! I know what's wrong. Remember when Tarzan and Mafka made the rock work, Gonfalo was always there."

"Right," Spike shouted gleefully. "If we had the girl, maybe the magic would come back." "But how? We find her?" "Oh, maybe we'll run across her." And strangely, fickle fortune became an ally of the two villains, and guided their wandering footsteps.

That night they discerned a distant campfire and went to reconnoiter. As they crept slowly thru concealing bushes, Spike suddenly grasped Troll's arm and whispered, "Look! Gonfalo!" Troll's eyes narrowed. "Yes, it's her. And we got to get her."

With eager, [illegible] eyes Spike and Troll observed Lontain and her two companions. The same thought was in the mind of each. They in their [illegible] course to capture the girl whom they believed could give power to the magic diamond they possessed.

After the first flush of delight at discovering the girl, however, rather rude reality cast a blighting shadow on the hopes. With only bows and arrows as weapons how could they kidnap her from the well armed ramp? Fate put up their problem.

They heard the two discussing a best hunt for tomorrow. Chief Longfang should stay in ramp, said Wood, but if we had three men we could spread out [illegible] and cover more ground. [illegible] be the third man. [illegible]

Nomotes a coral discounts her. "Remember I am not a civilized woman," she said. "I have hunted with the Kaja. So we should hunt tomorrow, separated, and cover a wide range." Wood shrugged consent. Sinister grins overspread the evil faces of Spike and Troll.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Thru the long night Spike and Troll lay in hiding near the safari camp, a night made fearsome by the roar of lions roundabout. After dawn Gonfala Van Eyk and Wood breakfasted hurriedly and left for the hunt, each accompanied by a gunbearer

"Do be careful," Wood called to Gonfala as they separated. His anxiety was prompted by the savage carnivores that roamed the vast jungle. What he could not know, of course, was the far greater menace of Spike and Troll, who set out to follow Gonfala.

While Spike trailed her warily Troll went back and brought up their six black henchmen, so that they might pounce upon the girl when opportunity presented. Meanwhile, Kuiro, Gonfala's gunbearer stopped suddenly "Look, memsahib! Look Simba!"

The lion lay in the grass, his yellow green eyes gazing unblinkingly at the hunters. Only his head was visible, presenting a very poor target "Pay no attention to him," Gonfala whispered. "We'll get closer and to one side" That was a fatal error

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Gonfala and the gunbearer moved toward the lion, not directly, but in a wide sweep as tho to pass him. Then they stopped. The beast lay still, regarding the hunters. But when Gonfala advanced again, the carnivore bared his vicious fangs and growled.

Topping a hillock behind her, Spike took in the situation at a glance. He motioned his men to halt, and beckoned Troll to him. Together they watched the tense scene below. Meanwhile, Gonfala, hoped the great beast would rise, to present a better target.

At her command, Kulro flung a stone. The effect was immediate. The lion charged with an angry roar. Gonfala dropped to one knee and fired. The lion leaped high in the air. He was hit but not stopped. He rolled over, then sprang up in an instant.

As the infuriated creature bore down on her with terrific speed, Gonfala fired again—and missed. Then Kulro took aim and pressed the trigger of his gun. There was only a futile click. The cartridge missed fire. The lion was almost upon Gonfala.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

When the lion was almost upon Gonfala, Kuiro, unnerved by the failure of his gun, turned and fled. Unwittingly he saved the girl's life. At sight of the man in flight the great beast, following a natural instinct, pursued the hapless gunbearer.

Gonfala fired again again she scored a hit, but it did not stop the savage beast, which rose and embraced Kuiro. Aghast, the girl stood helplessly while the huge cat killed its victim. Then the wounded lion sagged upon the body of the man, and died.

Troll, watching the tragic scene, chuckled to his comrade. "That is wot I calls a bit o' luck. We not only gets the girl, but we gets two guns." "And no witnesses," added Spike, as he motioned the others to follow him down the hill toward Gonfala.

The girl saw them coming. She recognized the two who had stolen the great diamond and the emerald, but she had no reason to believe she was in any danger from them. And it was her unwariness that led her into the trap the villains had prepared.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

Spike and Troll approached Gonfala with friendly smiles. "What are you doing here?" She replied. "We been lost for weeks. We're trying to find our way to the coast." said Spike. "We're going to the coast, you may make the trip with us," Gonfala offered.

"Won't that be nice," exclaimed Spike with an ingratiate grin. Meanwhile, Troll, with eager delight, was recovering the gun and ammunition from the dead gunbearer, who had been killed by the lion. At the same moment, Spike was eyeing Gonfala's rifle.

"Fine gun you got there," he said soothingly. "Let me see it a minute." Thoughtlessly the girl handed the weapon over to him. Then she stepped over to the body of the gunbearer. "Too bad," she declared feelingly. "Your men can carry him back to camp."

"We ain't going back to camp," Spike scowled. "Then what am I to do?" Gonfala asked. "I can't take him back alone." "You ain't going back, neither." "What do you mean?" "Just what I say. You ain't going back to your camp. You're coming with us."

TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

Gonfala's protests were in vain. Her captors were armed now and she was helpless. "You might as well come along peaceful like," advised Spike. "We need you." "What for?" the girl asked. Her voice was brave, but her heart trembled with overwhelming fear.

"We got the big diamond," Spike answered, "and we need you because you know how to make it work magic. With that power we can be kings. We'll live like kings too, off the fat of the land. Maybe I'll marry you, and you'll be queen." He grinned.

"The devil you will," snapped Troll. "She belongs to me as much as to you." The full import of her predicament bore in upon Gonfala and revived her courage. "I belong to neither of you. You are both fools," she declared. "Now you'd better let me go."

"Oh, no," chuckled Troll. "My friends will follow you," the girl threatened. "Tarzan will come for me, and kill you." At the name of Tarzan the villains quaked. Then Spike grinned confidently. "We ain't afraid. Where we're going, even Tarzan can't find us."

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Spike grasped Gonfala's arm. "Come on!" he snarled. The girl was revolted by the touch of this vicious creature. She jerked herself free. "I'll come peacefully," she sighed. Gonfala had no choice but to submit to the wishes of her merciless captors. - -

Meanwhile, Van Eyk dropped a lion. But Wood, still worried about his fiancee, could take no interest in the hunt. When he heard three shots from her direction, he smiled. Perhaps she would be satisfied with her trophy and they could abandon the hunt.

On the way to join her, Stanley Wood picked up Van Eyk. But when they arrived in the vicinity from which the shots had come, they could not find Gonfala. For two hours they searched, without result. They called to her, they fired their guns. No answer.

Finally they discovered the little valley where Gonfala had come upon her lion. There it lay with the dead gunbearer. But there was no sign of the girl. The ground was stony. To the untrained eyes of the white men, it yielded no clue to Gonfala's disappearance.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

All afternoon, and all thru the night, Stanley Wood and Van Eyk searched for Gonfala. Finally they returned, exhausted and disheartened, to camp. "I'm afraid it's no use," Van Eyk declared solemnly. "If she were alive she would have answered our signals."

Wood nodded hopelessly as his companion continued. "If I thought there was a shred of hope, I'd be willing to carry on. But there isn't, Stan. We'd better be getting along. I've got to get home. I've already overstayed my time." Wood sat for a time in silence.

Then he answered "I don't blame you, Van. You go along. I'm staying. I don't expect to find her alive, but at least I want to know what happened." "You can't do much alone." "I'll send a message by runner to Tarzan. If anyone can help me, he can."

Six nights later, as Wood tossed nervously on his cot, a figure darkened the doorway of his tent. He sprang to his feet. "Tarzan!" "I've come to find Gonfala," the apeman said. He would have spoken less confidently had he known the perilous obstacles ahead.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

At daybreak Tarzan and Stanley Wood took up the search for Gonfala. At noon, the observant eyes of the apeman from which nature held no secrets, discovered the remnants of a camp—the camp from which Spike and Troll had made their kidnaping foray

Tarzan dropped down on one knee, peering intently. He was now a jungle detective studying the clues that evildoers had left in the forest. The charred wood of the long dead fires, the crushed grass, the refuse—each had a message for his jungle trained senses.

The fact that men had camped here was plain enough even to Wood. His blood boiled when he jumped to the conclusion that these men had captured his beloved Gonfala. "She's in the hands of those damnable savages," he raged. "And—" Tarzan interrupted him.

"There was at least one white man, perhaps two," he said slowly, "the rest were natives—six or eight. They had no firearms at least when they camped here." Wood's eyes grew wide, amazed at the powers of the jungle lord. "How do you know?" he stammered.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

Patiently Tarzan interpreted the clues of the abandoned camp. "There were about eight men. I can see where they lay in the grass. They ate a tough old boar. Therefore they had no firearms to kill better game." "And there were white men?" Wood asked.

The apeman nodded. "Some of the boar's bones were split and the marrow extracted. That is the habit of natives. Some of the bones are whole. That suggests white men. Also I see in the grass the marks of the cords that bound packs. Only white men use packs."

Wood peered intently, then shrugged. He could see nothing. "If you can find their trail," he suggested eagerly, "we'll follow them." "Not we," Tarzan answered sternly. "I travel much faster alone. Return to my place. You will do as I say. That is all."

And that was all. Tarzan turned and trotted away, head bent low to the trail. Mile after mile he traveled tireless, until darkness closed in. Next day he took up the pursuit again. Then clouds gathered. Rain fell. And the trail was erased forever!

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

While the rain erased the trail of his quarry, Tarzan paused beneath a tree to consider his next move. He was in the country of the Bantangos, a warlike cannibal tribe. Perhaps Gonfaia's captors had come this way because there were Bantangos among them.

Or it might be that Gonfaia and her captors had been captured in turn by the Bantangos. In any case, the Jungle Lord decided, it would be well to pay a visit to the village of the chief. Just where the village lay he did not know, but he would find it.

He ascended a low range of hills, from which he looked down into a broad and beautiful valley. There were spotted the kraals of the savages. In the center lay a village larger than the rest. This he knew was his goal. But he must wait for night to fall.

When darkness closed in, he rose and stretched. So like a lion's were his movements that one might have expected the roar of the hunting beast to rumble in his chest. But Tarzan of the Apes remained silent as he strode toward the cannibal stronghold.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Down from the hills strode Tarzan, toward the cannibal village. Warily he approached the palisade, and gazed thru the spaces between the poles. Nothing that came within the restricted limits of his vision indicated that the savages held white prisoners

But Tarzan was not content. He wished to scale the palisade and gain the branches of the tree that spread above him. But the palisade was frail, and he knew he could not ascend it noiselessly during the quiet that prevailed in the village at the supper hour

With the patience of a beast stalking its prey the Jungle Lord waited. The blacks inside lapsed into after dinner somnolence. An hour passed. Then the savages were motivated by the same primitive urge that fills the night clubs of civilization with dancers.

A dusky maestro gathered his musicians, and the dancing began. This was the moment Tarzan had been awaiting. Amid high shouts of the dancers and throb of drums, he climbed the palisade to the tree above. But his utmost caution was no guarantee against detection.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

From a convenient branch Tarzan looked down upon the dancing savages. Suddenly his eyes were riveted on something that lay at the chief's feet. The green emerald of the Zuni, which Spike and Trog had abandoned in their flight from the Bantangos.

Tarzan of course did not know how the giant gem had come into the hands of the blacks, but it was obvious that the two women, who had stolen the jewel originally, were now in the village. It was logical to presume that they had kidnapped Gonfala.

Were they here now in this village? The apeman doubted it. He saw no signs that would take that the Bantangos were holding any prisoners. But he must be sure. So he waited patiently. At last the savages tired, and drifted one by one to their huts.

Tarzan dropped down silently. Like a shadow he passed from hut to hut, his keen nostrils sensing out the scents that would reveal whether white captives lay within. A slight misstep or the bark of a disturbed dog would bring a score of warriors down upon him.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

When Tarzan had made the rounds of the huts, he knew that those he sought were not there. But he must know more. He returned to the chief's hut. On the ground, like worthless trash, lay the great emerald. Tarzan paused, listened, then entered the hut.

By their breathing he located the women and children, and the one man—the chief. Tarzan stepped to the man's side, stooping low. Steel thewed fingers closed tightly on the sleeper's throat. "Be quiet, if you would live," the apeman whispered.

"Who are you?" the chief demanded in an undertone. "The devil god!" Tarzan replied. It was as the devil god that Tarzan was known and feared in this section of Africa. Few had ever seen him. Now he felt the cannibal chieftain quiver with fright.

The chief could tell Tarzan only that a Bantango party had raided the camp of Spike and Troll and that the white men had fled, leaving the green stone behind and taking the white stone with them. But he could give no clue to the missing Gonfara.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

The black chief could give him no clues to the missing Gonfala, so Tarzan slipped quietly from the hut. As he went, he gathered up the great emerald and swung into trees that overhung the palisade. For the moment he was baffled in his anxious search.

Weary day after weary day Gonfala trudged north with Spike and Troll. Her safety temporarily lay in the two men's jealousy of each other. And to assure her own protection, she watched over the safety of each, as tho she loved them both.

Spike and Troll were in a dilemma. They had captured Gonfala because they believed she could work magic by placing her hand on the mysterious diamond. But now they hesitated to let her touch it for fear she would use her power against them.

"Never mind," Spike growled, "wait till we get up that valley. Then we can make the dame do anything. We'll tell her to work the stone the way we say or we'll croak her. And nobody can interfere, because nobody can find this place we're going to."

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

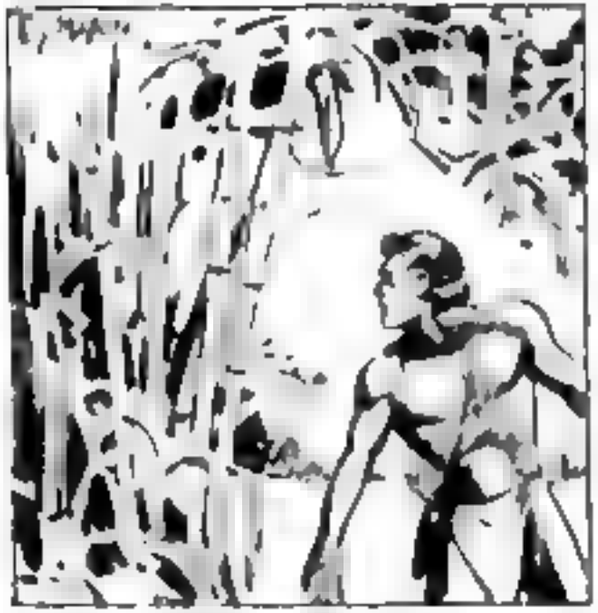
As Gonfala marched deeper into the jungle with her villainous captors, her heart was heavy with despair. She knew of course that Stanley Wood and the mighty Tarzan would search for her, but who could predict what her fate might be before she was found? . . .

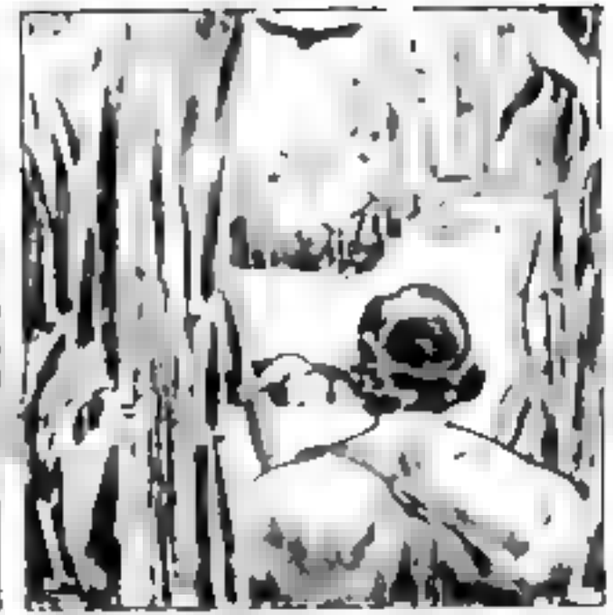
But after Tarzan had left the village of the Bantango chief, he was at a loss to know what direction to follow. First he dug a hole and buried the great emerald he had taken from the cannibals. Then he stood for a long time in anxious thought.

He was positive that Spike and Troll had kidnaped Gonfala. He knew they had the big diamond of the Kaj and the chief had told him of their failure to make it work magic. So, Tarzan deduced, they had captured the girl, to whom they attributed mystic powers.

He judged that they would return to the land of the Kaj, where they could rule thru Gonfala's influence. And now the apeman decided to venture again into that dangerous country. His path paralleled the trail of his quarry—but far to the west of it.

TARZAN OF THE APES





# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

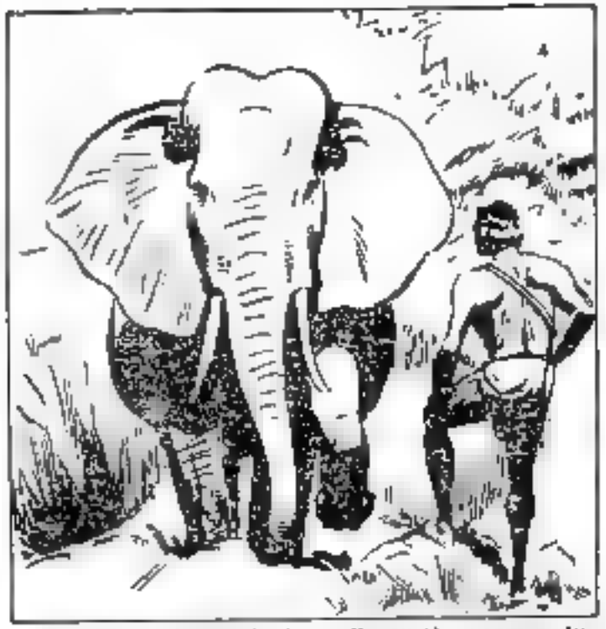
Tarzan advanced fearlessly in the face of the growling hyenas. The beasts retreated, sulking away into the forest. And now the ape-man turned to Tantor the elephant, whose skin hung loosely evidencing that he had been many days without food and water.

Almost as old as Tarzan was the friendship of Tarzan and Tantor. He had never seen this elephant before, but to Tarzan he was Tantor. The name and the friendship belonged to all elephants. So Tarzan spoke softly in the language he used with jungle beasts.

Perhaps Tantor did not understand the words—who may know? But something, the tone perhaps, conveyed the idea that here was a friend. That elephant needed something more than kind words, however, and Tarzan set about providing a feast of bamboo shoots.

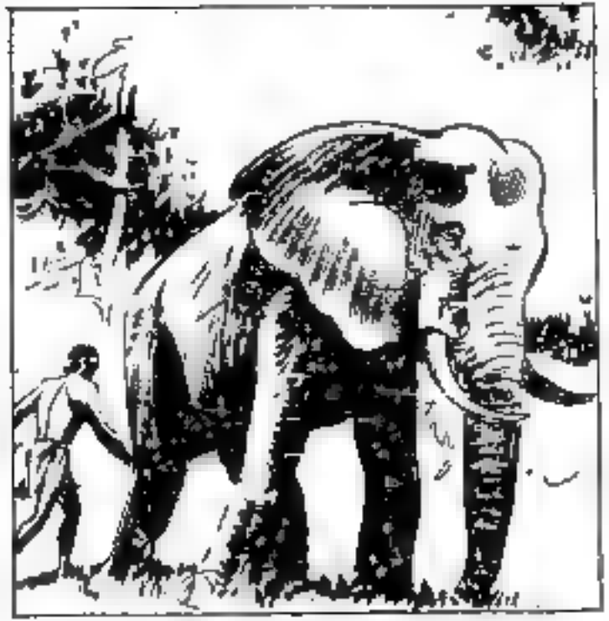
Then he began the herculean task of excavating a ramp up which Tantor might walk to freedom. To Tarzan, this was a simple act of friendship, but it was to have startling consequence in the dangerous days that lay ahead for the mighty lord of the jungle.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN



Tarzan set to work doggedly on the seemingly herculean task of excavating a ramp up which Tantor might walk to freedom. Not until the following day was the difficult work completed. Then, weak and staggering the mammoth beast climbed slowly from the pit.

He was one of the largest elephants Tarzan had ever seen, and he acquired added distinction from the fact that one tusk was much darker than the other. As the beast came out of the pit, his sensitive trunk passed over the ape-man in what was almost a caress.



Then, as the mighty Jungle Lord took his way once more toward the north, Tantor turned and moved slowly along the elephant trail eastward toward the nearest water. They were to see each other soon again, these two, under strange and harrowing circumstances.

Meanwhile, Sandy Wood grew frantic when no news came from Tarzan. He pleaded with Muiro, Tarzan's headman, to give him an escort of Waziri to search for Goulah. At last Muiro yielded. So Sandy Wood plunged into the jungle toward disaster.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

With his escort of half a dozen Wazeri warriors, Stanley Wood took up the search for Gonfala at the point where Tarzan had left him. He knew only that those he sought had started north. It was a blind and seemingly hopeless search, but at least it meant action.

As they approached the country of the cannibal Bantangos, the Wazeri counseled a detour. By chance they took the same route that Spike and Troil had chosen. A few days later a friendly chief reported that the men and the girl had passed thru his village.

All the marvelous tracking skill of mighty Tarzan had been nullified by a heavy rain, and now chance had set Stanley Wood, the jungle novice, on the trail that Tarzan had missed. Thus thru a trivial vagary of Fate, men were exposed to danger—and death.

Meanwhile, Spike and Troil continued northward with the captive Gonfala. One night, the three slept in a friendly village. At least, Spike and Gonfala slept. Troil lay awake thinking—thinking how he might kill Spike and steal the girl for himself.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

How easy it would be to kill Spike, thought Troll. But he was afraid of the man even when he slept. He could not muster the courage—yet. Later, he'd do it. But now his mind was on Gontala. Troll crawled cautiously thru the doorway of the hut.

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As he rose to his feet, he stumbled over a cooking pot. The noise, against the background of silence, seemed terrific. Troll halted, listening. Spike moved and turned over, but he did not awaken. Troll heard nothing, so he crept on warily toward Gontala's hut.

The girl, aroused by the noise, lay staring wide-eyed into the lesser darkness framed by the doorway. She heard footsteps. Would they pass, or were they coming for her? Days of danger, days of suspicion, had made her sense menace in every event.

Raising herself on her hands, she crouched, waiting. Suddenly a dark blotch loomed in the doorway. "Who are you?" Gontala demanded. "Shut up! Don't make no noise!" The girl recognized that gruff, harsh voice, and she trembled with a new fear.

TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

The shadowy figure of Troll crept closer to the trembling girl. "Be quiet!" he whispered. "I want to talk to you. You don't want to spend the rest of your life with Spike and a bunch of black savages up there in that valley where he's leading us to, do you?"

Gonfala did not answer, but Troll continued. "When he gets up there, he'll kill me—and then he'll have you in his power. I know him—he's that kind of a rat. Now, you come away with me. We'll take the big diamond, and beat it to Europe, to Paris."

The girl knew that hitherto her safety had been assured by the rivalry of the two villains. With either, she would be in peril. "I don't want to go anywhere with you. Get out, before I call Spike!" "One squawk, and I'll wring your neck," Troll snarled.

At the same moment, Troll's hands reached out swiftly and seized her, groping for her neck, because he feared she might make good her threat. The unfortunate girl had time to voice a single scream. Then the ruffian's fingers tightened murderously on her throat.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Wakened by Gonfala's frantic scream, Spike leaped up. "Troll!" he called. There was no answer. Spike realized at once that Troll must have been the cause of that frightened cry. In a dozen strides he was at Gonfala's hut. He scrambled thru the doorway.

Troll met him with an oath and a shari. Clinching, the two men rolled on the floor, biting, gouging, striking, kicking. Occasionally a lurid oath or scream of pain punctured their heavy breathing. Gonfala crouched terrified at the back of the hut.

They rolled closer to her, and she edged to one side, out of their way. Her new position was nearer the doorway. It suggested the possibility of temporary escape, of which she was quick to take advantage. As she ran out, warriors came racing toward the hut.

But now the sounds of conflict ended. A moment later, Spike crawled into the open and staggered to his feet. Gonfala trembled with fright. Of the two men, she had feared Spike the more. With Troll dead, she would be at the mercy of this merciless ruffian.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Gonfala quivered with fear when she saw Spike emerge from the hut, the victor in his deadly battle with Troll. Hitherto, she had been safe, because each of them had protected her from the other. Now she would be utterly in the power of the ruthless Spike.

Her one thought was to escape him, if only temporarily. Inflamed by his fight, secure in the knowledge that Troll was dead, what might he not do? So, while Spike stood among the excited savages, shaking his bloody head, she slipped thru the shadows.

There was a bare chance that the sentries at the gates had been drawn from their posts by the commotion in the heart of the village. She might be able to open the gates and flee into the forest. The beasts of the jungle were to be preferred to Spike.

But the sentries had kept their stations. They would not allow her to pass without special permission of the chief. So, Gonfala hid between a hut and the palisade. This was only a temporary respite. Each moment she expected to hear Spike searching for her.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Gonfala stood quivering in the darkness, momentarily expected to hear Spike roaming the village in search of her, but he did not come. Spike thought she was still in the hut where he had killed Troll, and he had gone back to his own hut to nurse his wounds.

But Troll was not dead. In the morning Spike found him bruised and dazed, squatting in the village street, staring at the ground. Much to Spike's disgust, the fellow seemed not even badly injured. Troll looked up as the other approached. "What happened?" he asked.

Spike looked at him with suspicion, then bewilderment. "A truck hit you," he said. "A truck?" Troll repeated blankly. "I never even seen it." Now Gonfala came toward them, pleased to see that Troll was alive, so she would not be left alone with Spike.

Troll glanced up at her. "Who's the dame?" Spike looked at Gonfala and tapped his head. "Barmy. Absolutely barmy!" he whispered in awe. The girl gasped. What a blow fate had dealt—one of her captor-companions a ruthless villain, the other a madman.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

Once more the strange little satan got under way toward the secret enchanted valley of Spike's dreams. Spike walked ahead with the guides furnished by the friendly chief. The lunatic Troll kept at Gonfala's side, staring at her thru wide, puzzled eyes.

"You look like my sister," he said finally. Gonfala had a sudden inspiration. Perhaps it was madness to hope that it might succeed, but she was in desperate straits. "I am your sister," she said gently. "I am your sister Gonfala." Troll's eyes lighted happily.

"Gonfala? Oh, yes, of course. Gonfala—my sister." He smiled warmly, protectively. "I am glad you're here," the girl declared, "for now you won't let anyone harm me, will you?" "Harm you? They'd just better not try it!" Troll exclaimed belligerently.

Now they caught up to Spike, who had halted, talking to the guides. "The beggars won't go no farther," Spike explained angrily. "They say the country ahead is taboo. They say there's white men up there that'll catch us and make slaves out of us and feed us to lions."

The natives were firm. They refused to go with the strangers ahead, where they saw strange white men would capture them and feed them to lions. "Let's turn back," Golfa suggested. "What's the use, Spike? If you get killed, the diamond won't do you any good."

Spike merely grunted as he got contented. "If you take me back safely to my friends, I'm sure they'll let you keep the diamond." The man shook his head. "Nothin' doin'. If I had to give up one or t'other, I'd give up the diamond first. But—I'm keepin' both."

So they pushed on without rudder into the uncharted wilderness. Three days later they were following a wooded ridge bordering a great plain when one of the blacks stopped suddenly, listened, and pointed ahead. "Men coming," he whispered. Spike was alarmed.

Perhaps these were the hostile men whom he guessed to be fearing. The men who fed their captives to lions. "Here—over here," Spike called under his breath. "Here's a little path leading off the main trail. We can hide." Meanwhile, the voices came nearer.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Spike herded his party off to the left of the main trail along a winding path that penetrated thick underbrush. But they had covered a scant hundred yards when they came out onto the open plain. Here they stopped at the edge of the wood, waiting listening.

Presently the voices of men came plainly to their ears, drawing constantly closer, until the travelers realized that the men were approaching along the same trail by which they had sought to escape. Spike looked for a place of concealment, but there was none.

As a last resort Spike started running along the edge of the wood, beckoning the others to follow. Glancing back, Gonfala saw the party that had alarmed them debouching onto the plain. First came a dozen huge blacks, each pair holding a big lion in leash.

Following these were more than a score of white men, strangely and gorgeously garbed. All were armed with spears as well as swords. One of the warriors carried something dangling at his side. Even at a distance it could be identified as a human head.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As she ran, Gonfala's backward glance took in the remarkable spectacle behind her—the great lions held in leash by the blacks, followed by the strange, gorgeously dressed warriors. "They're white-men," she called to Spike. "Maybe they'd be friendly."

"They don't look like it to me," the man replied. "Anyway I ain't taking no chances after what I've been thru gettin' you and the big diamond this far." "Anyone would be better than you," the girl answered. Then she hissed, glaring defiantly at Spike.

The man whirled, seized her by the arm and sought to drag her with him. "Come on, you fool!" he cried. "Troll! Help!" Gonfala screamed. Troll was ahead of them but now he turned back, his face white and distorted with rage. "Let her go!" he bellowed.

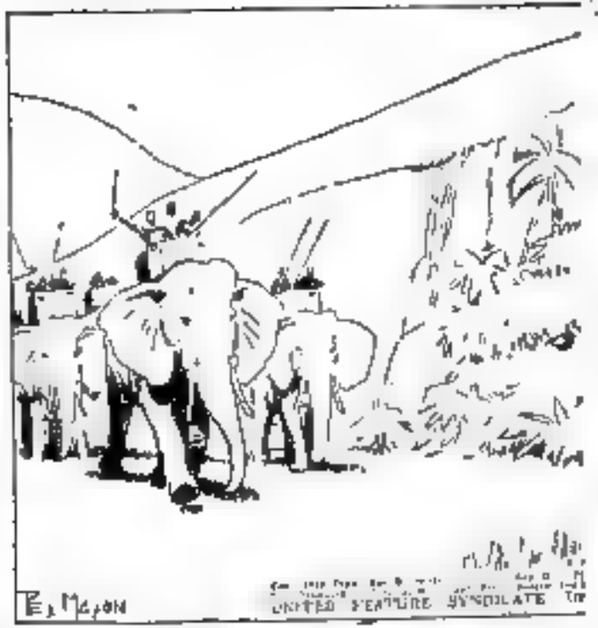
He leaped at Spike, and the two went down, striking, kicking, biting. Gonfala turned her eyes now to the strange party of warriors. Their attention had been attracted by the combat, and they hurried forward, the great lions straining eagerly at their leashes.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Spike and Troll rolled on the ground in deadly combat, Gonfala stood calmly awaiting the approach of the lion-men. She believed Spike would emerge the victor and she preferred to entrust her fate to the strange warriors rather than to the villainous Spike.

As the lions and warriors raced forward, one of the men in the lead suddenly halted and pointed up the valley. For an instant they hesitated, then they turned and started off across the plain at a run, as if they had been confronted by some frightful specre.

The lions tugged at their leashes, dragging their keepers after them. Behind came the white warriors, still holding their formation. Gonfala, wondering at their sudden flight, looked up the valley in the direction in which the alarmed warrior had pointed.



The sight that met her eyes filled her with amazement. A hundred elephants, bearing warriors on their backs, moved rapidly down upon the fugitives. Then ten of the beasts at the command of their masters, wheeled from the herd and thundered toward Gonfala.

# TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MAN

Spike and [illegible] rolling on the ground in fright and combat, knew nothing of the horror that was descending upon them. But Gontala was terrified when she saw the enraged elephants goaded on by their masters lumbering across the plain straight toward her . . .

Next day Stanley Wood and his escort of warriors following the trail of Gontala and abductors came to the point at which Spike's guards had deserted. From here the trained African trackers carried on until the trail was lost at the edge of the forest.

There the warriors stopped puzzled. The girl had been suddenly swallowed up in a sea of elephants footprints but could they find it again? Gontala and her captors seemed to have vanished into thin air. Stanley Wood was baffled, disheartened.

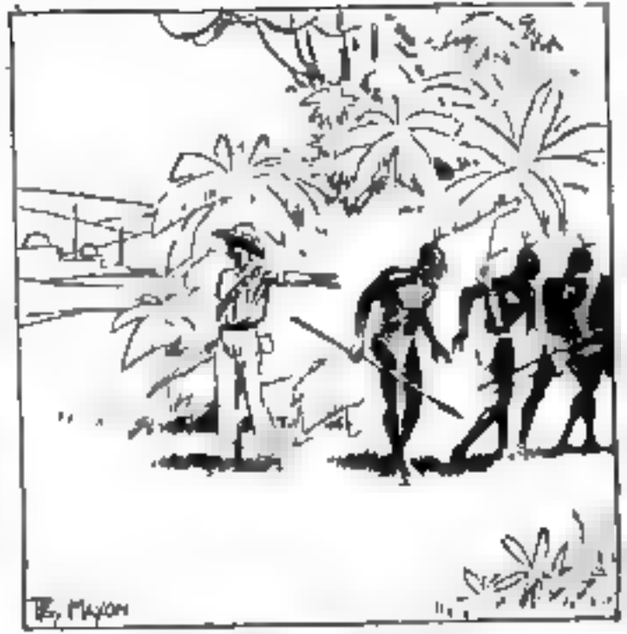
Wearily he pushed up the valley. An hour later one of the Waziri cried out "Look bwana! A city!" Wood looked ahead amazed, for there, as a city should, no mere village of thatched huts but a walled city of white, domes of sun-lit ivory.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

Stanley Wood gazed with wondering eyes upon the strange city ahead, a city that seemed to be built of gleaming ivory. "What city is this?" he asked. Warangi, leader of the Wazari, shook his head. "I do not know, bwana. I have never been in this country before."

"Perhaps the memsahib is there," suggested a warrior. "Perhaps." Wood agreed. "But if the people there are unfriendly, they will kill us or take us prisoner. In either case we could do Gonta no good." "We are Tarzan's Wazari. We fight," Warangi answered.

Wood laid a hand on the ebony shoulder. "You are great fighters, and I know you'd do anything for a friend of Tarzan, but I don't want to sacrifice you. If the people there are friendly, one man will be as safe as seven. If they're hostile, we'd all die."



Despite their protests, Stanley Wood ordered the Wazari to return home and report to Muviro, their chief. "If you meet Tarzan," he said, "he'll know what to do." Reluctantly the stalwart warriors obeyed, and Wood turned to face the mysterious city ahead.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

With determined tread, Stanley Wood strode toward the mysterious city of ivory. Somewhere, he believed, beneath those shining domes and stately spires, was his beloved Conita a prisoner perhaps. But whatever dangers lay ahead, he would brave them.

At this moment, Tarzan of the Apes, who had followed a trail parallel to Wood's, stood on a high plateau. His searching eyes looked down upon Cathne, the city of gold, whose citizens were hereditary enemies of those who dwelt in Athne, the city of ivory.

The apeman's mind was deluged by waves of memory—memory of his previous visit to Cathne. There he had been imprisoned, he had fought in the arena, he had escaped by a hair's breadth from death in the holy volcano. At every turn he had been imperiled.

In those days, Nemone, the beautiful but cruel queen, had ruled. But now, Tarzan mused, Nemone was dead. His own friends were in power, and he had helped to put them there, so he would be welcome in Cathne. His confidence, however, was soon to be dispelled.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan clambered down to the floor of the valley and swung off across the field of bones toward the city of gold. Field of Bones. What memories it conjured. Here, under the orders of cruel Queen Nemone, he had been a quarry for hunting lions, but he had escaped.

Now, however, with his friends in power, he would be welcome in Cathne. Boldly he crossed the valley until he stood before the bridge of gold. One of the guards recognized him. "Tarzan!" he cried happily. Then all the warriors ran to greet the apeman.

The captain, a noble whom Tarzan knew well, escorted him to the palace. "A-ostar will be glad to see you," he said. "Had it not been for you, he might not now be king, even alive. Wait here in this anteroom, and I shall send word that you are here."

For a long time Tarzan waited in the room, which was decorated with trophies of war and the chase. When the captain returned, his face was troubled, and with him were 20 warriors. "I am sorry, Tarzan," he said, "but I have orders to arrest you."

TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

"I have orders to arrest you," declared the captain of the guard. His tone plainly indicated that this was indeed an unpleasant duty. Tarzan looked at the twenty spears surrounding him, and shrugged. If he were either surprised or hurt, he gave no indication.

Once again he was the wild beast trapped by his hereditary enemy, man—and he would not give man the satisfaction of asking an explanation. Now the guards took his weapons from him and led him to a room with barred windows on the second floor of the palace.

When they had left him and bolted the door Tarzan made a hasty survey of the room, instinctively assaying the possibilities of escape. But why escape, when it was certain that he would only fall into the hands of the guards who encircled the palace?

He strolled to a bench and lay down. Seemingly unconscious of danger, or perhaps contemptuous of it, he slept. It was dark when he was awakened by the opening of the door of his cell. Tarzan leaped up. Was this the messenger of his impending fate?

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As the cell door opened, a voice exclaimed, "Tarzan!" The apeman's eyes whitened. "Gemnon!" Then each placed a hand upon the shoulder of the other, the Cathnean gesture of greeting. "I am sorry you returned," said Gemnon. "Ours is an unhappy land.

"All countries are unhappy where there are men," observed Tarzan. "Men are the stupidest of beasts. But what has happened here to bring so great a change?" Gemnon quickly outlined the misfortunes of Cathne. Alextar, the new king, had proven weak and coward-y.

He had fallen under the evil influence of Tomos, who was now the virtual ruler of the land. "When you were here before," Gemnon reminded Tarzan, "Tomos was your deadly foe. He contrived many ways to kill you, but always you escaped. Perhaps this time—"

"What do you think he will do with me?" the apeman asked. His question seemed to be prompted more by curiosity than fear. Gemnon shrugged sadly. "Who knows? Perhaps a dagger—or poison. Or maybe you will be a quarry for the king's fierce hunting lions.

# TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

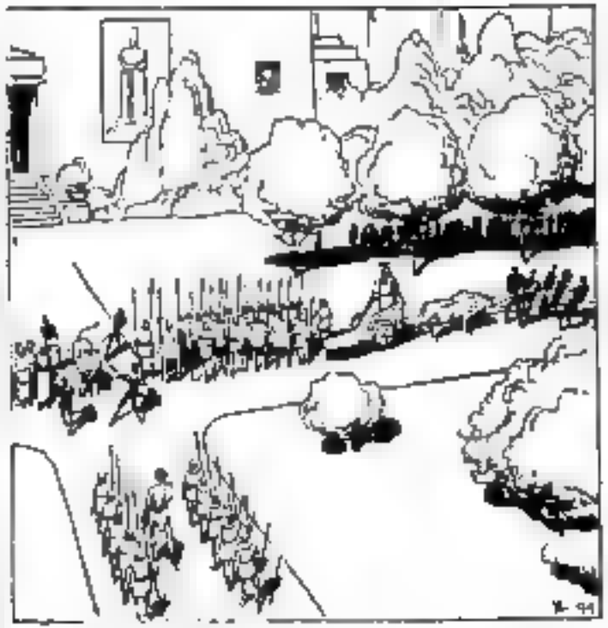
"You may be sure that somehow Tomos will kill you," Gemnon declared, "and I am here to save you if I can, but I have no plan. A friend of mine is captain of the guard tonight, but if I were to leave your door unbarred, my friend would be executed by Tomos."

"I see no way to escape now," said Tarzan, "and you must go. You endanger your life by staying. Give me your dagger—it may come in handy." Gemnon left and Tarzan was soon asleep. His was more the untroubled temperament of a wild beast than that of a man.

Tarzan's eyes opened with the dawn, as was his habit. Thereafter he sat waiting patiently. Today he believed, he would learn the doom that Tomos, his mortal enemy, had planned for him. Nor could he imagine how he might escape from the wrath of his foe.

About an hour before noon he heard footsteps. Perhaps the guards were bringing him food and water. But when they entered, the ape-man saw that their hands were empty except for their weapons. What need for food and drink had a man who was about to die?

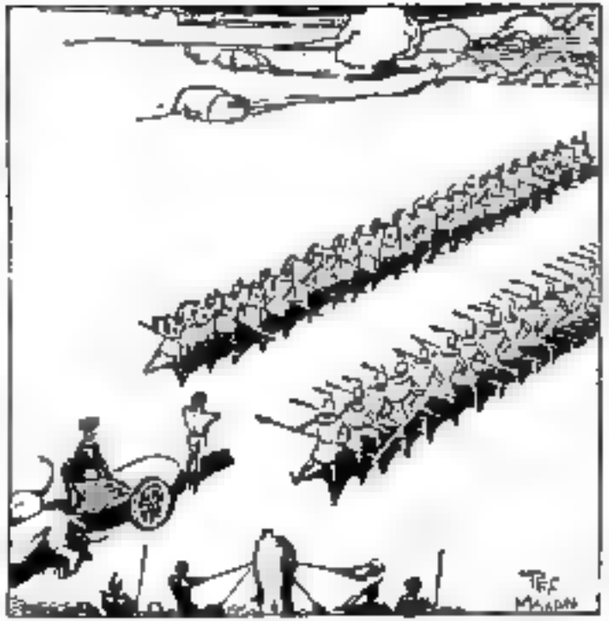
# TARZAN The ELEPHANT MEN



When the guards led the Jungle Lord onto the avenue, he realized the fate that had been decreed for him. There was the procession of nobles and warriors, the lion drawn chariot of the King, and a single great lion held in leash by four stalwart blacks.

Tarzan had seen all this before—the time when he had been the quarry in the Queen's Hunt. Today he was to be the quarry in the King's Hunt, but today he could expect no such miracles as had saved him that other time from the jaws of the hunting lion.

Twenty spearmen guarded Tarzan, so great was their respect for his strength and cunning. But now they chained him to the chariot of Alextar, the king, and the procession moved on toward the Bridge of Gold, which gave access to the famous Field of Lions.



Out upon the field, the procession halted. The warriors, with spears fixed, formed a long gauntlet. Down this lane of death Tarzan was to be pursued by the fleet hunting lion, which had been specially trained to overtake and kill the racing quarry.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan looked along the gauntlet of warriors. Down this lane he must run, pursued by the lion, and he knew well the phenomenal speed of these hunting lions. A ready spectators were laying wagers as to the point where the beast would overtake its victim

Now the ape-man was unchained from the chariot, and the lion, growling and snarling was brought up to scent its quarry Tomos was gloating He foresaw a speedy end for the hated Tarzan. Alexiar, the king, appeared nervous. He was afraid of lions.

The weakling king looked at Tarzan, but his roving eyes fell before the ape-man's steady gaze. Hurry!" Alexiar snapped querulously "we are bored." They did hurry and in their haste it happened. In a fraction of a second, panic and chaos flared.

By accident one of the men who held the hunting lion in leash slipped the beast's collar. With an angry roar the trained killer struck down those nearest him, and then ran wild in the close packed crowd. Jabbing spears only increased its lethal fury

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Wild panic seized the crowd when the lion broke loose. Alextar stood in his chariot, his knees shaking, and begged someone to save him. "A thousand pieces of gold to the man who kills the beast," he screamed. "Anything he may ask shall be granted."

No one paid any heed. All who could were looking after their own safety. As a matter of fact, Alextar was in no danger at the time, for the lion was engaged elsewhere. But a few moments later the beast wheeled and charged straight at the chariot of the king.

Alextar would have run, but his knees gave way beneath him and he slumped to the seat of the golden vehicle. His guard had disappeared in the panic. Tomos had fled. Only Tarzan remained, and surely the king could expect no aid from the man he had doomed.

In amazement he saw Tarzan whip out a dagger and crouch in the path of the charging lion. He heard beastly growls roll from human lips. Alextar screamed, but his fascinated eyes clung to the savage scene, as the lion rose above Tarzan to make the kill!

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As the raging lion rose on its hind legs, the Jungle Lord stooped and dodged beneath the great forepaws which were outstretched to seize him. Then he closed in and swung to the creature's back, one mighty arm encircling and clamping the shaggy throat.

Mingled with the beast's horrid growls were the growls of the man beast upon its back. Alextar went cold with terror. He tried to run, but he could not. He could only stare in utter fascination at the man and the lion rolling on the ground.

Sometimes the man was on top, sometimes the lion. Time after time the beast sought to sink savage fangs into the flesh of its antagonist. And time after time the small dagger which Cemnon had given to Tarzan sank into the tawny side of the beast.

It was a question now whether fangs or dagger would be the first to strike a mortal blow. Around the two combatants crowded eager spearmen, ready to thrust a point into the lion's heart. But they had no opportunity which did not endanger the life of the man.

TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

At last Tarzan's dagger found the heart of the lion. The beast shook in a mighty convulsion of death then collapsed. The ape-man leaped to his feet. For a moment he surveyed the warriors with the blazing eyes of a beast of prey at bay upon its kill.

Then he placed a foot upon the carcass of the lion, and raised his face to the heavens. From his chest rose the challenge of the bull ape. The warriors shrank away as this weird and hideous cry shattered the brief new silence of the Field of Lions.

Alextar trembled. He had feared the lion but now he feared the man more. This creature was only a beast himself. His growls and his terrible cry proved that. What mercy could he Alextar expect? Why this man would kill him as he had killed the lion!

The king was almost beside himself with fear. "Take him away! Take him away!" he ordered in feeble, quavering voice. "What shall we do with him?" asked a noble. "Anything! Anything! Only take him away! Kill him! Kill him!"

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

"Kill him! Do anything! Only kill him!" hoarsely screamed the king, pointing a trembling finger at Tarzan. "But, Majesty, he saved your life!" a noble reminded. "A satisfactory reward!" the king growled. "Oh, well, take him back to a cell. Later I'll know what to do with him!"

Ashamed of the monarch's ingratitude, the noble ordered the guard to take Tarzan into custody. As he strode beside his prisoner, he said, "You did not even ask the freedom the king promised." The apeman answered grimly, "Tarzan asks nothing of an enemy."

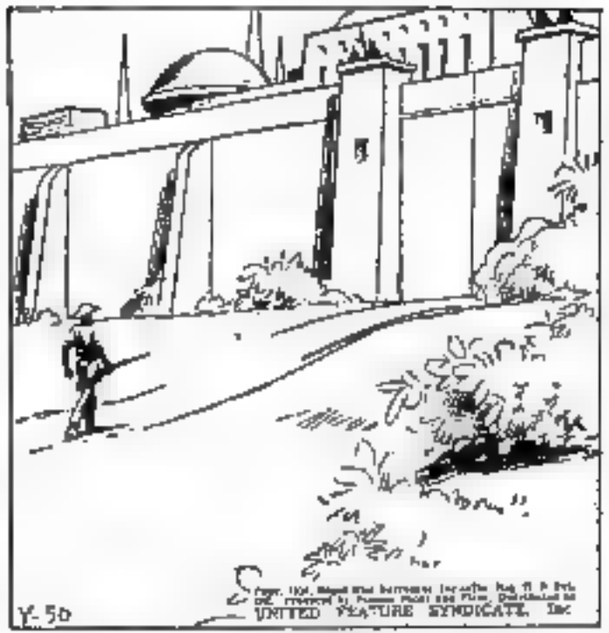
Soon after the Jungle Lord's quick return to prison, a warrior entered with food and water. There he placed at the end of the bench and looked at Tarzan with admiration. "I saw you kill the lion that menaced the king," he said. "No other man could have done it."

The warrior stepped closer to Tarzan and whispered, "You have many friends here but our unhappy land is ruled by your foes, and they mean to kill you. Just how I do not know. But whoever comes, keep your back to the wall and be prepared to fight."

# TARZAN and the ELEDHANT MEN

Tarzan lingered in his cell, knowing that the wings of death fluttered over him. His own situation gave him little concern. He would meet the crisis when it came. But what of poor Gonfala, whom he had vowed to rescue from her mysterious fate?

Likewise Stanley Wood's mind was concerned only with his beloved Gonfala, as he strode boldly toward the strange city where he believed she was imprisoned. He might have adopted a strategy of stealthy caution had he known the perils of his venture.




Across this plain, the fighting men of Athne rode their great war elephants in raids on Cathne, the city of gold. And along this trail surged the warriors of Cathne with their fighting lions to raid the city of ivory. The gates, therefore, were well guarded.

A sentinel in the tower espied the man approaching and pointed him out to a companion. "He does not look like a Cathnean. His dress seems strange." "He is no Cathnean," the other responded, "but he is a brave man or a fool to come thus alone to Athne!"

# TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

As Stanley Wood neared the gates, warriors came out to meet him, but they spoke in a tongue he could not understand. He hoped they might be friendly, but when they gruffly surrounded him they indicated plainly that he was a prisoner, not a guest.

As the guard led him thru the streets, Wood excited the keenest curiosity. Nor was Wood himself less curious about this magnificent city and its strange inhabitants. Plainly these were a warrior people from whom a captive could expect little mercy.

The guard took him to an enclosure bounded on three sides by a high stockade. On the other was an open shed in which lolled some fifty men, most of them filthy and unkempt. Wood knew definitely now that he was a prisoner and not a favored prisoner either.

But what concerned him most was the fact that he was powerless now to give aid to Gonfala. As his thoughts lingered on the beautiful girl and her possible fate in this mysterious city, he was startled by a voice from the shed calling his name.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Wood heard his name called from the shed he saw two men separate themselves from the assemblage and walk toward him. They were Spike and Troll. A wave of anger swept over Wood. Their presence here indicated that they had been Gonfala's abductors.

His face must have betrayed his emotion, for Spike raised his hand defensively. "Hold on now," he cried, "there's no need getting hostile. We're all of us in a jam here, and we might as well work together." "Where's Gonfala?" Wood demanded.

"They took her away the day they captured us," Troll complained. "We hear she's in the palace. They say the big guy has fell for her," said Spike. Wood clenched his teeth angrily, but reason calmed him down when he realized how futile was his anger.

"And what will they do with us?" he asked finally. "Well, for the time being we're stable boys for the war elephants," Spike explained, "and they work us to a frazzle. But this is just temporary—while we're waiting to see which way they'll croak us."

# TARZAN EE DHANH MEN

Stanley Wood was set to work with the other prisoners whose task it was to care for the giant war elephants of Athne. But he devoted every possible moment to learning the language so that he might make inquiries about Gonfala and perhaps conspire to save her

He learned that she was in the palace of Phoros, the brutish dictator who with his ruffian mob had overthrown King Zygo and his nobles. One of the nobles, Valthor now a prisoner in the elephant compound soon became Stanley Wood's fast friend.

These two often rode together when, under a heavy escort of warriors, they exercised the elephants which were their particular charges. One day when they had returned to the stables from the exercise field they were ordered to remount and ride out again

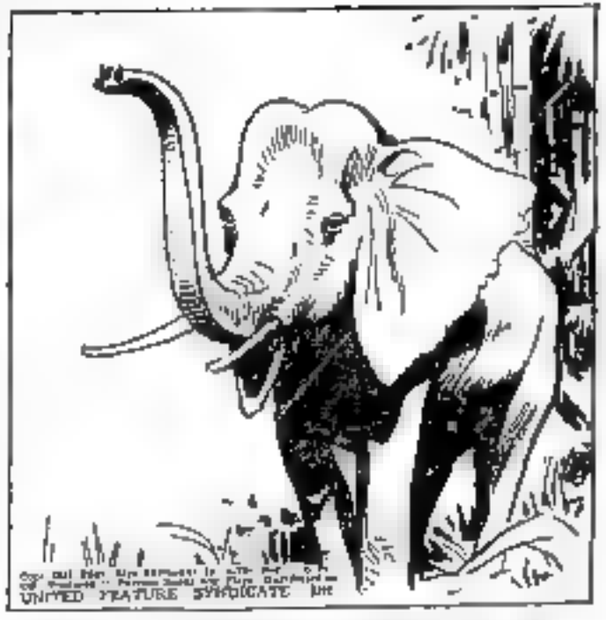
Out on the plain they learned that a whole brigade was being dispatched to capture a fierce wild elephant which had wrought havoc in the countryside. "If the beast is as huge and fierce as they say some of us will not return from the hunt," Valthor said grimly.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Valthor looked out over the sea of humanity swaying atop the lumbering pachyderms. It is a shame to send these inexperienced slaves against a murderous wild elephant he said "In the old days only we nobles, who are true elephant men rode to the hunt."

"Hi-yah a warrior ahead shouted suddenly "They've sighted the quarry." Valthor explained to Wood, who rode at his side. Presently they too saw an elephant emerging from a bamboo forest, a mammoth beast with one great tusk much darker than the other

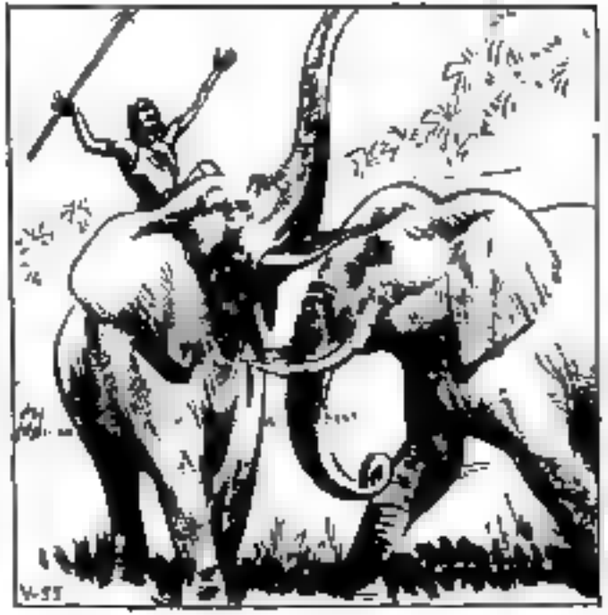
Valthor whistled "I never saw a bigger one, and he looks as if he might do some real damage Watch out for yourself Wood Just keep out of his way no matter what he guards tell you to do Make believe you can't control your elephant. Look at him"




The huge beast lumbered straight toward the hunters, apparently without fear "He's a bad one right enough" Valthor declared Wood nodded agreement and as [illegible] up went the big beast's trunk He trumpeted angrily He was about to charge!

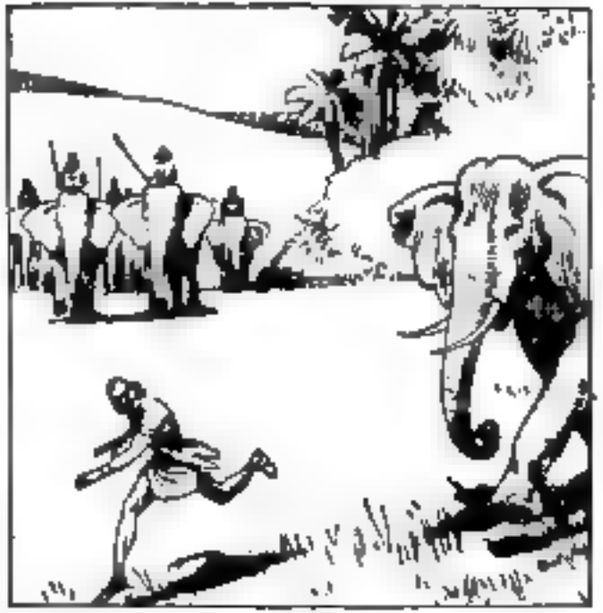
# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

The wild elephant trumpeting angrily charged straight for the big bull ridden by the officer of the hunt. Screaming commands, the officer sought to turn his mount and escape but this was a trained fighting elephant which knew little about running away.



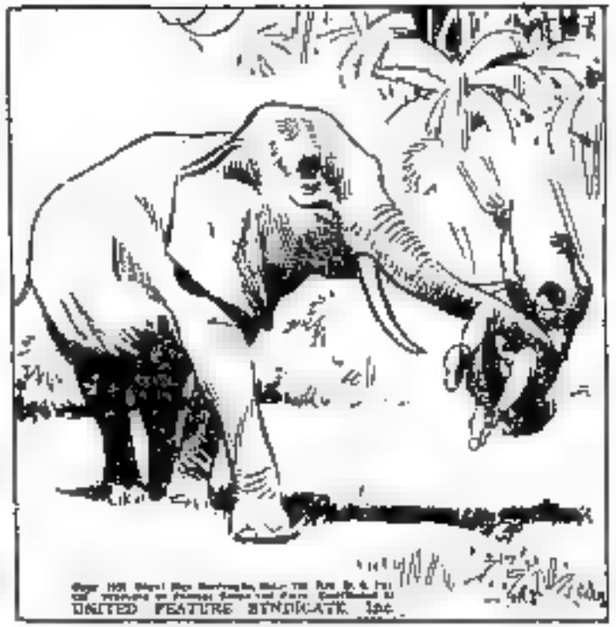
So torn between his training to fight and his habit of obedience to commands, the pachyderm neither faced the oncoming bull nor turned tail toward him. Instead, in his indecision he swung half way around. In this position the great stranger struck him.

Down went the war elephant under the terrific impact of that broadside blow. The officer fell heavily to the ground. But he was up instantly running. That was the worst thing he could have done, for almost any animal will pursue a thing that flees.



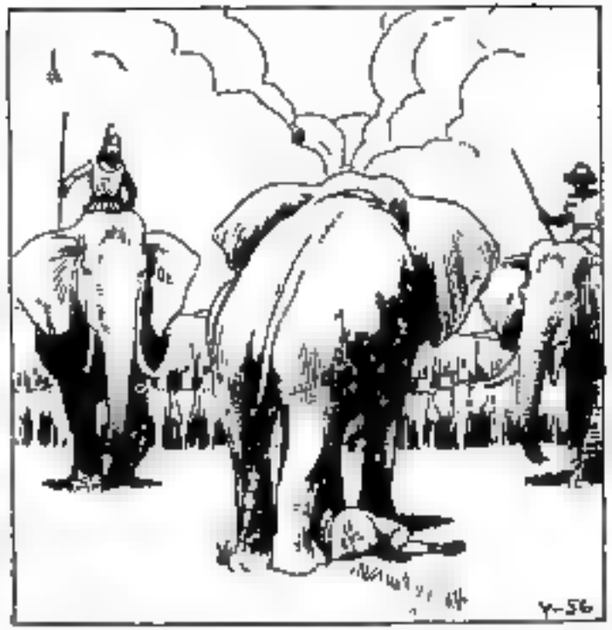
Hoarse screams mingled with wild trumpeting as the great beast bore down on his victim. Vain he urged his elephant forward in an effort to head off the charge. Sidney Wood followed. In the excitement he little realized the hazards of his action.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

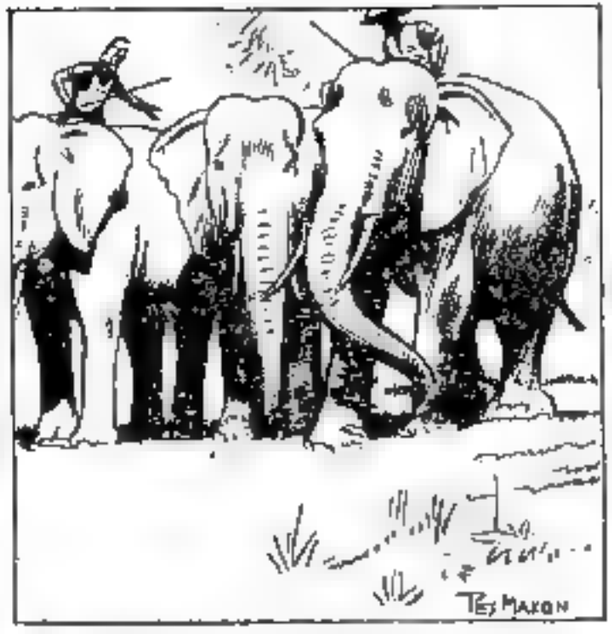



Valthor spurred his mount to a trot hoping to head off the wild elephant from his quarry. But he was too late. The pursuing beast overtook the terrified man, tossed him aloft and flung him to earth, then trampled him into the dust of the barren plain.

At this moment Valthor and Wood arrived. Wood expected a repetition of the scene he had witnessed with himself or Valthor as the victim. Instead, the Athnean rode his elephant quietly toward the wild bull, which stood calmly switching his tail.




All the madness had gone from the rogue elephant with the killing of his victim. And now Wood, following Valthor, closed in on the other side. Meanwhile Valthor chanted in a low monotone a song used by the Athnean elephant men to soothe the great beasts.




The trained elephants ridden by Wood and Valthor knew their parts well, and between them the wild bull was soon on his way to the big corral. Stanley Wood was elated, but his spirits were soon to be dashed by the harrowing consequences of his heroism.

# TARZAN OF THE APES

As a result of his brave role in capturing the mammoth wild elephant, Stanley Wood took his place as a person of distinction among his fellow prisoners. But there was another result more important. A detail of warriors came to take him to the palace.

"Phoros, the king, wishes to see the fellow who helped Valthor capture the rogue," the officer declared. Valthor leaned close to Wood and whispered, "Be careful. That ruffian Phoros would not send for you just for that. He has some other reason."

While Wood was being conducted to the mysterious interview, Tarzan lingered in his cell in the City of Gold, awaiting his death warrant. Hearing a low murmuring in the street, he looked out a barred window. There a small crowd had gathered.

These people were talking earnestly, often glancing at the palace. Pedestrians stopped to listen, and joined the crowd. Voices rose higher. A sort of electric overtone ran thru the gathering. The Jungle Lord sensed a prologue to impending drama.

TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

A warrior whom Tarzan recognized as the one who had brought his food, came from the palace and spoke to the crowd outside. The people looked up at the window where Tarzan stood. Hearty cheers arose from a hundred throats. The crowd and the tumult grew.

Darkness fell. Torches blazed and flickered. An officer led a detachment of warriors from the palace to disperse the crowd. Someone yelled, "Free Tarzan!" and the whole assembly took it up like a chant. The guardsmen charged the crowd. Blood flowed.

The blood was fuel to the flame of the people's anger. Before it the guard was helpless. Now someone shouted "Down with Tomos!" This new slogan stirred the excited men to fresh action. Now in a body they moved down upon the gates of the palace.

As they surged against the stout portals, a voice shouted suddenly: "The hunting lions! Alexiar has turned his hunting lions upon us." That cry stung Tarzan to the quick. Many of his friends down there were doomed to die by savage fangs and talons.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

When Tarzan heard the cry of alarm he looked up the avenue toward the royal stables. Fifty trained hunting lions held in leash by their keepers, came charging down toward the mob. Excited and irritated by the noise, the beasts tugged at their chains.

The crowd, aroused now to demoniacal madness was undaunted. Yet what could it do against this savage force? It started to fall back cursing and shouting defiance calling for Tarzan's release. Involuntarily a low growl came from the ape man's chest.

It was a growl of protest because he was helpless to aid those who would befriend him. He tested the window bars. They bent a little. Then he threw all his mighty strength against one bar. It ripped from its sockets. One by one he removed the others.

In the excitement below no one saw Tarzan slip from the window of his cell and drop down into a courtyard. Then he unbarred a gate and stepped into the avenue just in front of the retreating crowd between it and half a hundred savage beasts.

# TARZAN OF THE APES

As Tarzan stepped out between the crowd and the lions, a great shout went up, a shout of defiance, of confidence and of faith. Tarzan seized a torch from one of the men, and, [illegible] our torches he [illegible]. Torches and spears in the front line.

Then he advanced to meet the beasts and the men with torches and spears rushed forward. All they had needed was a leader. The hunted lions shrank back when the blazing brands were pushed into their faces, for they, as all wild animals, fear fire.

The keepers shouted encouragement and curses, but both were futile. Then one of the lions, his mane a blaze, turned suddenly and sprang upon his neighbor. Both were soon with panic. Both wheeled in terror and bolted back toward the royal stables.

In so doing they crossed the leashes of other lions, became entangled in them, and tore them from the hands of the keepers. In a moment the course of events [illegible] into such a confusion that no one could [illegible] predict the outcome of this savage turmoil.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan urged the torchbearers onward. The blazing brands spread panic among the leashed lions which Alextar, the king, had sent against the citizenry. Some of the beasts broke loose, mauled their keepers, then galloped back along the avenue to their stables.

The hoarse shouts of the mob mingled with the roars of the carnivores and the screams of stricken men. By now the remaining lions were frantic with terror. With leashes entangled, manes aflame, they could stand no more. They too broke loose and fled madly.

The people wanted to pursue their savage foes, but Tarzan stopped them. With raised hand he restored quiet. "Let the lions go," he counseled. "There is bigger game. I am going after Alextar and Tomos." "And I go with you," a voice boomed beside him.

Tarzan turned and looked at the speaker. It was his old friend Phobeg, the temple guard. "Good! Follow me," the ape-man exclaimed. "We're going after Alextar and Tomos!" cried the angry mob. That was a dangerous undertaking, even under Tarzan's command.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan's bold leadership released the pent up fury of the citizens against the tyrannies they had endured from the ruling clique. "We're going after Alextar and Tomos!" cried Phobeg. "Down with them!" the crowd roared. "To the gates! To the gates!"

In the great hall of the palace, Alextar, the weakling king, trembled with fright. When he was informed that the mob was about to storm the palace, he sent every available fighting-man to the gates of the royal enclosure with orders to slaughter the rioters.

Alextar turned then to Tomos. "This is all your fault," he whined. "You told me to lock up that wild man Tarzan, and now see what's happened. The people want to dethrone me! They may even kill me!" Tomos was frightened but fear inspired his evil, crafty mind.

"Send for Tarzan!" he advised, "and guarantee his freedom. Give him money and honors. The people will be pleased." "But then he will be more powerful and dangerous than ever!" Alextar objected. Tomos grinned. "We'll give him food suitably flavored with poison!"

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Hoping to win Tarzan's favor then pardon him, Alextar sent a note to fetch him. But as the noble stepped into the hall he cried out, "Here is Tarzan now." The ape-man had led his cohorts to the palace thru the gateway he had opened when he escaped from his cell.

The king turned to flee. So did Tomos. But with a bound Tarzan crossed the room and seized them. Not a single man drew a sword in defense of the tyrants. Alextar, terrified, dropped to his knees, begging for his life. "I'll give you freedom, money, anything!"

"I have my freedom, and for money I have no need," Tarzan replied. "Then what do you want, what will you do to me?" the king quavered. "I shall do nothing to you. What your people do to you is none of my concern. But if they don't make Thudos king, they're fools."

The crowd shouted for Thudos. Alextar's face went ashen white. The madness which had long been in the blood of his family now boiled up into his brain, giving him new boldness and alacrity. With a quick movement he leaped back and whipped out his sword.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Screaming wildly "You are the cause of my woes," Alextar leaped forward and cleft the skull of Tomos. Then, before anyone could prevent him, he placed the point of the sword at his heart and threw himself upon it. Thus died the last of the mad rulers of Cathne.

No tears were wasted on Alextar or his malign minister Tomos. Instead, both commoners and nobles united in joyous proclamation of the beloved Thudos as king. In gratitude, Thudos offered Tarzan a princely title and vast treasures if he would remain in Cathne.

The Lord of the Jungle shook his head. "I am in search of a girl who was under my protection. I shall not rest until I find her." A noble who was a captain of warriors pricked up his ears. He separated himself from the gathering and stepped toward Tarzan.

"What kind of a girl was she?" he asked. Tarzan described Gonfala in utmost detail. The warrior frowned. "I believe I know where she is," he said sadly, "but you dare not go there to seek her." The ape-man answered, "There is no place Tarzan dares not go!"

# TARZAN The ELEPHANT MEN

This warrior captain had led the raiding party that encountered the Athnans on the plain of Thenar and he had witnessed the capture of Gonfala, Spike and Trog by the elephant men. When he finished relating his story, Tarzan said simply, "I go to Athne."

Thudos offered an escort of warriors, but he refused. "Then if you are not back within a reasonable time, I shall send an army to bring you back," Thudos promised. "If I am not back within a reasonable time," Tarzan declared, "it may be because I shall be dead."

Nightfall found Tarzan trotting across the valley of Thenar, a valley infested by lions, and not ordinary lions were they. Many of them were escaped hunting lions of Cathne, trained to hunt men. And for generations they had been bred for speed and endurance.

Unfortunately, the wind was in the ape-man's face, carrying his scent to the woodland behind him. Presently he heard an ominous chorus of roars, the roars of beasts that had picked up the trail of some creature and marked it for their prey. Was it his trail?

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

A full moon rose above the mountains ahead of Tarzan. The savage voices of the lions grew louder reverberating in the canyon called the Pass of the Warriors, thru which he had just come. Now he was positive that the hunting lions of Cadna were on his trail.

No civilized man could have counted the lions by their voices, but to Tarzan the distinctive quality of each was discernible. He knew that five lions were loping relentlessly to the kill. Once more he quickened his pace. Here was peril even for the mighty Tarzan.

He could not hope to stand and fight his way to victory over five such remarkable beasts. So, on he ran, his great chest rising and falling regularly, his heartbeats scarcely accelerated by the exertion. But the savage hunting lions came even more swiftly

It was now a question as to which could hold the greatest speed for the greatest distance. At last Tarzan came within half a mile of a forest, where he could take refuge in the trees. But just as he seemed reasonably sure of safety an unforeseen menace intervened

# TARZAN and The ELEPHANT MEN

Pursued by five fleet and savage hunting lions, Tarzan had almost attained the safety of the forest when an unforeseen menace intervened. From the woodland shadows emerged another lion to block his flight. Tarzan shifted his course.

Those who would live long in the jungle must think quickly. So in a flash Tarzan made his decision. One lion was less a menace than five. With a savage growl he charged the beast in front of him. The carnivore, which had been trotting toward him, halted, hesitant.

Would the beast hold his ground or would he break? Much depended on whether he was an ordinary wild lion or a hunting lion trained to reckless assault. Meanwhile the five pursuers were gaining rapidly. In the bright moonlight they caught sight of their quarry.

Their terrible roars proclaimed their imminent triumph. Only a short space separated them now from their prey. Tarzan was confident that he could dispatch the lion in front of him, but while he was thus engaged, the other five would pounce furiously upon him.

# TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN

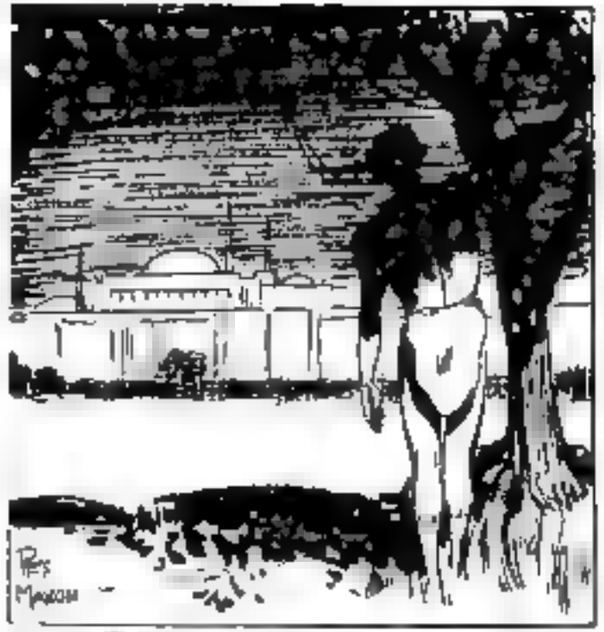
While the five hunting lions raced toward him from behind, Tarzan charged straight into the face of the beast that blocked his path. The Jungle Lord saw that his frontal opponent was wavering, probably surprised at the tactics of a quarry that charged rather than fled.

Suddenly from the ape-man's chest burst the savage challenge of the bull ape. That was the last straw. The lion wheeled and bounded back into the forest. A few moments later Tarzan swarmed up a friendly tree as five angry lions leaped in vain to seize him.

He broke off dead branches and threw them at the beasts, calling them insulting names. Ordinarily reserved he was an adept in the jungle billingsgate he had learned from the apes among whom he had been raised. But Tarzan had no time to waste on the lions.

Keeping to the trees he swung away to the hostile city of Athne, where Gonfaus was captive. He decided to enter the city by the north side, which was not so well guarded. But here was danger enough, for he must scale the wall in the light of the full moon.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN



In the light of the full moon Tarzan surveyed the sleeping city of Albine. Within those hostile walls were hundreds of warriors, any of whom would be eager to seize him. Yet he must pit his lone strength and cunning against them all in his effort to rescue Gonfaa.

He chose a place far from the north gate and crept toward the city on his belly thru the garden plants that grew in cultivated fields. He stopped often to look and listen. The apeman was a stranger to fear, but he had the instinctive caution of a beast.

Seeing no sign of life, he believed the way was clear. When he had advanced within a hundred feet of the wall, he rose and ran toward it at top speed. Scaling it like a cat, his fingers closed upon the coping. He drew himself up and looked down on the other side.

A shed-like building abutted against the wall and beyond this was a narrow street. Tarzan slipped to the roof of the shed and dropped to the ground. Instantly a head was thrust from an open window. A man's voice demanded "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

"Who are you?" the voice repeated. "I am Daimon." Tarzan replied ominously. The window was slammed shut. Ever quick witted, Tarzan had profited by a superstition of which Gemnon had told him. The Athneans believed in a malign demon that killed in the night.

Now the ape-man moved warily thru the shadowed street toward the center of the city, coming at last to the palace enclosure. The wall presented no obstacle. Once on the other side, Tarzan wandered among the small buildings until he came to the huge palace itself.

He had believed that the entire palace would be asleep except for a few guards, but to his surprise he saw several rooms brilliantly lighted. Thru the shadows of trees he crept to a window and looked into a banquet hall where a riotous feast was in progress.

At the head of a long table of revelers sat a bestial man, heavy-headed with drink. Evidently this was the king. He pounded on the festal board with a great ham of a fist and bellowed in a voice more like that of a bull than a man. "The girl! Fetch the girl."

TARZAN OF THE APES

"Fetch the girl!" shouted King Pharos. "What girl?" inquired one of the revelers. "THE girl. There's only one girl in Athne I really wish to see. You fetch her!" The fellow shook his head. "Not I. Queen Menofra would take the hide off me. Send a slave."

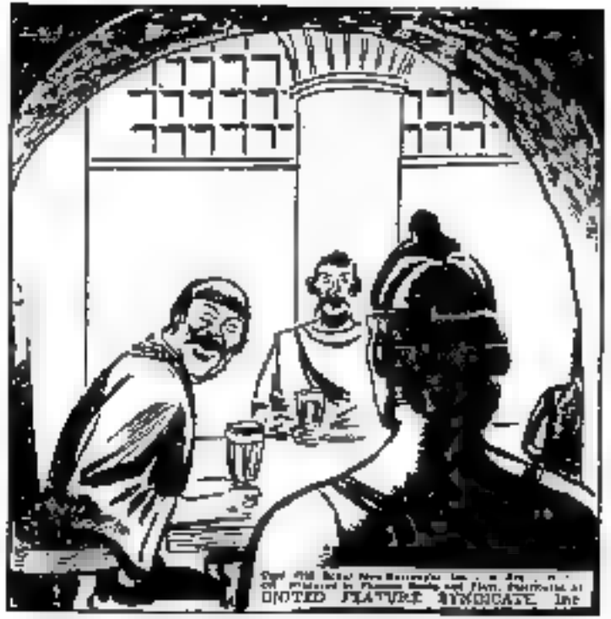
"You'd better not send anyone," counseled another. "Menofra would cut her heart out, and yours too." "Who's king?" demanded Pharos. "Ask Menofra," a companion laughed. "Huh! I'm king," blustered Pharos, "and I'm tired of Menofra. Here, slave, fetch the girl!"

As the slave hurried away most of the carousers seemed nervous and they looked apprehensively toward the doorway. Tarzan watched, listened. He felt ashamed of belonging to the same species of these creatures. He preferred the jungle beasts among which he lived.

Most animals had courage and dignity of a sort. Seldom did they stoop to buffoonery, with the exception of the lesser monkeys, who were most closely allied to man. Tarzan shrugged. His mind passed to a more important consideration: Was the mysterious girl Gonfala?

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Tarzan watched, a large, masculine looking woman strode angrily into the banquet hall. Surely one of the most unlovely women he had ever seen. The king's jaw dropped. He looked wildly about at his companions as tho expecting help from them. He got none.




Phoros swallowed hard and assumed an ingratiating attitude. "Come in Menofra, my pet. Join us, and help us celebrate." "Celebrate what?" the queen snapped. Bleary eyed Phoros looked helplessly at the man sitting next to him. "What are we celebrating?"

Menofra stalked belligerently toward the king. "Don't try to explain. I know what you're about. Your voice is too loud Phoros, and my ears are too good. You sent for a girl. And I know what girl. That black haired hussy who was taken prisoner with the two men."

The queen's eyes narrowed menacingly. "I'll attend to you Phoros, and to the girl. I'll send her to you, if there's anything left of you. I'll send her to you in pieces." Tarzan, listening, felt sure that "the girl" was Gontala, and Menofra meant to murder her!

The voice of the Amtorian queen was [illegible] in murderous anger. "I'll attend to you, Phorlan!" she shrieked, and to that girl as well." [illegible] the queen to the head of the table where the king by the ear and bodied him easily from the company of revelers.

The jungle lord had no doubt that the girl in question was Gemma, and that the vicious woman would vent the full rage of jealousy upon her at the first opportunity. Tarzan left the window and climbed along the outside of the building, looking up at the second floor.

There, he surmised, would be the sleeping quarters. Probably in some room above, Jane's was confined. He must reach her before Mor-Ja brought her out. A pipe was clambered several times. Tarzan tested them, trying to find one that would bear his weight safely.

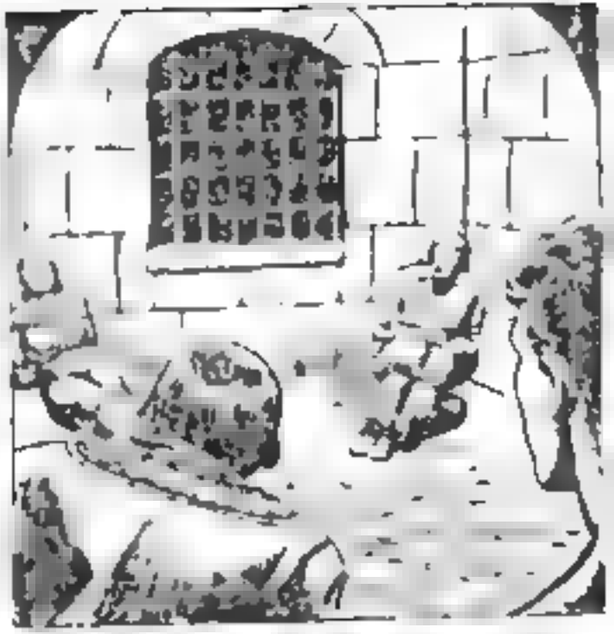
At last he had to load on a vine of thick ivy. Satisfied, he climbed hand-over-hand, he started to ascend with noiseless agility. Beside an open window he paused and stared into the room, [illegible] the odors that came from the chamber. A man kept watch.

Beside the open window Tarzan listened. Heavy breathing told him that the man within was asleep, and an odor told him that the fellow was drunk. The ape-man threw a leg across the sill and stepped inside. He paused until his eyes accustomed themselves to the dark.

He had the gift of being able to see to some degree in the dark. Perhaps this gift had been developed by necessity. Under the veil of darkness beasts of prey roam the jungle and he who can see at night has more chance of avoiding the fanged and talonned marauders.

Now Tarzan crossed to the opposite end of the room. At the door his fingers found a bolt. It squeaked a little as he drew it back, but he had no fear that it would wake the drunken man, nor did it. Opening the door, he stepped out into a dimly lighted corridor.

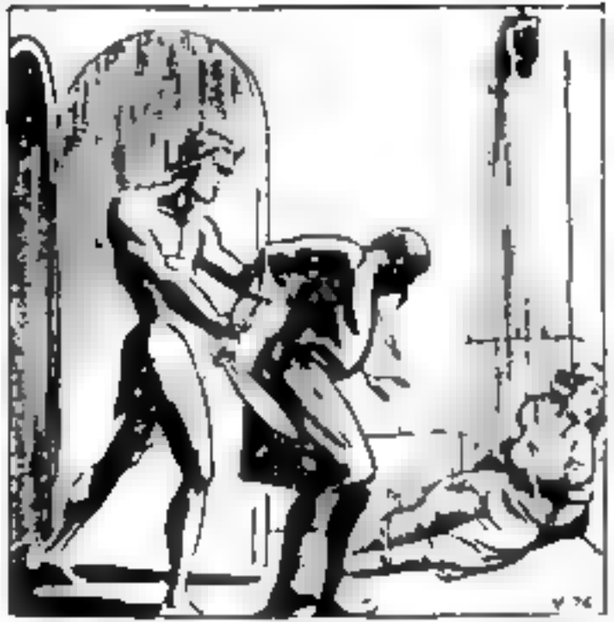
Tarzan paused again, with the instinctive caution of a beast. He heard voices raised in anger—the voices of Menofra and Pharos. Soon they were mingled with the sounds of scuffling. Suddenly a loud scream, followed by the thud of a body falling. Then, silence.



# TARZAN OF THE APES

As Tarzan [illegible] the room behind [illegible]

So the lovers are at [illegible] here [illegible] wanted. But [illegible] for apart? [illegible] watch me [illegible] show you how a woo he [illegible] Ha [illegible] my queen. [illegible] dead [illegible] at his sword. See the blood? It a [illegible]



With a [illegible] of triumph Phoros [illegible] the sword [illegible] Wood. And just as soon as [illegible] show you how to kiss a [illegible] like this. I'm going to kiss you! The [illegible] Gonfala [illegible] steel thewed fingers gripped his [illegible] wrist.

The sword was torn from his hand and he [illegible] thrown [illegible] the floor. [illegible] whispered Gonfala [illegible] Wood [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] But [illegible] form of [illegible] their [illegible]

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Phoros lay on the floor where he had been thrown, he looked up into the cold gray eyes of the near naked giant who stood above him with the sword pointed at his breast. "Don't kill me," Phoros begged tremblingly. "Tell me what you want. You can have anything."

I'll take what I want. And I'll kill you if you move," Tarzan answered. He closed the door then crossed to Wood and slashed the leather thongs that held him. "Release Gonfala," he instructed. While Wood was thus occupied, the ape-man bound and gagged the terrified Phoros.

He was just completing his work when his sensitive ears caught the ominous sound of shuffling footsteps in the corridor. His sudden alertness drew the attention of Wood and Gonfala. They listened, too—and they heard. All three stood tense and silent, waiting.

Would the footsteps pass the door, or were they coming to this room? Nearer and nearer they came. Then they paused outside, as tho he who waited had stopped to listen. Suddenly the door was pushed open. Stanley Wood recoiled. Gonfala muffled a scream.

# TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

When Tarzan had trussed up Phoros and was on the point of leaving the cell with his friends, the door was pushed suddenly open, revealing a horrible apparition. It was Menofra. A bleeding wound gashed her head and one shoulder. She was covered with blood.

Gonfa and Stanley Wood were aghast. Peering up from the floor, the eyes of Phoros went wide with fright as they fell upon the woman he believed he had killed. Only Tarzan showed no emotion. The terrible spectre remained for a brief moment, then vanished.

Tho reeling with weakness from loss of blood, Menofra still retained her wits. Stepping back quickly into the corridor, she slammed the door. Tarzan leaped forward. Too late. Menofra had already turned the key, but the drunken Phoros had left in the lock.

A few seconds later the wounded queen was screaming frantically for the guard. Thru the corridor the dying echo of her cries mingled with the hurrying footsteps of warriors and the clang and clatter of their weapons. We're trapped! Wood sighed hopelessly.

# TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan and his companions were trapped. Menofra had locked the door from the outside and now soldiers of the guard were running down the hall. Stanley Wood looked at the trussed up king. "I'd like to kill him before they get us," he declared bitterly.

Gonfa a half nodded. Ever since she had been a captive the hetia Phoros had tried to make love to her, but the fear of the queen had restrained his ardor. And when he discovered that she and Wood were in love he thrust them both, tightly bound, into this cell.

"For all his crimes he deserves death," Tarzan agreed, "but he is more valuable to us alive—as a hostage." As the ape man spoke the soldiers drew up sharply outside the door, exclaiming excitedly when they saw the wound that Phoros had inflicted on Menofra.

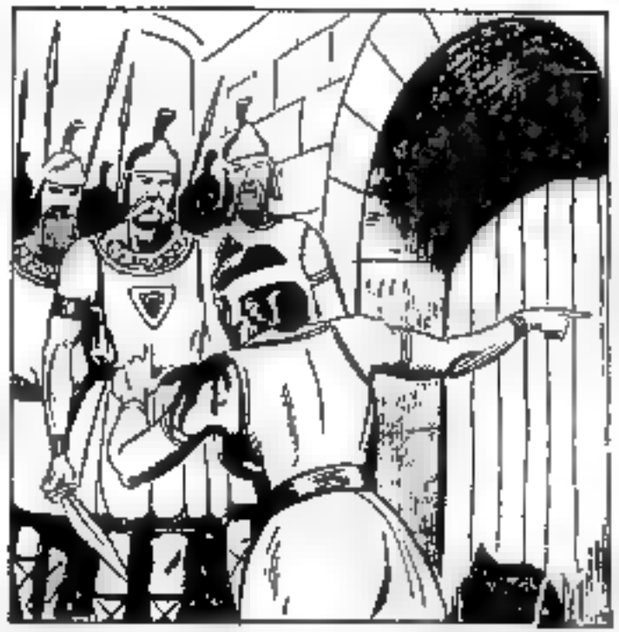
Presently the shrill voice of the queen rose above the babble. "There's a wild man in there. He has freed the prisoners. They may kill Phoros. I don't want them to. I want to punish him myself. Now go in there and capture the strangers, and bring the king to me."

TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

When Menofra commanded the guard to go in and seize the prisoners, Tarzan thundered a warning: "If you come in I'll kill the king." The soldiers halted. After consulting with Menofra, the captain called out: "Turn Phoros over to the queen and we won't harm you."

Phoros squirmed and wriggled, shaking his head vigorously. Amused, Tarzan removed his gag to let him speak. Phoros choked and sputtered, so frightened was he. "She'll kill me! Don't let her have me!" he begged. "Perhaps we can make a bargain," Tarzan said.

He outlined his terms. He and his friends were to be given their freedom and safe escort to the Pass of Warriors. The big diamond was to be returned to them. And Phoros must accompany them to the frontier to guarantee the bargain. The king agreed eagerly.



The ape-man removed his bonds. "Explain my proposition to your wife," he directed. Phoros approached the door and started to explain in honeyed tones. "I won't listen!" Menofra screamed. She turned to the guard: "Go in there, you cowards, and drag them out!"

# TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

Phoros begged the queen to accept the proposal whereby Tarzan and his friends would go free. "Listen, dear," he said soothingly. "Listen, nothing! You beast, you murderer! Just let me get my hands on you, you . . ." But darling little Menofra, "listen to reason."

"Don't 'darling' me!" Menofra shrieked. She turned again to the guard. "Go in and seize them!" "No," shouted Phoros, "stay out! I am the king, and those are the king's comrades!" "I am the queen," yelled Menofra, "and I tell you to go in and rescue the king!"

"But I don't want to be rescued!" Phoros insisted. To settle the impasse, the captain of the guard suggested that Kandos, the prime minister, be called. Menofra agreed. The Kandos was an evil man; he possessed a crafty wisdom. Presently the councillor arrived.

After a whispered consultation with the queen, Kandos called to Tarzan: "As I have arranged, you and your friends will be set free at daybreak. You may take the king with you to the border as a hostage to guarantee your safety." Kandos smiled broadly at Menofra.

# TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

Stanley Wood was elated. They were to be freed at daybreak. We're going back to civilization, to peace and security, he said, putting an arm around Gonfalo. Yes, Tarzan smiled. To the security of motion pictures, he added. He wasn't sure what was

"It's not so much peace and security I want," Gonfalo answered, "but freedom. It seems the most wonderful thing in the world, no matter what it costs others." Tarzan nodded gravely. At the moment the door opened, wide enough to admit a bowl of food, then banged shut.

The four hungry prisoners fell to with keen appetites and found the food delightfully tasty. "They're doing well by us," grumbled Wood. Gonfalo stretched drowsily. "I'm so sleepy I can hardly hold my eyes open," she said. "Same here," Stanley Wood observed.

Phorna looked up at them and yawned. Then he blinked, puzzled. Tarzan stood up and shook himself. "You too?" Phorna asked. The ape-man nodded. The king's eyelids drooped. "Menofra," that old she-devil, he muttered. "We've all been drugged—or poisoned."

# TARZAN the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan watched his companions fall one by one into a stupor. Obviously they had all been treacherously drugged or poisoned by Menofra. Tarzan tried to fight off the creeping drowsiness. But finally he sagged on one knee and rolled to the floor unconscious.

A few hours later Menofra lay on a couch in her private apartment. By her side stood Kandos, wily councilor. Before her on the floor lay Gonfaka, Stanley Wood and Phoros, all unconscious. A smile of evil satisfaction wreathed Menofra's ugly face.

"The one called Tarzan—you sent him to the slave-pen as I directed?" she asked. Kandos nodded. "Yes, Majesty and because he seemed so strong I had him chained to a stanchion." "That is well. Even a fool does the right thing occasionally," the queen mumbled.

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There was a stir among the prisoners. Menofra looked down. Wood was coming to. His eyes opened slowly. His arms and legs moved a little. Gradually consciousness returned. Menofra chuckled in anticipation of the doom she had devised for all the prisoners.

TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

As the dawn of consciousness expelled the shadows from his mind, Stanley Wood's first thought was for his beloved Gonfala. He sighed with relief when the rise and fall of her bosom assured him she lived.

Then he looked up at Kandos and the queen. "So, this is the way you keep your word," he said bitterly. "Your promise to let us go free was only a trick." Wood looked about for Tarzan. "Where is the other?" he asked. "I suppose you killed him because you feared him."

"He is safe," Kandos answered. "The queen in her mercy has not killed any of you." "What are you going to do with us?" Wood demanded. "Tarzan goes to the arena," Menofra replied. "You and the girl will not be killed—until you have served my purpose."

If Wood believed that Tarzan, by some feat of strength or jungle cunning, might still save them, he was doomed to disappointment. An iron collar encircled the ape-man's neck. A stout iron chain secured him to a post. Against these, Tarzan's might was futile.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Tarzan stood chained to the stanchion, his head ached from the drug that had been treacherously administered under the orders of Queen Menofra. The aperman fumed with chagrin that he had been so easily duped. And now, apparently, he was in a slave pen.

Tarzan's mind did not dwell long on his own position, for he was accustomed to the vagaries of fate, but he wondered about Stanley Wood and Gonfala. Presently the gate of the compound opened. Wood was thrust inside by an escort of warriors, who then departed.

Wood crossed quickly to Tarzan. Without waiting for a spoken word he answered the question that was in the apeman's mind. "That old she devil, Menofra, has put Gonfala back in a cell again. Sooner or later Gonfala will be killed." He looked up plaintively at Tarzan.

The jungle lord tapped the iron collar around his neck. "I can do nothing," he said ruefully. "Why have they chained you and not me?" the American asked. "They must have some special form of entertainment in view for me," the apeman suggested with a faint smile.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Toward late afternoon the slaves were returned to the compound. Immediately they crowded around the jungle lord. He excited their admiration because of his superb physique. And so they presumed, he must be a dangerous prisoner to be thus collared and chained.

One of the slaves pushed his way to the front. "Tarzan!" he exclaimed. "Is it really you?" "I am afraid it is, Valthor!" the apeman replied. In the heart of each was pity for the other, for in some past they had been companions in bold, heroic adventures.

Valthor shook his head sadly. "Often have I looked forward to the time when I could welcome you to my homeland. But Africa has fallen on evil days. Our true king was forced to flee when that ruffian, Phoros, seized power. And I, who was a noble, am now a lowly slave."

Tarzan squirmed. "If I could get this collar off I could escape and bring back a Cathnean army to save your friends and mine!" He paused then added: "But that is idle talk. I cannot get it off." And the collar is the sign of your doom, Valthor declared grimly.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Every morning the slaves were taken to work, and all day Tarzan remained alone, chained like a wild animal. Imprisonment of any nature galled the lord of the jungle to be chained was torture. Yet he gave no outward sign of the mental suffering he was enduring.

Beneath his calm exterior, however, he seethed with anger at the brutality of the slaves' overseers. This harsh treatment was intensified after three slaves had escaped. One evening an officer and a detail of warriors came to the compound, calling Valthor.

When the noble came forth, the officer held up an iron collar and chain. "I have a present for you," he chuckled sarcastically. Courageous Valthor submitted coolly while the fellow snapped the collar about his neck and chained him to a stanchion near Tarzan.

"Why has the great Phoros thus honored me?" the noble inquired. "It was not Phoros, but Menofra. She rules now," the officer answered, "and she has decreed that tomorrow you and the wild man there must die in the arena, trampled and gored by a rogue elephant."

# TARZAN the ELEPHANT MEN

Wood was horrified by the knowledge that Tarzan was to die. Tarzan and Valthor, his friends. It seemed inconceivable that the mighty heart of the young giant should be stilled forever, that his perfect body should be broken and crumpled in the dust of an arena.

"There must be something we can do," he cried impetuously. "There must be! Couldn't we break those chains?" The apeman shook his head. "I have examined mine and tested it. If it were cast iron we might break a link. But it is malleable and only bends."

"If we had a chisel," Wood murmured. "But we haven't," Tarzan replied coolly. "So there's nothing to do but wait." Wood was awed by the apeman's calm. "No, we must do something. They're going to kill you." "Don't you understand?" "They're going to kill you."

Tarzan permitted himself the shadow of a smile. "There is nothing unique in death. Many people have died. Many people are dying. Many people will die, even you, my friend. A thousand times I have gambled with death and won. This, it seems, is his victory."

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Stanley Wood was taken aback by the apeman's calm view of his impending death. "Tarzan is right," declared Valthor who also was doomed. "If we meet death courageously, as befits warriors, there will be no regrets."

Valthor folded his arms proudly. "I am glad that an elephant is to kill me, for I am an elephant man. In Cathne, as you know, Tarzan, the lion men are nobles, and bear their titles with pride. It is the same in Athne, except that the nobles are elephant men."

"If I were to have a choice of the manner of my death," said Tarzan, "I should prefer the lion to the elephant. For one thing, he kills quickly. But my real reason is that the elephant has always been my friend. I do not like to think a friend must kill me."

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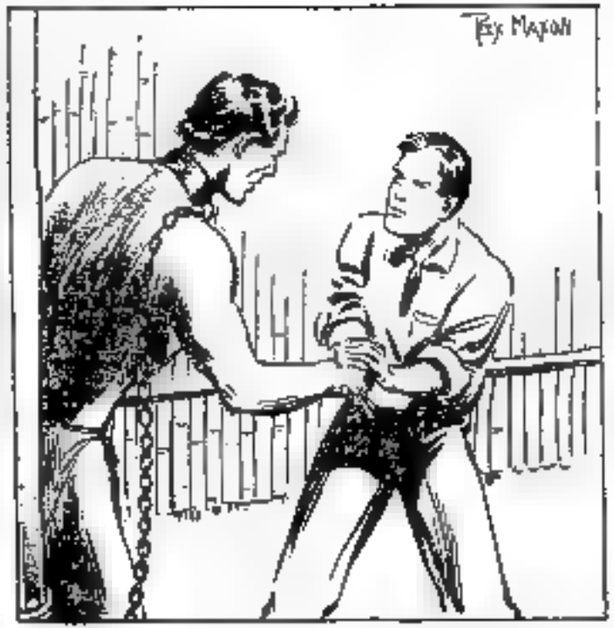
"This one will not be your friend," Valthor reminded. Tarzan nodded. "I know. This one is a wild, savage rogue." The apeman yawned. "And now I am going to sleep," he said as calmly as if tomorrow were to be a day of joyous life rather than a grim day of death.

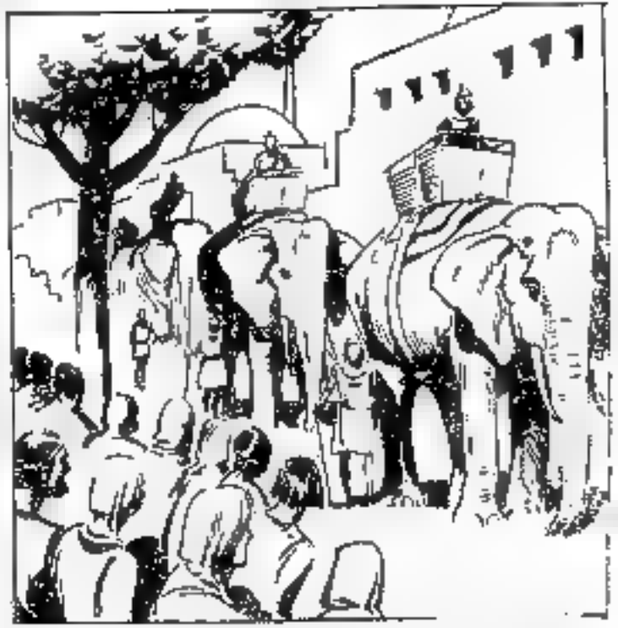
# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN




Day dawned—the day of doom for Tarzan and Valthor. Neither was low spirited. These two were men of fortitude and iron nerves. Fear to them was a stranger. When the time came for the slaves to be taken to their work, Stanley Wood came to say a last farewell.

Tarzan laid a firm hand on his shoulder and said: "I do not like to say goodby, my friend." If Wood had known how rarely Tarzan used the term, "my friend," he would have felt honored. The lord of the jungle thought of many animals as his friends, but few men.

Wood's eyes filled with moisture. He turned and walked away, following the other slaves out of the stockade. A few hours later a company of soldiers, all in brilliant ceremonial trappings, came for Tarzan and Valthor, and led them out upon the broad avenue.



In front of the palace a procession was forming. Numerous elephants, richly caparisoned, swayed patiently, awaiting the command to march. From the distant arena rose the angry, frightful trumpeting of a wild elephant. "Our executioner," the jungle lord smiled.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Just outside the main gate of the arena Tarzan and Valthor were led into a paddock between two sections of the grandstand. Into this compound were brought several other prisoners who were doomed that day to die for the amusement of Menofra and the people.

Near the top of the palisade was a beam upon which the prisoners were allowed to stand and witness the contests in the arena. The first encounter was between a giant warrior armed with sword and spear and a former noble whose only weapon was a short dagger.

It was an execution, not a duel, and Tarzan and Valthor watched with disgust. "I think he could have killed the big fellow," said the apeman, "for I saw how the giant might be easily handled. Too bad the other did not think of it." The guard eyed Tarzan appraisingly.

"You think you could kill big Hyark?" the soldier scoffed. Tarzan shrugged. "Why not? He's clumsy and stupid and a coward." "Hyark a coward? Huh! There's none braver or stronger. I'll see that you have a chance at him. And that will be the end of you!"

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

The guard called to an officer. "This wild man thinks he can kill Hyark," he said, pointing to Tarzan. "That should be an amusing fight," the officer laughed. "I'll ask Menofra after this combat." Then he led into the arena an old man, upon whom a lion was loosed.

"That is a very old lion," said Tarzan, "and most of his teeth are gone." "But he will kill the man," Valthor nodded grimly. "Yes," the jungle lord agreed, "he is still a powerful brute." "I suppose you think you could kill the lion too," jeered the Athnean guard.

"Probably," the ape-man assented. The guard laughed uproariously. He had never heard anything so funny. Meanwhile, in the arena, the lion made short work of the old man, and the officer returned with news that Menofra had approved the Tarzan-Hyark match.

"The wild man says he can kill the lion, too," the guard chuckled. "We shall never know," the officer shrugged, "for now Hyark will kill the wild man." "I will fight both at once," Tarzan declared. "That is, if Hyark is not afraid to go into the arena with a lion."

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

The officer's eyes blazed with delight when Tarzan offered to fight the lion and the giant Hyark together. "That will be something to see. I'll speak to Menofra at once." When he had gone Vaithor turned to Tarzan. "Why did you make such an offer?" he asked.

"Didn't I tell you I'd rather be killed by a lion than an elephant?" Vaithor shook his head. "Perhaps you are right. At least it will be over sooner." The two stood silent then until the officer returned in great excitement. "It is all arranged," he cried.

"What did Hyark think?" Vaithor asked. The officer grinned. "He didn't seem to like the idea. He recalled that his wife was very ill, and he asked Menofra to give someone else the honor of killing the wild man. But she said she'd kill him if he didn't fight."

Vaithor and Tarzan said no word of farewell. The ape man walked calmly to the arena where the iron collar was removed from his neck. An officer handed him a small ineffectual dagger—a mere token weapon. But Hyark was armed with spear and broadsword!

# TARZAN the EMPEROR

Unarmed except for a small dagger Tarzan walked coolly toward the giant Hyark, who had the advantage of both spear and sword. Hyark came running to meet the wild man, hoping to dispatch him quickly and get safely out of the arena before the lion was loosed.

The men at the lion's cage were having difficulty in raising the door. The lion, nervous from his last encounter, was roaring and growling as he struck at the bars, trying to reach the men working around him. This added to the beast's excitement and ferocity.

Now Hyark moved quickly, goaded by the roars of the lion which was soon to be released. He held his spear in front of him, expecting to thrust it thru the wild man the moment he came within reach. There would be no boastful playing with his victim this time.

Then Tarzan did a strange thing, a seemingly foolish thing that left the spectators puzzled and Hyark confused. He stopped and calmly tucked his dagger into the cord that supported his loincloth. Then he came on with bare hands to meet the armed guard.

TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Hyark was confused when Tarzan tucked his dagger into his loincloth. What kind of a fellow was this who showed contempt for him by dashing toward him with bare hands? He was not afraid of the man, he told himself, but soon the lion would be let loose.

Suppose the man somehow avoided being killed until the lion was upon them? The beast might just as readily leap upon Hyark as upon the other. It was this fear that added to his bewilderment. But now he must act quickly. Here was the wild man, very close

With an oath, Hyark lunged his spear at the naked breast of his antagonist. Then Tarzan did just what he had planned to do knowing as he did his own strength and agility. He seized the haft of the spear, wrenched it from Hyark's grasp and flung it to the ground.

The giant snatched for his sword, but his quick movement was slow compared to Tarzan's lightning swiftness. The ape man was upon him, gripping him with steel-thewed fingers. Then a great shout suddenly went up from the frenzied crowd—the lion was loose

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Hyar reached for his s[illegible] Tarzan's steel-thewed fingers seized his wrist. With a quick powerful jerk, the mighty Tarzan swung his opponent around, then c[illegible]tched him from be[illegible]d. The giant struggled but Tarzan held him helpless in a grip of steel.

Thus the ape-man had nullified Hyard's threat, but now another peril was moving down on both the gladiators in the form of the ravenous lion which had just been let out of his cage. The spectators were in an uproar. The wild-man's feat had captured their fancy.

They laughed and jeered at Hyark. They yelled warnings to his conqueror that the lion was coming, but Tarzan knew that already. From the corner of an eye he was watching the savage carnivore. As it came closer he could appraise its strength and weakness.

It was a small lion, old and pitifully emaciated. Evidently it had been starved a long time to make it ravenous. Tarzan's anger rose against those who had been responsible for this cruelty. And in his mind was born a reckless plan—to avenge the wretched beast.

TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

As the lion approached, Tarzan went to meet it, pushing the frantic Tyark ahead of him. Just before the beast launched its deadly charge, the ape-man shoved the Athnean giant directly toward the snarling cat. Then Hyark did precisely what Tarzan expected.

He turned quickly and broke into a run. Tarzan stood still, not a muscle moved. He knew well the tendency of beasts of prey to pursue a quarry that flees. And tho the ape-man was directly in the path of the charge, the lion turned and pursued the racing Hyark.

Just in front of the royal box, where Menofra watched in amazement, the lion overtook his victim. The screaming giant went down beneath the mangy beast to a mercifully quick end. The crowd of spectators were in a frenzy of applause for the ape-man's coolness.

Across the arena toward the victorious lion came Tarzan. On the way he picked up Hyark's discarded spear. He crept silently on the lion from the rear. The spectators believed the wildman meant to kill the beast, but Tarzan had a purpose far more astonishing.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Closer and closer to the lion crept Tarzan. Still the beast concentrated upon its victim, unconscious of the ape-man's presence. The crowd sat tense and silent marveling at the courage of this near-naked wild-man, for the lion might suddenly turn upon him.

Directly behind the carnivore, Tarzan laid the spear upon the ground. He had brought it along only as a measure of safety in event that his strange plan miscarried. And now, with the swiftness and agility of a panther, he leaped upon the lion's back.

He clutched the brute by the mane and the loose hide of its back, lifting it bodily into the air. At the same time he swung around whirling the beast with him. Then, with one mighty burst of energy like a human catapult, he flung the lion into the royal box.

The hurtling body struck Menofra and knocked her from her chair. But the lion, frightened and bewildered, thought only of escape, and leaped to an adjoining loge. Menofra rose, unhurt. Her fright gave way to rage—an hysterical rage directed at Tarzan.

# TARZAN THE ELEPHANT MEN

The frightened lion leaped from lodge to lodge leaving a trail of screaming victims and he chanced upon a tunnel that led him out of the amphitheater to freedom. Meanwhile Tarzan walked back to the prisoners' paddock amid the excited cheers of the populace.

Once more the ape-man took his place beside Valthor on the cross beam. The guard who had jeered him looked at him now in awe. The other prisoners praised and congratulated him. "Menofra should give you a reward for providing such entertainment." Valthor laughed.

Tarzan looked across to the royal box and saw Menofra standing there stunned. "The lion missed a golden opportunity," he said, "and as for a reward, I don't deserve it. You see it was the lion, not Menofra or the people, that I was trying to enter a p

Soon the officer returned and addressed Tarzan: "You were a fool," he said sympathetically. "To throw the lion into Menofra's lodge. If you hadn't done that she would have given you your freedom. Now she has ordered that you be destroyed at once, you and Valthor.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

"May the gods have mercy on you," whispered the officer as he commanded Tarzan and Valthor to take their places in the center of the arena according to Menofra's orders. The spectators felt silent. Tarzan had won their favor, they did not want to see him die.

Valthor took Tarzan's hand in the firm grip of friendship. "I wish," he said, "that you might have had a better welcome in the City of Ivory. But the fates were against you." "At least," said Tarzan, "we've seen each other again. And anyway, we're not dead yet."

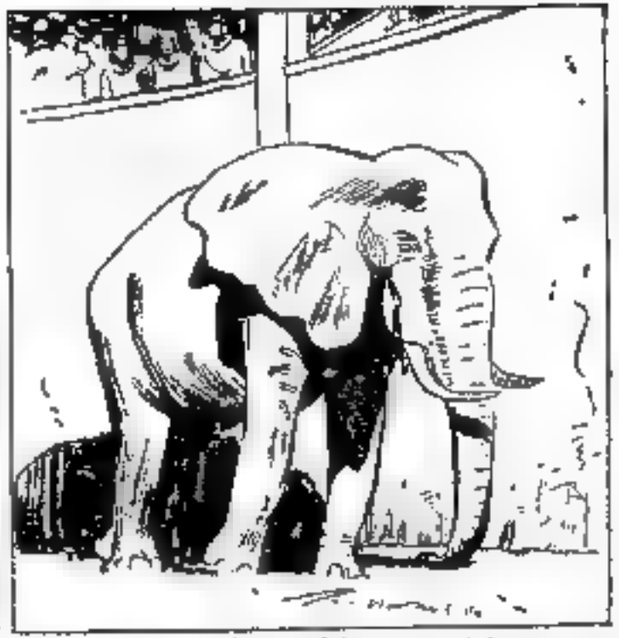
"We shall be, presently," Valthor murmured grimly. Tarzan nodded. "I think perhaps you are right." "Then you have no plan?" Valthor asked anxiously. "None." Tarzan answered with a faint smile. "I know that I cannot throw an elephant into Queen Menofra's lodge."

"Not this one," Valthor declared. "I know him. I helped capture him. He's a devil and huge. He hates men. They'll probably kill him after this." Tarzan suddenly stiffened. "Look," he said quietly. "They are opening the elephant paddock. Here he comes!"

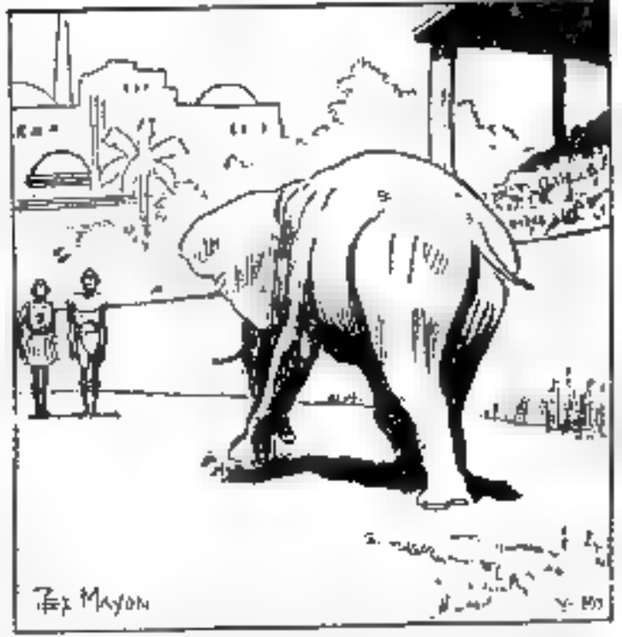
# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As the gates of the paddock were opened, a giant elephant strode ponderously into the arena. Just as he passed the gates, he lifted his trunk high and let out a wild, earth-shaking blast of trumpeting, as if proclaiming his imminent victory to the world.

Menofra, in the royal loge, smiled with evil satisfaction. The hated wild-man had performed miracles in the arena but this now would be the end of him, and proud Valthor too. The blows of their daggers would be no more than pin pricks to mighty pachyderm

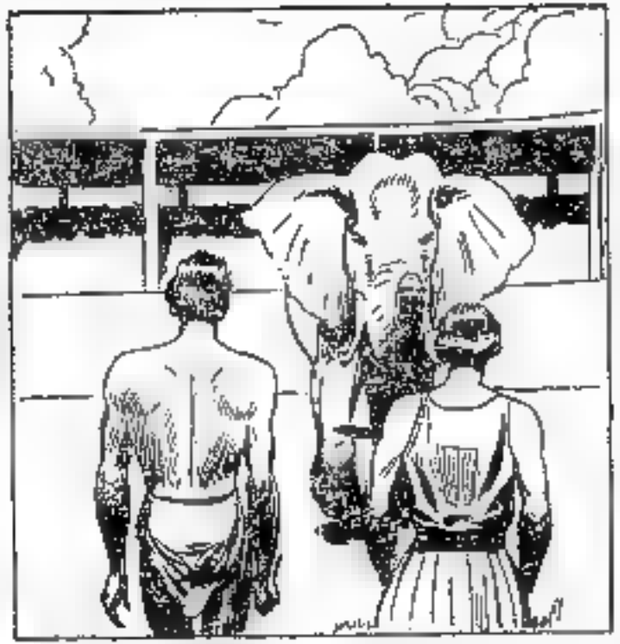


In the stands a thousand hearts beat in sympathy for the two men who seemed so tiny and helpless in contrast to the powerful bulk of the beast. The noble Valthor was well-loved by the people, and the heroic might of Tarzan had won the affection of the assembly




At first the elephant did not seem to notice the two in the center of the arena. He trotted around the edges of the stands, as tho searching for some avenue of escape. Then suddenly the great beast wheeled and started toward the two men in a swift, mad charge

# TARZAN TAMES THE ELEPHANT MEN



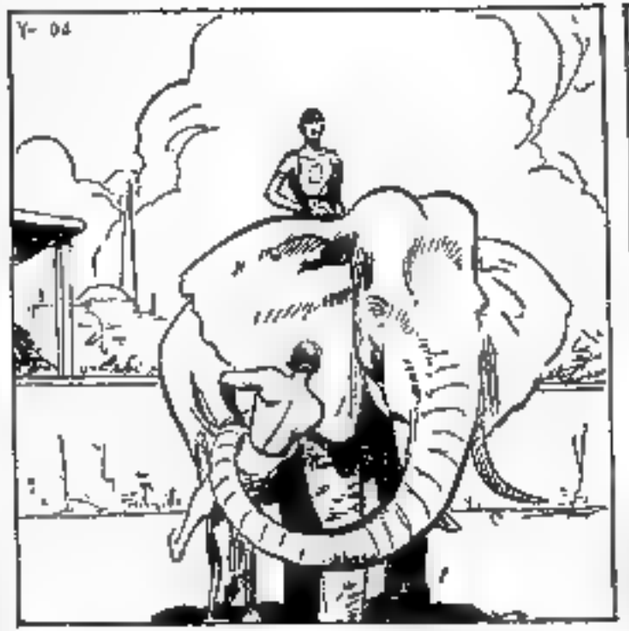
Like a mighty jungle juggernaut the great elephant charged down on the two men. His wild, angry trumpeting heralded his deadly purpose. Tarzan and his friend, Valthor, stood calm and resigned. What need was there to resist this powerful engine of destruction?

As the beast came nearer Tarzan noted that one tusk was much darker than the other. On the screen of his memory was pictured that day, weeks ago, when he had rescued an elephant from a pit around which hyenas hovered. That elephant had one dark tusk!

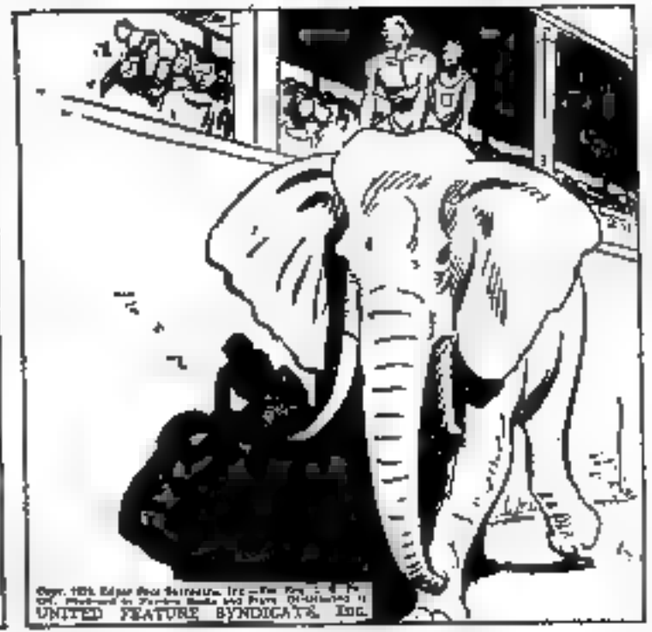
The apeman stepped suddenly forward and raised a hand, palm outward. "Dando Tarzan!" he commanded. "Tarzan yo." The big creature hesitated, then stopped. The jungle lord walked toward him and put a hand on the trunk, which slowly explored his body.

Now Tarzan beckoned Valthor to come up beside him. Valthor obeyed. He had nothing to lose, for he was already convinced that death was certain. Many times he had seen the jungle lord perform apparent miracles, but he did not believe he could calm this beast.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN




Tarzan spoke once more to the elephant. The huge creature trumpeted loudly as if indicating that he understood. He gathered first Valthor then Tarzan, into the folds of his trunk and lifted them to his head. Then he stood swaying to an fro, waiting.

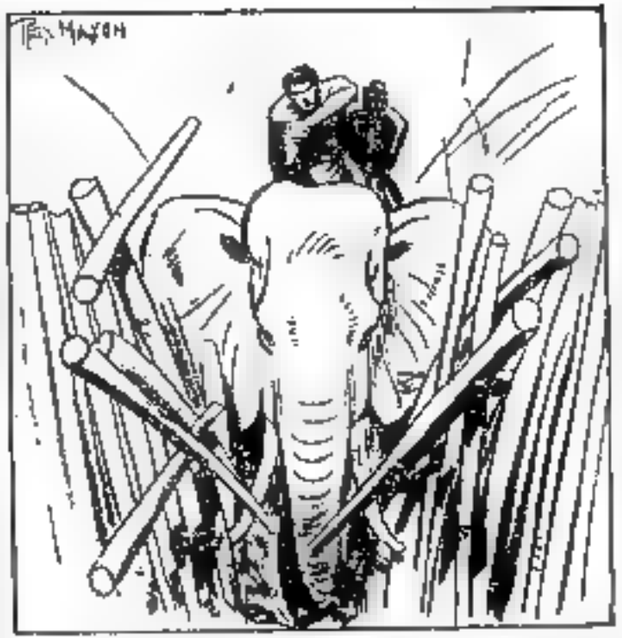



Again the jungle lord spoke, and Tantor started off at an easy trot around the arena, while the spectators sat in stunned amazement. The great beast had completed half the circuit and was opposite the prisoner's paddock when the apeman gave a sharp command.

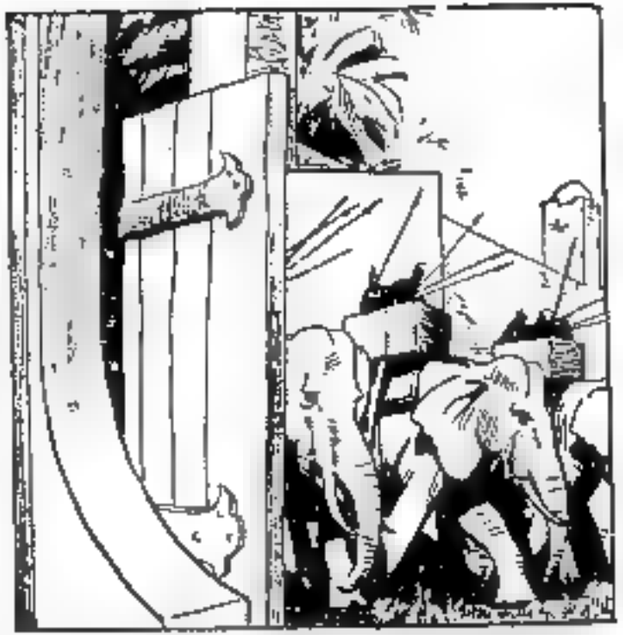
Tantor wheeled. Tarzan urged him on with words of encouragement in that strange mother of tongues that the great apes use, and the lesser apes—a language understood in proportion to their intelligence by many another beast of the forest and the plain.

With lowered head the mighty bull crashed into the flimsy palisade at the inner side of the paddock, flattening it to the ground. Then the other palisade fell before that terrific impact. Menofra saw that they were escaping. "After them! Kill them!" she cried.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN



Crashing thru both walls of the flimsy palisade the elephant bore Valthor and Tarzan out onto the plain toward freedom. Meanwhile the frantic Menofra was shouting commands for the pursuit. "To the warriors her orders were simple. 'Catch them! Kill them!'"



As the fugitives passed the main gate of the amphitheater and headed south, they saw the first contingent of their pursuers issuing from the arena and clambering to the howdahs of the waiting elephants. In a few minutes the pursuit was in full cry behind them.

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While their own mount was making good speed, some of the elephants of the Athneans were gaining on him. "Racing elephants," Valthor commented. "But they are carrying heavy loads." Tarzan observed hopefully. "Five and six armed warriors, besides a howdah."

Valthor nodded. "If we can evade them for half an hour we've a good chance." Then he turned and looked ahead. "May the gods preserve us!" he exclaimed. "Look! There! The Cathneans are coming, and they're coming for war. We're caught between two fires."

At Valthor's appalled exclamation, Tarzan turned and saw a body of men marching toward them across the plain in the serried ranks of battle. And in the van were the fierce war lions of Cathne. He looked back. Closer in on them were the war elephants of Athne.

"I think we still have a chance to escape them both," said Valthor. "Let us turn toward the east. Zygo, our true king, and his loyal followers are there in the mountains." "The Cathneans are my friends," said Tarzan, "and we do not have to run away from them."

But Valthor's alarm was by no means assuaged. "They may not recognize you as a friend before they loose their war lions upon us," he frowned, "and they are terrible, those beasts. They are trained to leap upon the backs of elephants and kill the riders."

"Then we'll dismount and approach on foot," Tarzan suggested. Valthor shook his head uneasily. "In that case we'll be caught by our pursuers." "We'll have to take the chance," Tarzan said grimly. Then his eyes flashed. "No! I've another idea—if it works.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan and Valthor were in a hazardous position. Behind them were the Athnean pursuers. Ahead of them were the Cathnean warriors who might loose upon them their fierce lions of war which were trained to leap upon the backs of elephants and kill the riders.

Tarzan conceived a plan which might save them from this dilemma. He spoke to Tantor. The giant beast came to a stop and wheeled around. Then the jungle lord leaped to the ground, motioning Valthor to follow. He spoke a few words into the ear of the elephant.

As the apeman stepped aside, Tantor's great trunk went up, forward went his ears. Then the mighty beast started back to meet the oncoming elephants. "I think he'll hold them up long enough for us to reach the Cathnean line," the apeman declared hopefully.

The two men turned and started toward the advancing warriors—toward ranks of gleaming spears and golden helmets and lions of war on golden chains. It was a question whether Tarzan would make himself known to the Cathneans before the lions were loosed.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

As Tarzan approached the glittering array of warriors he made signs that he was a friend not an enemy. Suddenly an officer ran forward to meet him. It was Gemnon. "Tarzan" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see that you still live. We were coming to help you."

"How did you know I was in difficulty?" the apeman asked. "Gemba told us. He was a prisoner with you in the slavepen." Gemnon answered, "but he escaped and came straight to Thudos with word that you were to be killed. We hurried to you as fast as we could."

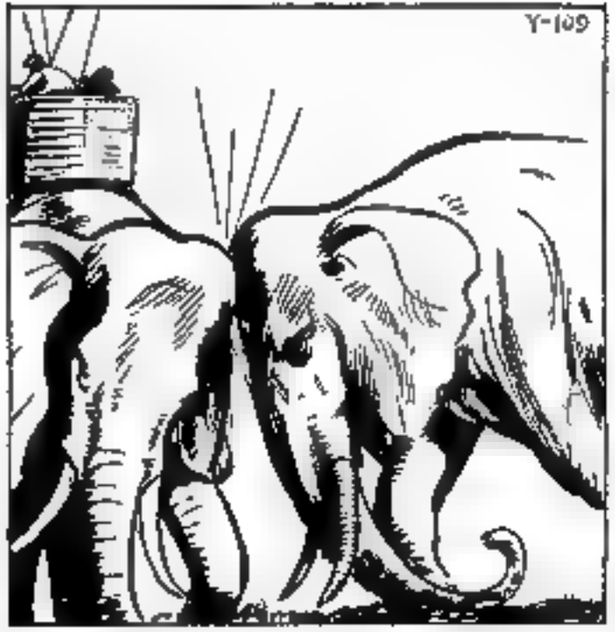
"I am safe, as you see," Tarzan said, "but two of my friends are still prisoners in Athne." "We shall save them," Gemnon promised. Then, as he surveyed the elephant mounted warriors bearing down on them in formidable array he added, "If we can fight thru."

Thudos, king of Cathne, came toward them from the lines and greeted Tarzan. When the situation had been hurriedly explained to him, he raised his sword aloft. "We attack at once," he declared in ringing tones. "And I shall fight with you," Tarzan said grimly.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Under the command of Thudos the Cathnean warriors made ready to attack the elephant cavalry of their foes. "Give me weapons and I will fight with you," Valthor volunteered. Thudos looked at him askance. Why should this noble of Athne fight against his own people?

"Those are followers of Phoros, the ruffian usurper," said Valthor, "and if they are defeated, Zygo our true king might be restored." Thudos smiled with amusement. "If we win, we'll set Zygo on the throne again, so that in future wars we might have worthy foes."




Thudos was about to give the command for a frontal attack when Tarzan cautioned, "Wait!" The ape-man's eyes were on the dark-tusked elephant which he had sent back to stem the rushing tide of the foe. The great bull met first of the war-elephants head-on.

The terrific impact hurled the warriors from the howdah and the war-elephant toppled over. The other beasts scattered, creating disorder in the Athnean ranks. "Now!" Tarzan said quietly. Then the voice of Thudos rang out: "Loose the lions of war!"

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

When Tarzan gave the word, Thudos commanded that the lions of war be released. As soon as their lashes were slipped, the well-trained beasts leaped forward and swept across the plain like a furious tempest. In a few brief seconds they were assailing the foe.

Two or three of the lions would attack a single elephant at once. At least two of them usually succeeded in reaching the howdah. Sharp fangs sank into the flesh of the warriors. Deadly talons struck down the arms that raised swords and spears against them.

The elephants were thrown into wild confusion. At this moment Tarzan signaled to Thudos, who ordered the foot soldiers to advance, to take advantage of the havoc created by the barrage of fangs and talons. Swordsmen and lancers started forward at a determined trot.

Now in the city of Ivory, Menofra mounted a watchtower to witness the pursuit of Tarzan and Valthor. But when she saw that her elephant brigade had encountered a Cathnean army, she was terrified. "Soldiers!" she screamed. "Every soldier to the battlefield!"

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Soon the City of Ivory was alive with hurrying, shouting soldiers. "To the battlefield! The Cathneans are upon us!" On the plain the warriors joined their appointed companies. A few minutes later they were marching out in solid array to give battle to the foe.

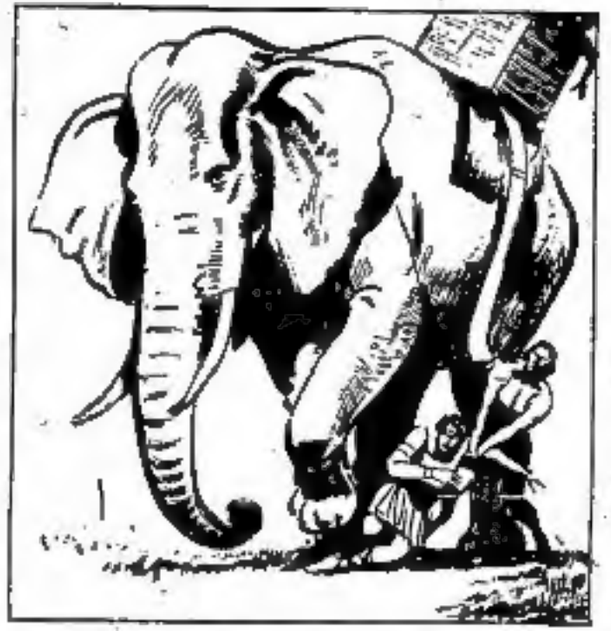
Tarzan saw them coming, and he saw that the reinforcements far outnumbered the army of his friends. It was imperative that the elephant brigade be put to rout and cleared away at once if Thudos and his Cathneans were to stand even a slight chance of triumph.

The war-lions had done magnificently, but they were too few. The commander of the elephant brigade rallied the remnant of his forces to resist the advancing foot soldiers. From the vantage point of the howdahs his men hurled deadly spears upon the Cathnean warriors.

Tarzan saw that the battle was in the balance. Some bold, decisive stroke was required to turn the tide. In the fighting throng he sought out Valthor and said: "I have a plan. It requires your aid. Both of us may die!" Where you lead, I follow," Valthor answered.

# TARZAN and the ELEDHANT MEN

Directing Valthor to follow, fearless Tarzan undertook his desperate mission. Dodging in and out among the trip-hammer legs of the war-elephants, he began to slash the girths that held the howdahs. The Athnean warriors atop the beasts tumbled to the ground.



The elephants pawed madly at Tarzan and Valthor, for they were trained to trample the foe. Once Valthor was near death from those pounding feet, but Tarzan saved him. The more agile ape-man wove in and out, selecting the most dangerous mammoths for himself.

The shouts of the warriors, the trumpeting of the elephants, the roars of the lions, and the screams of the wounded produced an indescribable bedlam that added to the confusion of the scene and somehow heightened the demoniac bloodlust of the combatants.

Soon Tarzan's task was completed. Without riders to command them the elephants stampeded. The Athnean remnant was quickly routed. But now Thudos saw the army coming from the city. He turned to consult Tarzan. The ape-man was gone, fleeing the battlefield!

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

Tarzan fled because on the field he could add only his own strength to the battle, but his new plan meant adding the strength of many men to the army of Thudos. He circled the city to the north, scaled the wall, and ran thru the deserted street to the slave-pen.

Here he stirred a sudden uprising of the slaves, for most of the guards had gone out to fight. Then he and Stanley Wood led this desperate band to the palace, where they quickly freed Gonfala. She ran, weeping for joy, into the comforting arms of her fiance.

Ten minutes later Tarzan appeared on the battlefield at the head of his motley throng. Even Spike and Troll were in the band. Altho they had avoided Tarzan while he was a prisoner in the slave-pen, they hoped now to win his favor for their own purposes.

With shouts of encouragement and by the example of his own matchless bravery, Tarzan led his men to attack the Athnean army from the rear. But even this brilliant strategy was no guarantee of victory, for the Athneans were still more powerful in point of numbers.

# TARZAN and the ELEPHANT MEN

With Tarzan's aid, Thudos routed the foe and entered Athne. Phoros and Menofra were exiled, and Zygo was restored to the throne. Peace reigned between the City of Ivory and the City of Gold, but Tarzan knew it would not last long, for these were a warrior people.

Next day Tarzan led Gonfala and Wood toward his own country. With them went Spike and Troll and the great diamond. The Jungle Lord was allowing the two villains to go on to the coast, first exacting a promise that they would sail away and never return to Africa.

"We ought to get a share of the diamond," Spike complained, "because we went thru a lot on account of it." "You make take it," the ape-man agreed. When they had gone, Tarzan explained to the astonished Wood that this was only an imitation he had taken from Mafka.

BEGINNING MONDAY—

## Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr

*By Edgar Rice Burroughs*

**An inscrutable Chinese scientist, the beat of jungle drums, a tribe of huge yellow giants governed by a white queen, blue fires that leap from the earth — all these and more in the new and gripping Tarzan story**

**BEGIN IT MONDAY**

"I have the real one," he said, "and the emerald too. You and Gonfala will be well equipped with riches for your return to civilization." A slow smile touched his lips as he added: "Enough to cause you a great deal of trouble."

THE END.